

A GLEAM OF MOONSHINE.

BY KATE DERBY.

WOULD "Godey's" readers, both fair and unfair, like to hear again from that "coterie, literary and social," whose entreaties called forth the unhappy attempt at an Independence poem as recorded in the September "Book?" We are quite sure that they would: indeed, we are firmly persuaded that they are dying to get a farther insight into our "doings;" for we, in our little village, are but an epitome of the nation at large, and, as that is convinced that the whole world, civilized and barbarous, is absorbed in contemplating the march of this republic, so we are self-complacent enough to believe that the entire Union takes an interest in the progress toward the heights of literary fame which our "reading circle" is making with such unexampled rapidity.

By way of preface to the following pages, the author begs leave to say, that some of the graver members of this "circle," being greatly scandalized at the proceedings, on various occasions, of certain other and more volatile members, entreated her to "use them up" in an "article." The long journey entered upon to accomplish so desirable a result is here described. Its circumlocution no one can deny; of its efficacy it becomes me to say no more than that it elicited, on being promulgated in our august assemblage, the intended effect—a laugh from all sides.

"Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where dost thou wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my ladye's chamber."

It was proposed, at a recent meeting of the Circle which I now have the honor to address, that, to vary the entertainments of the evening and assist the members in their efforts for mutual improvement, criticisms on the various original articles, and strictures on the manners and conduct of one another, should be prepared and submitted for the edification of this learned and polite association. While weighing this proposal in my own mind, I have concluded that reviews of new books and extracts from ancient ones, to which all are not so fortunate as to have access, might prove equally useful.

Acting upon this idea, I proceed, ladies and gentlemen, to invite your attention to a very old work, a copy of which I have recently, to my great joy, discovered in the library of a friend. Very few copies are now extant, and they are only to be found in the musty, worm-eaten collections of industrious biblioplists; but it is a book that in generations past was the delight of the aged and the young, a chosen companion in the parlor and the nursery,

as well as in the lonely attic of the student and philosopher; so admirably are its varied contents adapted to the capacities of all, and so fitted its abstruse themes for the contemplation of the wisest. It is chiefly made up of poems of different lengths, from the couplet and single verse to pieces containing twenty stanzas. The subjects are infinitely diverse. But the title should be set forth without further delay. It runneth thus:—

"Mother Goose's Melodies, the only pure edition, containing all that have ever come to light of her memorable writings, together with those which have been discovered among the MSS. of Herculaneum. The whole compared, revised, and sanctioned by one of the Annotators of the Goose Family."

What a vast range of topics is here presented! Here we find, on turning over the leaves, the love song of the ancient troubadour who woos his fair ladye by promises of "strawberries and cream;" the story of the barley-meal pudding made by good King Arthur and his Queen; the adventures of bold Robin Hood; and the unheard-of achievements of a thousand other personages, from the redoubtable little Jacky Horner who extracted a plum from his pie to the almost incredible race of the two cripples at which the two blind men were spectators. All these are clothed in language of the most elevated poetry, and illustrated by many hundreds of engravings in the highest style of art, and unequalled for force and expression.

It is not to be expected that I should dilate upon the subjects of these numerous poems, or furnish extracts from even a tenth part of them; a work too laborious for myself, and which might prove wearisome to the hearers. I will therefore, at present, direct attention to a single piece, in which there is a sufficient degree of obscurity to render it interesting, and to have employed the researches of many learned commentators for several ages. Their labors, however, have not been successful in bringing to light all the hidden meaning of the poem and the remarkable events of which it presents a bare sketch. But not even Shakespeare has suffered so much from the different readings of merciless commentators as have these lines from the alterations and mutilations of various hands. The true reading is only to be found in the copy now before me. The poem in its exquisite whole being as brief as beautiful, I shall insert it entire.

"The man in the moon came down too soon,
To inquire the way to Norridge;
The man in the south he burnt his mouth,
With eating cold plum-porridge."

To the lover of true poetry, him who delighteth in correct rhythm and harmonious flow of words, these lines will afford a source of intellectual gratification ever new and pleasurable; but to the patient student in lunar history, they open a field of unbounded extent and interest. Here, as on common ground, may the plodding, matter-of-fact historian, and the poet, with his thrilling sense of the beautiful and his far-seeing gaze into the spiritual, expatiate together.

In what manner did the man in the moon come down? Is there such a place as Norridge, and if there be, where is it situated? Who was the man in the south, and how was it possible for him to burn his mouth with cold plum-porridge? These were some of the questions that perplexed the minds of men in former ages. It was reserved for a comparatively modern explorer in this field to arrive at the truth, and for such an obscure individual as myself to have the honor of announcing the results of his researches to the world.

My excellent mother tells me that, about fifty years ago, while in the home of her childhood, a wild nook among the mountains in the north-eastern part of this our Empire State, a bold, adventurous man went up in a balloon; an unparalleled thing in those days. But he was more successful than modern aeronauts, who are greatly applauded if they are able to travel but two or three miles on the track towards the sun, and consider themselves well off when landed with whole bones and a few bruises in the top of a tree. For he did not stop till he had reached the moon itself, that mysterious and little-known portion of the universe about which so many speculations have been advanced, and at which so many telescopes have been leveled without any very satisfactory result. This expedition is alluded to in Mother Goose's concise and graphic manner on the sixty-first page of her work, where the following lines occur:—

"What's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon."

Brief lines indeed, but full of meaning, containing, as they do, within their small compass, indisputable evidence of the truth of my venerated mother's narrative. Which evidence, were it necessary to make it stronger, is corroborated by the very interesting illustration accompanying the stanza. It portrays two respectable-looking men of middle age, attired in antiquated habiliments, gazing intently upwards at a balloon vanishing among the clouds. And ill would it beseem the important theme to criticise, as some most unthinking and self-sufficient persons have done, the perspective of this picture, pronouncing it unworthy of regard merely because the balloon is too near the heads of the spectators beneath, and not big enough. Away with such paltry criticism.

Return we to our aerial voyager. He never came back to this mundane sphere; but he wrote a book

in the moon, giving an account of his travels, a full description of the place and inhabitants, with a history of the most remarkable events in the career of that hitherto almost unknown character, the man in the moon himself. Therein were unfolded many of the circumstances connected with his journey to the south, which, it appears, had furnished subjects for many of the other effusions of Mother Goose, besides that introduced above, where the expedition is darkly intimated.

This unique work was thrown down from the moon and fell, as the writer intended, directly in that sheltered nook from which he started on his adventurous journey. My grandfather, who had a passion for collecting rare books, obtained this one, and never allowed it to pass from his hands. If he had been as skilled in navigation as he was learned in all book lore, this wonderfully interesting production might now be in my possession. Alas! this erudite ancestor of mine was one of the three wise men of Gotham, whose fool-hardy and most disastrous marine excursion is briefly described, and whose sad fate is obscurely hinted at in the one hundred and fifty-second of the Melodies, which reads thus:—

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer."

Unfortunately for the literary world, my grandfather took the lunar history which he prized so highly with him when he put to sea. He shared the fate of his companions, whose vast wisdom was insufficient to save them from the effects of their temerity; for temerity it clearly was, even if the bowl had been, as some commentators opine, a pot-ash kettle, and not as our family annals represent it, and as I believe it to have actually been—an ordinary bread-bowl already cracked.

But it were irrelevant to discuss the matter here. One thing is certain, the trio perished in the waters, and with them were irrecoverably lost that invaluable lunar history and my grandfather's cocked hat. Of the book nothing remains but the unfading recollection of its most important disclosures in the minds of a very few, while of the frail hat which shadowed my grandfather's learned cranium a correct delineation is preserved in the cut accompanying the above pathetic poem as it stands on the immortal pages of Mother Goose.

My ancestor, with a presentiment, as it would seem, of his unhappy end, had by frequent rehearsals made his daughter familiar with the lunar history, which she carefully cherished in her memory and in turn related to me. And, therefore, with what I am about to unfold so well authenticated, I proceed to communicate it without farther explanation.

The man in the south, it appears, was a venerable gentleman who was stationed at the southern pole, to which it was his business daily to apply whale-oil, so that it might not get rusty and thus impede the earth's motions. The food of this ancient func-

tionary consisted of ice fried in cold water and seasoned with new-fallen snow. But it chanced that a ship attached to some exploring expedition passed that way, and the crew, taking pity on the lonely pole-tender, left him some plum-porridge. Now, this plum-porridge, though we should call it *cold*, was so much *less cold* than the usual diet of the old man, that the first mouthful he took seemed to him scalding hot. He dropped his bowl and spoon, and roared so loudly with pain that the man in the moon heard him. The man in the moon is of a very benevolent disposition, as many lovers whose evening rambles he looks upon approvingly can testify. So he laid aside his pipe and prepared to fly to his friend's relief. His intended prescription was on the homœopathic principle of applying a remedy similar in its nature to the cause of the disease, and, as the man in the moon had burnt his mouth with cold drink, he determined to make a cold application to relieve his agony. As expeditiously as possible, but with great difficulty, for the process was not an easy one, he filled a vial with pure moonshine and started off on his kind errand.

But how did he go? In answering this question, the illustration of the poem in the edition before me will be of great assistance. There, the man in the moon appears with one arm thrown round a horn of the slender crescent, and thus, while the other, carefully grasping the vial, waves gracefully, he sails with majesty through the air. The suffering pole-man is seen below in the foreground of the picture, seated with his bowl in his lap, his expressive but distorted countenance plainly evincing the agony which he endures. In my humble opinion, we are not to suppose that this was the actual relative position of the two parties during his moonship's entire journey; but that the painter, with that admirable consciousness of delineation which characterizes all these pictures, chose to present in one effective whole the two most widely sundered and important characters in this astonishing drama. It was a bold stroke of genius, to which the wondering and spontaneous admiration of the beholder is the best tribute.

But how sped the lunar traveler on his charitable voyage? That voyage commenced most prosperously, and as fast as could be went he on his way, his round face glowing with generous excitement, and gleaming brightly through the soft moonlight haze that enveloped his form. But it turned out, according to the old proverb, "the more haste the worse speed." For, as he was going along under full headway, that surprising performance took place which is recorded on the twelfth page of the *Goose Melodies*, in that poem beginning with "Hih, diddle, diddle." To quote the author's brief and graphic words—

"The cow jumped over the moon!"

and while with headlong fury executing this feat, she dashed the cork out of the vial which his moonship held in his hand, and, direful to relate, all the moonshine escaped. It is in allusion to this misfortune that the words "too soon" are introduced in

the poem; words that have been subjected to a variety of interpretations, and that have puzzled the brains of many wise men to understand in the least. Now we plainly see their force; for, if the man in the moon had not started when he did, and gone so fast, his encounter with the cow would not have been fraught with such mischievous results.

What to do he did not know; for, while he was filling his vial again, the man in the moon might die of his burns. There were two horns to his moon, but none, alas! to this dilemma. So he paused for a while in mid air, irresolute.

Just then came sailing along, with her broom under her arm, that enterprising old lady who had, ages before, been "lost up in a blanket seventy times as high as the moon," and whose method of making herself useful, after she got there, is thus described in the melodies:—

— "In her hand she carried a broom.

'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' said I,

'O whither, O whither, O whither so high!'"

To which she replies, emphatically and directly—

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by."

The last line is designed to intimate that she did not spend all her time among the clouds, but occasionally visited her former acquaintances; no doubt by way of relief from what must be a very laborious employment. Being somewhat garrulous, the sky-sweeper stopped to have a chat with the man in the moon. She told him that she had just returned from a visit to the earth, where she called upon an old friend, who has since, like herself, been celebrated in song, her virtues and industry being thus set forth by Mother Goose—

"There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And, if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold and cranberry pies;
And she's the old woman that never told lies."

Who would not be content to lead an obscure but praiseworthy life, in order to be made immortal in lines like these? And we cannot fail to observe how the fire of the poet is tempered by cautiousness in the second line. It is not asserted that this aged and virtuous female still lives, lest we should go on a fruitless journey to behold so much impersonated goodness; neither may we cease to hope that such an ornament to the human race still pursues her blameless career below. Matchless poet, who so well understands how to sway the minds of men.

But let us hear the broom-bearer's story. She proceeded to relate that this excellent person had told her some wonderful things. How that, in a certain village, distinguished by the name of Norridge, near her abode, there dwelt people of such strange habits. They all minded their own business, though they were social, and friendly, and universally united, so that their amity and good will were surprising to contemplate. They neither quarreled in their sewing societies nor squabbled in their

choirs. That class of the inhabitants called young gentlemen, otherwise beaux, were models of propriety and good-breeding. They attended strictly to their professional pursuits, instead of spending the time strutting the streets and flourishing canes, to be looked at by another class denominated young ladies; they thought older men wiser than themselves, and to the expression of their opinions listened deferentially; at musical concerts, they never talked and laughed aloud with those near them, or criticised audibly the performers, lest it should annoy others who might wish not to lose a single strain. At their literary assemblies, so called, while any read aloud, these young gentlemen and young ladies united in listening most attentively; there were no tardy arrivals, no giggling or talking behind fans, no keeping up of a running commentary on the pages read, by means of a game of backgammon with the dice as an accompaniment to the orator's voice. But, with mouths wide open and folded hands, they sat as still as mice, drinking in every word. Thereafter, they discussed, in a very erudite and philosophical manner, what they had heard; instead of falling furiously on teasing one another, the young ladies the gentlemen on the matter of mysterious attentions to certain other young ladies, and the beaux their fair fellow-members on the same remarkable theme. No; there was not a bit of this last amusement. When the piano was opened, and a young lady sat down to play, there would be such a sudden and universal silence as was almost appalling. One could hear a fly crawl on the carpet; and as for the striking up of the music being the signal for a general hullabaloo, particularly by those who had been the most urgent for a song, such a thing was unheard of in this wondrous village of Norridge.

Thus far had the old woman who swept the sky proceeded, when the man in the moon burst into a loud laugh, clapped his hands, and uttering a few hasty words, as if struck with a new idea, put spurs to the moon, and, waiving a parting salute, was out of her sight in a jiffy. The old woman, enraged at his sudden departure, shook her broom angrily after him, her disappointment in losing a listener being enough to destroy the pleasure which she might have experienced in beholding the sudden joyful lighting up of his moonship's saddened visage. She saw that it was vain to attempt to follow him on his swift career; and, as she beheld the last flutter of his coat skirts disappearing under a cloud, she, all ignorant of the noble motives which actuated him, set him down quite as foolish as the "wondrous wise man" she used to know, who "jumped into a bramble bush," and whom she thoroughly despised. To such misjudgments are the best and wisest subjected. In fact, this respectable person, worthy though her character may be, in some points, of our esteem, tugged away at her sweeping night and day, holding in equal contempt the book-learning of the hero of the bramble bush and the benevolence of the man in the moon.

But it is time that I explained the reason of the rapid flight of the latter, which, happily, the lunar history unfolds. Being proverbial for his polished manners, he would not, without sufficient cause, have left a lady in such an unceremonious way. He heard, with great interest, the venerable cob web destroyer's account of the state of things at Norridge. Now he did not like to doubt anything that was said by the ancient lady who dwelt beneath the hill, whose character for veracity he well knew, and he concluded that some one must have imposed the tale upon her honest nature, and not that she had seen with her own eyes what she related. But he could not help saying to himself, "Such a place as this that they describe, where there are such remarkable people and such uncommon social usages, must be ALL MOONSHINE. And, by my pipe and beard," he exclaimed, with vehement earnestness, "it is, then, just the spot to refill my vial, quicker and with purer moonshine than at the fountain head itself." So off he flew, in the hasty manner already mentioned.

And here, at this most interesting period, my breathlessly attentive and astonished auditory, sorry am I to be obliged to tell you that there is a vast blank in the history. But, by the light of nature and of reason, we may be enabled to arrive at some conclusions respecting the success of the important expedition of the man in the moon. We can imagine him speeding away to our dull orb, inquiring, as he goes, the road to Norridge. We *know* that the earth still turns round, the pole never having failed to do its duty for lack of oil. Therefore, we may be also sure that the man in the south is still able to perform his functions, and that his kind benefactor reached him in season to save his valuable life, having obtained a speedy and copious supply of unadulterated moonshine.

Here I take my leave, for the present, of this great and rare collection of the Melodies of Mother Goose. If I have succeeded in exciting an interest and a desire, in the minds of any of my hearers, to know more of these incomparable productions of her genius, I may at some future period do myself the honor of laying before them further extracts. But as for the lunar history, whose wonderful disclosures have enabled me to comprehend many obscure passages in her poems, it were best that what more of its contents are treasured in my memory remain buried there. For they tell of beings and places, of manners and customs, quite incredible and incomprehensible to the dull wits of mortals, and I have no desire to run the risk of being pronounced the author of a hoax, or of impairing a character for veracity, which, as my statements are thus far within the bounds of probability, I can unshrinkingly claim.

Having, on this occasion, taken up a great amount of your valuable time, I conclude with one brief and appropriate line from the gifted ancestress of the extensive and flourishing Goose family—

"Now my story is done"

A SUMMER SCENE.

BY JENNIE FORREST.

(See *Plats.*)

I WONDER if, after all, children's parties are in themselves expedient. That is a very wise observation for one who can still remember, with most perfect distinctness, the flutter and excitement of dressing for one of these same juvenile gatherings. The nicety with which my long chestnut hair was braided, the soft, cool drapery of my white muslin dress, the coquetish tendency of a certain little, black silk apron, "tied with long ends," as the children call it.

Yet, as I said before, I wonder if it is wise to let little people come together in this free, familiar, unrestrained intercourse, when their little heads are just wise enough to have an indistinct idea of the marriage service—a wedding-ring being, of course, the principal reminiscence of the little girl. They take fancies among themselves, these children; flirtations and miniature courtships are constantly going on. What is it but coquetry that induces the child to make the play of "scorn" so effective? We remember a schoolmate who filled sometimes the chair of state on these occasions. How scornfully she drew up her little figure, as one after another every courtier approached, and her red lips curled with ineffable disdain as one by one they were led back as disconsolate as unsuccessful suitors are supposed to be. And, after a little, the one whom fancy or caprice had chosen received such a smile!—enough to set his heart dancing, boy as he was—and with what grace she resigned the throne in his favor!

She must have liked this game; at any rate, her life, from the time of her leaving school, was for many years but a type of it. Many a rejected suitor had turned away from her, biting his lips, doubtless, as had her schoolboy friends. And, at last, when every one wondered if she ever intended to make choice at all, she changed her scorn to smiles for the last person of all others who seemed calculated to call them forth. Caprice guided her here also, we fancy; but, at any rate, she was true to the rule of the play, for, from that moment, she gave up the exercise of power, and uncurled her pouting lips to an expression of the most tender and wifelike submission.

It sometimes happens that children, thus intimately thrown together in their childhood, are separated, by the conventionalities of society in after years, as widely as if they had never met. There was one bright summer at Brookside, which will never be forgotten by any of the little party gathered there. It was a beautiful place, not many miles from Boston, owned by a retired English merchant, who had been of a noble, though impoverished family, and still retained, through all the changes of a mercantile career, a recollection of his boyhood's home, with its lawns and ancient woods. Successful in the

path which he had chosen, he married a lady of no less taste and refinement than himself. By mutual consent, they retired to this charming spot, enamored with the bright stream that sparkled through the grounds, giving additional interest to the scenery.

I can see, as if I stood there to-day, the rambling, yet elegant house of dark gray stone, a bay window, or a latticed porch peeping out now and then from rustling foliage—the long windows, shaded only by light muslin curtains, as the heat of a midsummer's day declined, and looking out upon the sloping lawn, with its crisp, short turf, like a velvet carpet, growing more and more vividly green as it approached the brook.

And the midsummer eve, I can remember so distinctly (Clara Norton's birthday, celebrated by a party of little friends from Boston, among whom my happy self was numbered)—the sound of childish merriment woke the echoes of the pine wood, and made a music sweeter than the singing of the brook or the rustling of the foliage. There had been a merry game of forfeits a few minutes before, and in redeeming a glove, roguish little Clara had declared, with her eyes blindfolded, that the careless girl to whom a certain ribbon belonged should be married to the lad who had found the same, by her cousin, Will Emmerson. Now, Clara had been at a wedding a few days before, and returned deeply impressed with the elegant dresses and veils she had seen, and thought what a lovely thing it must be to find herself the object of so much attention as the bride had received, and have such a charming ring as she had seen placed upon her aunt Ellen's hand. So, when it was discovered, with many a shout of laughter, that the ribbon was Clara's own, and Henry Lawson the finder, Will Emmerson, nothing loth to enact his share in the game, insisted that the wedding should take place at once, and urged the advantage of having so many witnesses. So we stood there very respectfully on one side of the path while the mock marriage was accomplished, Harry looking somewhat frightened, and Clara so sober that we wondered what she could be thinking about. We must confess, Will Emmerson was somewhat unclerical in his gayety; but, after all, real marriages have taken place more thoughtlessly many a time since then, we doubt not.

Poor Clara! How she would insist that it was sober earnest to her papa and mamma that night, and that Harry must come and be their son now. I wonder if she is sorry at the present moment that this arrangement was not entered into; for she is now Mrs. Emmerson, and, strangely enough, Henry Lawson was the clergyman who married them. So coming events sometimes cast very fantastic shadows before.



COUNTRY BOARDING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PART FIRST.

LOOKING FOR A NICE FARM HOUSE.

SUMMER after summer had Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins spent amid the heat, and dust, and noise of the city, while many of their friends and neighbors sped away to the country, and passed the sultry months where the pure airs played among the cooling shadows, and the bright streams danced along refreshingly through green meadows, or gave a new charm to wood and valley. Often and often had they sighed for a rural season; but, somehow or other, they could never just make it convenient to follow their inclinations in this particular.

One day last summer—it was in July, and the thermometer had been ranging from ninety-six to a hundred for nearly a fortnight—on the return home of Mr. Jenkins, at the approach of evening, his good lady said to him, in a fretful tone of voice—

“What am I to do with these boys, Mr. Jenkins? The holidays have begun, and they are to be home for two months.”

“Oh dear!” returned Mr. Jenkins, evincing considerable perplexity of mind at this intelligence. “Two months holiday! It will be their ruination.”

“And the death of me,” said Mrs. Jenkins. “I

can never stand it in the world. I’m almost worried out of my life with them on Saturdays; and what will it be when there are two months of Saturdays? I can’t turn Tom and Dick into the street, and let them go into all sorts of company.”

“No, indeed; that would never do,” replied the father.

“And they’ll never content themselves in the house. That’s impossible,” said Mrs. Jenkins. “Moreover, it would be cruel to shut them up like prisoners in their own house. I declare, I feel utterly at a loss.”

“Hadh’t we better try to get into the country for a couple of months?” suggested Mr. Jenkins.

“I’ve been thinking of that,” replied the wife.

“I don’t see what better we can do. It would be very pleasant for all of us. We might get boarding in some nice farm house, where there was plenty of good milk, fruit, and vegetables. O, it would be delightful for the children; and I would enjoy it almost as much as any of them.”

Mrs. Jenkins’s imagination warmed at the very thought.

“It’s the best thing we can do,” said Mr. Jenkins. “The only drawback is the necessity for my being in the city every day.”

"O, as for that, you know," returned Mrs. Jenkins, confidently, "it will be easy to get a place so near to the city that you can come in early in the morning, and go out before dark in the evening. Cars, steamboats, and stuges afford every facility of this kind."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the husband. "Still, there is nothing like trying. How would you like a place in Germantown? The cars run frequently, and pass over the distance in some twenty minutes."

"I wouldn't like that, at all," was promptly answered. "Germantown isn't the country. I want to go right into the country."

"That would be better, certainly."

"A plain country farm house, well shaded, with good substantial country fare, will be cheapest and best. If we go to the country, let us go to the country."

"Perhaps you are right. Well, if we go, we must not hesitate nor delay about the matter. Here it is midsummer, and the season rapidly passing away."

"I'm really in earnest," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"I like the idea very much," returned Mr. Jenkins.

And they continued to talk and think about the matter during the evening, and lay awake canvassing it for an hour or two after retiring to bed. The result was a unanimous decision to go into the country as soon as a suitable place could be found.

On the next morning, Mr. Jenkins referred to "the boarding and to let" column of the Ledger with an interest never before felt in that department of the paper. To his great satisfaction, he found several advertisements headed "country boarding," two of which appeared to suit his case exactly. One of these read thus: "A respectable family can obtain country boarding, at a farm house delightfully situated a few miles from the city, in one of the healthiest and most romantic districts of country in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Terms moderate. Inquire at No. — Market Street." The other was in these words: "A small family, desiring genteel country boarding in a farm house, with all the comforts of a home, will hear of such a place by inquiring at No. — Second Street."

With these two advertisements in his pocket-book, Mr. Jenkins started forth after breakfast, eager to secure one of the places in advance of any other application. His first call was in Market Street, at a store where some kind of botanic medicines were sold. A man was behind the counter putting up a package for a customer.

"You advertised something about country boarding," said Mr. Jenkins, confidently.

"Country boarding?" returned the man, as if he were not certain that he had heard aright.

"Yes; at a farm house near the city."

"I don't know anything about it," said the man, indifferently, looking down at the package he was tying up.

"Is this No. —?" inquired Mr. Jenkins, as he took the advertisement from his pocket-book and examined it carefully.

"Yes, sir; that is my number," was replied.

"Did you put in this advertisement?" and Mr. Jenkins handed him the bit of paper he had cut from the Ledger.

The man looked at it for some time before light broke in upon his mind.

"O!" he at length said. "Now I remember. Yes, yes. It's up the Schuylkill, about a mile from Spring Mill."

"Is it a pleasant place?" inquired Mr. Jenkins.

"Well, I guess so. But I don't know much about it. Never was there."

"Who put in this advertisement?" asked Jenkins.

"The man who lives there."

"At the farm house?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"Hodge."

"Where can I see him?"

"He's in town twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Or you can go out to his place."

"How can I get there?" asked Jenkins.

"You go out to Spring Mill on the Norristown railroad; but I don't know how you get over to Hodge's place."

"It's a mile from the river, you say?"

"Yes."

"Do you know his terms?"

The man shook his head, and answered—

"The fact is, I don't know anything about it. Mr. Hodge said he would refer to me, and he has done so; but I have no particular information to give applicants."

"He'll be in town on Wednesday, you say?"

"Yes," replied the man; and Jenkins departed.

Next he applied in Second Street, and learned that the "farm house," which promised all the comforts of a home, was situated in Bucks county, about nine miles from Bristol. This wouldn't do. It would take up too much of his time to travel some sixty miles daily, and he couldn't think of being separated from his family.

Twenty acquaintances were asked that day if they knew where country boarding was to be had. From some who had tried the experiment, he did not get very flattering accounts; others said that they had been endeavoring for weeks to find a place that suited them, but without success. Then one spoke discouragingly of a farm house or private family, and advised a country tavern, where formal preparations for boarders were made; another said, go over into New Jersey, by all means; while another said, "Go anywhere but in New Jersey." By the close of the day, Jenkins was quite bewildered on the subject of country boarding. A little conversation with his wife, however, brought his mind clear again. The location was to be a farm house in Pennsylvania, a few miles from the city,

easy of access, and plentifully surrounded with shade trees.

On the next morning, two or three new advertisements appeared in the Ledger. One of these seemed the very thing. It described a farm house, pleasantly situated amid romantic scenery, and easy of access by stages several times a day. As inquiry was to be made on the premises, Mr. Jenkins concluded to go out in the afternoon, and, for this purpose, hired a wagon. The distance was between four and six miles on the West Chester road; and he was not long in reaching the neighborhood he sought. On inquiring, he learned that the farm house he wished to visit was half a mile from the turnpike, on a cross road, which he took and kept on his way. In due time, he arrived at the place to which he had been referred; but looked around, in vain, for the elegant situation his mind had pictured.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Crabtree lives?" inquired Jenkins of a man whom he met.

"There," said the man, pointing to a small, dingy-looking house a short distance from the road, near which shot up three or four unsightly and decaying Lombardy poplars, and around which clustered a few bits of shrubbery, and one or two old pear trees, that, if good for fruit, were nearly guiltless of any effort at shade.

"That can't be the place of which I am in search." And Jenkins shook his head positively. "I'm looking for a Mr. Crabtree, who takes summer boarders."

"There's no other Mr. Crabtree in the neighborhood," replied the man.

"Are you certain?"

"I ought to be; for I've lived hereabouts all my life."

"Does this person take summer boarders?"

"He's going to this summer. I heard him say so."

"What kind of a man is he?" now inquired Jenkins.

"A very nice man," was the unqualified answer.

"He seems to have a poor kind of a house."

"I wish I had as good a one," was replied to this.

"And you're sure that is the place?" said Jenkins.

"I'm sure Mr. Crabtree lives there," answered the man.

"How will I get to the house?"

"Keep along until you come to the old cherry tree yonder, and turn off into the lane."

Jenkins thanked the man for his information and rode on, the ardor of his anticipations sensibly cooled. At the old cherry tree he turned off and approached the house, which did not greatly improve in his eyes as he came nearer and nearer. It was built of stone, and was two stories high; but all its dimensions were contracted. Over the door was a narrow portico, supported by wooden posts that had once been white. Upon this clambered a

neglected honeysuckle. No walk led to the door, and the grass grew rankly, interspersed with weeds, in front. The ordinary entrance to the house was, evidently, on the other side.

The lane terminated at a barn, where Jenkins dismounted and fastened his horse. Then he entered a small gate, and, by a pathway, advanced to the house. He had moved along the path a few rods, and was near the dwelling, when, suddenly, with a deep-mouthed yell, out sprang a savage-looking dog, and made towards him with the evident purpose of trying the quality of his flesh.

"Get out!" roared Jenkins, in sudden terror—for the animal was as large and fierce-looking as a wolf—and he stooped to pick up a stone.

"Get out!" responded a louder and hoarser voice than his. "Get out, Nero!"

And farmer Crabtree ran from the house, and called off the savage beast just as he was about springing, with mouth extended, upon Jenkins. The dog retired, suspicious, and growling at the strange intruder; and the farmer said—

"Don't be alarmed, sir. He won't bite you."

"Oh no! I'm not alarmed," returned Jenkins, in a voice that trembled so much that he could scarcely articulate.

"Come in," said farmer Crabtree; and Jenkins followed him into the house.

"You advertised to take summer boarders," remarked Jenkins, as they entered.

"Yes, sir," replied the farmer. "We think of taking a family or two. We have a snug place here, and some room to spare. Do you wish to get boarding?"

"I do."

"For yourself alone?"

"For my family. But I hardly think you have room here for so large a family as mine." And Jenkins glanced around the apartment.

"How many have you?" asked Crabtree.

"Nine. Myself and wife, six children, and a nurse."

"How old are the children?"

"My oldest boy is fourteen, and my youngest three."

"Plenty of room for even more. Will you walk up stairs and look at the chambers?"

Jenkins expressed a willingness to do so, when the farmer called his wife, and they ascended to the next floor.

"This is our spare room," said the farmer's wife, "and a snug room it is. If a body couldn't be comfortable here, they couldn't be comfortable anywhere."

The room was about ten feet by twelve, and had windows on two sides. A four post bedstead, that looked as if it might have been made prior to the Revolution, stood in one corner, and on this was a plethoric feather bed, covered with a patchwork quilt. The rest of the furniture consisted of four Windsor chairs; a tall, three-legged toilet table, covered with a white cloth, whereon rested a new

toilet-glass, the price of which was somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty cents; and a small, stained pine table or stand for holding a washhand basin and pitcher. The floor was covered with a rag carpet.

"This is our best room," said the farmer's wife, with the tone and manner of one who felt some pride in her housekeeping.

After Jenkins had fully surveyed this apartment, he was shown a small chamber adjoining, that covered the entry. Above were two garret rooms, each one half the size of the "best room."

"Of course," said Mrs. Crabtree, "your two youngest children sleep in the room with you."

Jenkins assented to this.

"Two could sleep in the little room over the entry, and two in one of the garrets, while your servant could have the other garret all to herself."

This was a very nice arrangement. It seemed as if the house had been built for the especial accommodation of Jenkins's family; though it must be confessed that Mr. Jenkins did not feel very much flattered by the apparent foresight of the builder.

"What are your terms?" next inquired Mr. Jenkins.

"Five dollars for grown persons, and three for children and servants," was the ready answer.

"Rather a high price for such accommodations," said Jenkins.

This remark was not at all relished by the farmer's wife, who was about making a tart reply, but was restrained by a glance from her more prudent husband, who said—

"We might take your family for thirty dollars."

Jenkins was by no means tempted, and hesitated not to say that he did not think their terms would suit him. The Crabtrees then retraced a little, and finally agreed to take the family for twenty-five dollars.

"Your rooms are too small," said Jenkins.

"They're a very fair size," contended the farmer's wife. "And, moreover," she added, "you don't expect to stay in your rooms all the time. People come into the country to get fresh air. Your children will live out of doors."

The house stood on rising ground, and commanded a very fine view. To this the farmer called the attention of Jenkins, who was charmed with the

prospect. Then the farmer praised everything appertaining to the place. The water was the best within five miles, and there wasn't a healthier situation to be found. His wife was one of the best cooks in the world, and kindness itself.

So earnest was the farmer in his laudations, that Jenkins began to doubt the evidence of his own eyes, and at length came to think that he had found a very desirable location. Finally he went away, promising to bring his wife out to look at the place. As he rode homewards, and saw along the way one elegant seat after another, the few attractions he had observed in the farm house entirely faded from his imagination. Still, he did not make an altogether unfavorable report, though he spoke in rather qualified terms.

Three or four more days were passed in looking after a suitable place for the family to rusticate in for a couple of months; but nothing offered that had not some objection of too serious a nature to be overcome.

"I don't see what we are to do, unless we take that place on the West Chester road," said Jenkins, discouraged at last in his efforts to find country boarding. "There'll be one advantage. We'll have the house all to ourselves. It's a secluded place, and the children will be safe."

"You said the rooms were small," remarked Mrs. Jenkins, glancing around the large, airy, handsomely-furnished chamber in which they were seated.

"Yes; they are rather small. But that is the case generally, at least so far as the chambers are concerned, in country houses. Suppose you ride out with me to-morrow and look at the place?"

"Do you think it worth while for me to do so?" asked Mrs. Jenkins. "You have been there, and can judge of it as well as I can."

"It seems to be that or nothing," said Jenkins.

"Then you'd better go out and secure it for the season. We only want boarding for a couple of months, and things will have to be bad, indeed, if we can't endure them for that length of time. The main thing is to get our children into the country during the holidays, and give them a breath of pure air and a chance to run."

So it was concluded to engage boarding with farmer Crabtree, which was immediately done.



DISCOVERING A LEAK.

BY JOHN JONES, JR.

"PLEASE, mim, the butter is all out," said Nancy, thrusting her face into the door of the room where Mrs. Peabody sat sewing.

"Impossible!" was the lady's reply. "Impossible, Nancy."

"Indade, mim, and there ain't enough for supper."

"What has become of it, Nancy?" asked Mrs. Peabody. "I bought four pounds day before yesterday. It's impossible! It can't be all gone."

"Faith and alive, thin, Mrs. Peabody, and sure it 's been used."

"Never!"

The lady was positive in her assertion that the butter had not been fairly disposed of; while Nancy quite as positively maintained the affirmative of the question at issue between them. The result was, Mrs. Peabody had to buy more butter, and continue in darkness as to the ways and means by which four pounds of that necessary article of table comfort had vanished in about two days.

"The white sugar is all out," said Nancy, after breakfast on the next morning.

"The white sugar out! Are you certain, Nancy?"

"Yis, indade. There ain't the full of a tea-cup in the house."

"Didn't Mr. Brown send home ten pounds of sugar on Saturday?"

"I don't think there were ten pounds, mim."

"Well, I do, then. I know there were ten pounds. We always get ten pounds at a time. Are you sure there is none in the box?"

"Sure and sartin, mim."

"It's very strange! Ten pounds of white sugar in five days! What have you done with it, Nancy?"

"Mo done with it, mim! And do yees mano to insinate that I wouldn't act honestly?"

"I don't insinuate anything, Nancy; I only ask what has been done with ten pounds of sugar in five days? It was placed in your keeping, and it's gone. Now, I only desire to know how it has been disposed of."

"It's been used in the family, in coorse," said Nancy.

"No; that is impossible. We only use white sugar for tea and coffee twice a-day. Ten pounds, properly taken care of, ought to last two weeks."

"Not if the children are allowed to ate it as they do."

"Who allows them to eat it? I'm sure I don't," said Mrs. Peabody.

"I can't keep them from it," replied Nancy.

"The children never ate all that sugar."

"Well, mim, it's gone," said Nancy.

And that was about all the satisfaction Mrs. Peabody could get.

Not only did sugar and butter vanish thus unaccountably, but flour and meal, soap and starch, and other things too various to mention.

"I can't stand this," said Mr. Peabody, when his quarter bill of groceries came in. "One hundred and forty-eight dollars!"

"Not that much, surely," said Mrs. Peabody.

"Yes; one hundred and forty-eight. We never had a bill like this before."

"Isn't there some mistake? Perhaps Brown has sent you the wrong bill and pass-book."

Mr. Peabody referred to the cover of the pass-book, and read—

"Henry Peabody, in account, &c. It's our book, you see."

"There's something wrong," persisted Mrs. Peabody.

"That I will readily admit," replied her husband.

"But where is it?"

"May be the book is not added up right," suggested the lady.

Mr. Peabody hurriedly added up page after page of the book.

"All correct, so far as that is concerned."

"Then we're charged with more than we received," said Mrs. Peabody.

"No; I don't believe that. But, to be certain, let me read off the different articles."

This was done; and Mrs. Peabody could not positively say that any charge was wrong, although the entries of tea, sugar, coffee, oil, butter, and lard were remarkably frequent.

"If it's all come into the house, it hasn't all been eaten," said Mrs. Peabody, in a positive tone of voice.

"Then there must be a leak somewhere," said her husband.

"I'm afraid there is; but how are we to discover it? Nancy's a very extravagant cook, and lays a heavy hand upon everything. I believe she wastes more than her wages amount to."

"She must have a heavy hand to make things go after this fashion. Are you sure she's honest?"

"I've seen nothing to make me think differently."

"Have you talked to her about the way things go?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Peabody; "over and over again. But it does no good. She declares that everything which comes to the house is used in the house; and what, then, can I say? I shouldn't like to accuse an innocent person of stealing."

"It's rather a serious matter to accuse any one of that crime. But there's a leak somewhere, and we must find it."

"I wish I knew how to find it," said Mrs. Peabody, despondingly.

"Human ingenuity is equal to anything. We must find the leak, Anna."

And, in good earnest, Mr. and Mrs. Peabody set to work to find the leak.

Among the frequent visitors of Nancy, the cook, was a woman who always carried a basket and

wore a cloak. This person Mrs. Peabody often met in the kitchen, and, as she was introduced by Nancy as a poor woman in bad health, with several young children, the lady's feelings were interested in her favor, and she often made her presents of old clothing, and sometimes gave her flour and tea.

Nancy had known this woman in Ireland, and spoke of her as having seen better days. Particularly did she dwell upon the honest character she had borne at home. In this way, a very favorable impression was made on Mrs. Peabody.

"What old woman was that I saw coming out through the basement to-day?" asked Mr. Peabody, on coming home one evening rather earlier than usual.

"Had she on an old brown camlet cloak?"

"Yes."

"Oh, she's a poor woman who comes to see Nancy sometimes."

"And does she always bring her basket along?" inquired Mr. Peabody.

"Why do you ask that?" said the lady.

"I guess you'll find the leak you spoke of there."

"Oh no! oh no! I don't believe that old creature would take anything which was not given to her."

"That may be. But are you fully advised as to the extent of Nancy's generosity?"

"I don't believe she would take anything, unless it was cold meat or broken bread."

"Have you ever looked into her basket?"

"No."

"How often does she come?"

"Two or three times a week, I believe."

"Oh, mother!" spoke up a bright-looking boy who was an attentive listener. "She's here every day, and sometimes twice a day."

"Indeed! You're sure of that, Harry?" said Mr. Peabody.

"Oh yes, sir."

"Did you ever see Nancy give her anything?"

"I saw her put a great chunk of butter in her basket yesterday."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else?"

"Some papers. I don't know what was in them, though."

"Did Nancy see you when she did this?" asked Mr. Peabody.

"No, sir. I was looking in at the window."

"Henry's mistaken. I can't believe it," said Mrs. Peabody, in a positive voice.

"It will be an easy matter to settle. The next time she comes, take the liberty to look into her basket."

"No; I wouldn't like to do that."

"Look into her basket, Anna, and, my word for it, you'll find the leak."

Mrs. Peabody shook her head positively at this suggestion.

"If I catch her here, I shall most certainly do it," said Mr. Peabody.

"You'll only hurt the old woman's feelings. It's bad enough to be poor, without having suspicion added thereto."

"Poverty is no crime; but carrying off pounds of butter, sugar, and flour, not to mention a dozen other things, can hardly be called honest."

"I don't believe she does it, Henry."

"It will be more agreeable to know that she does not than to let the present state of doubt remain. If you don't look into her basket, I will."

Not a long time passed before Mr. Peabody had the opportunity he desired. A little earlier than usual, he came home on the next day; and, just as he reached his own door, up from the basement area came the old woman with the basket. Said basket had a dark piece of woollen cloth, or baize, covered over it, and was, moreover, partly concealed under the woman's cloak. Nancy had come out with her, and stood in the area. Neither of them saw Mr. Peabody at first, but he soon manifested presence; for, the moment he saw the woman, he stepped up to her, and, drawing the covering from her basket, said—

"What have we here?"

Mr. Peabody spoke in a quick, stern voice.

Nancy, the moment she saw what he had done, turned and went back hurriedly into the house; the woman stood for a moment with a face of dismay, and then, dropping the basket, beat a hasty retreat.

"I thought I'd discover the leak," said Mr. Peabody, as he entered his wife's room, bearing in his

hand the old woman's basket, which, on examination, was found to contain, besides various other articles, the following, fully recognized as the property of Mr. and Mrs. Peabody:—

One pound of butter; about a pound and a quarter of loaf sugar; three links of sausage, and one loaf of bread. Of the tea and coffee in papers, the freshly cut half pound squares of soap, the nutmegs, and the dozen other little matters of the kind, it was uncertain whether they had been abstracted from this or some other house in which a leak existed.

Mrs. Peabody was confounded; and so was Nancy, when summoned from the kitchen. Of course, Nancy had no suspicion that the old woman was dishonest, and stoutly maintained that not an article found in her basket had been taken from Mrs. Peabody's kitchen.

Rather doubting this, with so much evidence before her, Mrs. Peabody had the resolution to dismiss Nancy on the spot; and the act was effectual in stopping the leak. After that, butter and sugar went twice as far as before, and the next quarterly bill for groceries reached only the sum of eighty-one dollars.

In more families than that of Mr. Peabody would a leak be discovered, if old women visitors to the kitchen, with cloaks and baskets, were occasionally overhauled. There are a goodly number of them about, and the way they make grocery bills run up is afflicting to a man whose purse is not deep, and well filled with Californias at that.

J U N E .

A FAIR young maiden, who makes us an annual visit, has sent some sure tokens to give notice of her speedy arrival; and it behoves us, one and all, to be prepared with a joyous, heartfelt welcome. Her radiant beauty is the theme of every tongue; and, to secure the gratitude of even the most insensible, she brings precious gifts, which none are too poor to be precluded from enjoying, none so rich as to be undervalued.

Her eyes are of the deepest blue, cradled beneath lids of snowy whiteness. Her hair floats around her like a mist, by the sun tinged golden-hued. She wears a robe of green, varying from the most delicate shade to the richest emerald color; and, at sunrise, when she appears the loveliest, her drapery is covered with tear-drops, glittering like diamonds, which her lover, the day-god, as he ascends in strength, kisses away. Her breath is like the odor of new-mown hay; and about her, as she moves on, float the perfumes of innumerable flowers which spring up at her feet. Upon her brow she wears a chaplet of white lilies, while in her hand she carries a bunch of roses—roses of every tint, for these most exquisite of Flora's offerings are the maiden's pride and chief ornament—some, of unsullied white, meet to adorn the tresses of a bride; some sheltered by a vest of moss; others of all hues, from the most sanguine purple to a shade as faint as that which dies the cheek of girlish beauty.

The starry blossoms of the strawberry, which spangle the meadows, at the touch of her rosy fingers, blush into perfect ripeness; and, with the floral treasures that she brings, she offers this fruit, of a flavor so rare and delicate as to render it meet for the bouquets of the dwellers on Mount Olympus.

Nor is she unattended by music. Birds of a thousand different hues, and with notes as diverse as their plumage, chant their glad carols in the soft atmosphere which breathes around her. Especially do the merry bobolink, the dear, domestic martin, and the solitary woodthrush rejoice in her presence. The first seems actually dizzy with happiness, for he makes no pause in his song, even when on the wing, but, caroling in mid-air, pours forth a gush of sweetest melody; then, slowly descending, he alights upon the top of a tall blade of grass, and, while it sways under his fairy weight, he continues to warble those strains, so liquid, so enrapturing in

their flow, that the listener may well address him as Shelley does the English skylark—

“Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am listening now.”

Assuredly do all the feathered tribe appear most given up to joyousness while our gentle divinity stays; but her visit will be brief, and shall not we, as well as the birds and flowers, make the most of her fleeting though blessed presence? Let us not confine ourselves to narrow walks and dusty streets, but go forth into the fields and upon the hills, to gaze, with unobstructed vision, on all her loveliness. Let us open our hearts to imbibe her precious influences. A long period of scorching heats, of storms, and snows, and piercing blasts will intervene ere she can return to gladden the earth; and, before that time arrives, some of us who welcome her now may be awaiting, in the realm of silence and rest, a summons to that better land of the glories of which her beauty is a faint type.

May we then dismiss from our minds all envy, hatred, strife, and earth-born cares, all murmurings and repinings; may we learn from our radiant visitant new lessons of love, hope, and cheerfulness. May gratitude to the Giver of all good, who sends her to bless his unworthy creatures, warm our hearts! While the birds make every leafy arch resound with their untaught hymns of praise, shall we whose lips have learned a loftier strain remain silent? While the flowers offer their fragrant incense continually, shall we not bring the sacrifice of kind deeds and gentle words, the perfume of holy hearts, to lay upon God's altar? Then, as we watch the roses withering—for wither we surely know they must—and see the beauteous maid depart, her emerald robe dimmed with the dust of earth, we can lift our thoughts to that fair land whose flowers are unfading, whose pastures are ever verdant.

Hail, then, bright type of perennial joys, thou fairest of summer's trio, thou freshener of the earth, cheerer of man's heart, hail to thee, sweet month of roses, thou ever-blooming June!

KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE PARTISAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELLICHAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"
"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1850, by W. Gilmore Simms, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 326.)

CHAPTER XI.

An thou be'st a noble friend, bear him my sword,
and bid him fit the length on't."—WEBSTER, *Vittoria Corombona*.

THE purpose of Singleton, in taking part in the pursuit of Colonel Walton, may be readily conjectured. With his equal knowledge of his uncle's objects, and of the country through which he rode, it was easy, particularly as the region was little known by any of the pursuers, to shape and direct the chase unprofitably. It was maintained during the day under many encouraging auguries, but was wholly without results; and the party returned to the "Oaks" about midnight, in a condition of utter exhaustion. The captain of loyalists had sufficiently proved his zeal, and Balfour was pleased to bestow upon him the highest commendations. They had long conferences together in regard to the interests of the common cause, particularly with reference to the state of feeling in the back country, and by what processes the spirit of liberty was to be subdued, and that of a blind devotion to his majesty's cause was to be inculcated and encouraged. On all these matters, Singleton was able to speak with equal confidence and knowledge. It was fortunate that a previous and very intimate acquaintance with these then remote regions had supplied our partisan with an abundance of facts, as well in regard to persons as to places. He showed very clearly that he knew his subjects thoroughly, and his report was comparatively a correct one; only so much varied, here and there, as more and more to impress the commandant with the importance of his own influence, and the necessity of giving it the fullest countenance. The particular purpose on which he came was in a fair way to be satisfied. Balfour promised him all the necessary supplies, perfectly delighted with his zeal, his shows of intelligence, however rudely displayed; for Singleton, with the assumption of the hardy character of the backwoodsman, was specially mindful of all those peculiarities of the character he had adopted which were likely to arrest the attention of the Briton. His letters to General Williamson, from certain well-known lead-

ers among the mountain loyalists, were all freely placed under Balfour's examination, and the latter was at length pleased to say that Williamson would meet with our partisan at the "Quarter" or the Eight Mile House—contiguous places of resort on the road from Charleston—without the latter being required to expose himself to the dangers of small-pox in that city; for which the supposed loyalist continued to express the most shuddering horror and aversion. These matters were all adjusted before the departure of the commandant for the capital—an event which followed the next day.

Katharine Walton, in the mean time, had already taken her departure, with the excellent Miss Barbara; traveling under an escort of a few dragoons, in the family carriage, drawn by the only horses of any value which had been left by Colonel Walton, or Singleton, upon the estate. It was during the pursuit of her father by her lover that she had been sent away to the city; and though her absence, on his return, had dashed his spirits with a certain degree of melancholy, yet he felt that it was really for the best; since, to have seen her under constraint, and subject to various annoyances, at the hands of their common enemy, without power to interfere, was only matter of perpetual mortification to himself. But when, again, he reflected upon the sudden, undisguised, and passionate admiration which Balfour had shown for her, a momentary chill seized upon his heart; but, to dispel this, it was only necessary to recall the high qualities, the superior tone, the known courage and devotion of his cousin, and his thorough conviction of her faith to himself, under all privations, to restore his equanimity and make him confident of the future. He saw Balfour depart the next day without apprehension. Cruden remained upon the plantation, having with him a small guard. He was joined by his nephew, Major Proctor, whose assistance he needed in making a necessary inventory of all the effects upon the estate. Singleton was, at first, rather shy of the acquaintance of one whom he knew to be a rival, though an unsuccessful one; and he was not entirely assured that the other had not enjoyed such a sufficient view of him on a previous and memorable occasion, when

were actually in conflict, as to recognize him through all his present disguises. But this doubt disappeared after they had been together for a little while; and, once relieved from this apprehension, our partisan freely opened himself to the advances of the other. Proctor was of a manly, frank, ingenuous nature, not unlike that of Singleton, though with less buoyancy of temper, and less ductility of mood. Though grave, and even gloomy at moments, as was natural to one in his present position of partial disgrace, the necessities of his nature led him to seek the society of a person who, like Singleton, won quickly upon the confidence. The young men rode or rambled together, and, in the space of forty-eight hours, they had unfolded to their mutual study quite enough of each individual character, and much of each individual career, to feel the tacit force of an alliance which found its source in a readily understood sympathy. Youth is the season for generous confidences. It is then only that the heart seeks for its kindred, as if in a first and most necessary occupation. It was easy with our partisan to develop his proper nature, his moods, tastes, and impulses, without endangering his secret, or betraying any more of his history than might properly comport with his situation. And this was quite satisfactory to Proctor. It was enough for him that he found a generous and sympathizing spirit, who could appreciate his own and feel indignant at his humiliations; and he failed to discover that the revelations of Singleton were not of a sort to involve many details, or exhibit anything, indeed, of his outer and real life. He himself was less cautious. The volume of indignation, long swelling in his bosom, and restrained by constant contact with those only of whom he had just need to be suspicious, now poured itself forth freely in expression, to the great relief of his heart, when he found himself in the company of one whom he perceived to be genial as a man, and whose affinities, of a political sort, if they inclined him to the British cause, were yet but seldom productive of any social affinities between the parties. The provincials had been quite too long a subject of mock to the hirelings and agents of the crown, to respect them for anything but the power which they represented; and Proctor, who had long seen the error of the social policy of his countrymen, had always been among the few who had sought quite as much to conciliate as conquer. Still, the conversation of the two seemed studiously to forbear the subjects which were most interesting to both. They hovered about their favorite topics, and flew from them as eagerly as the lapwing from the nest which the enemy appears to seek.

It was at the close of the second day of their communion that the game was fairly started. The two dined with Cruden, and, during the repast, the latter frequently dwelt upon Proctor's situation; the evident disposition of Balfour to destroy him, in spite of the ties of interest which had attached the uncle to himself; and the commissioner of confiscated estates finally lost himself in the bewildering con-

jectures by which he endeavored to account for the antipathy of the commandant. Singleton, of course, was a silent listener to all the conversation. It was one in which he did not feel himself justified in offering any opinions; but when Cruden had retired to his *siesta*—the afternoon being warm and oppressive—the two young men still lingered over their wine, and the conversation, freed from the restraining presence of one who could command their deference, but not their sympathies, at once assumed a character of greater freedom than before. Their hearts warmed to each other over the generous Madeira which had ripened for twenty years in the attic of "The Oaks," and all that was phlegmatic in the nature of Proctor melted before its influence and the genial tone of our partisan.

"You have heard my excellent uncle," he said, as he filled his beaker and passed the decanter to his companion. "He sees and avows his conviction that Balfour is preparing to destroy me, not through any demerits of mine, but in consequence of some secret cause of hostility; yet he says not a word of his readiness to take peril upon himself on my behalf, and is prepared, I perceive, to yield me to my fate—to suffer me to be disgraced for ever, rather than break with the selfish scoundrel whose alliance he finds profitable. One might almost doubt, from what he daily sees, if there be not something in the ties of kindred which makes most of the parties confound them with bonds, which the heart feels oppressive, because they are natural and proper. I have found it so always."

"Your indignation probably makes you unjust. Colonel Cruden evidently feels your situation seriously. The whole of his conversation to-day was devoted to it."

"Ay; but with how many reproaches intermingled, how many doubts as to the cause of offence which I have given, how many covert suspicions; all of which are meant to prepare the way to my abandonment. I see through his policy. I know him better than you. He would, no doubt, save me and help me, if he could do so without breaking with Balfour, or endangering his own interests; but he will take no risks of this or any sort. His whole counsel goes to persuade me to make my submission to Balfour—to follow his own example, and surrender my pride, my personal independence, and all that is precious to a noble nature, to a selfish necessity, whose highest impulses sound in pounds, shillings, and pence. This I cannot and will not do, Furness. Let me perish first!"

"But how have you lost the favor of Balfour?"

"I never had it. I rose to my present rank in the army without his help. No one receives his succor without doing base service for it. I have withheld this service, and I presume this is one of the causes of his antipathy."

"Scarcely; or he would not have suffered you to hold position so long."

"There you mistake. As long as Cornwallis was in Charleston, or Clinton, I was secure. From the

one I received the appointments and promotion which the other confirmed. Besides, Balfour needed some pretext before he could remove me, and time was necessary to mature this pretext. I am the victim of a conspiracy."

Proctor then proceeded to give a brief history of his career and command in Dorchester, and of that rescue of Colonel Walton at the place of execution, of which Singleton knew much more than himself.

"But this Captain Vaughan, of whom you have spoken," said Singleton, "what has prompted him to become the agent of Balfour in this business?"

"Major Vaughan!" retorted the other, bitterly. "He rises to my rank in the moment of my downfall. I am not sure that he is simply the agent of Balfour. I have reason to think that he has motives of hostility entirely his own. It might be a sufficient reason to suppose that to succeed to my place would be motive quite enough for a spirit at once base and ambitious. But, in the case of Vaughan, such a conjecture would not be entirely satisfactory. Vaughan really possesses character. He has courage, but without magnanimity. His pride, which is unrelieved by generosity, would perhaps discourage a baseness which had its root only in his desire to rise. Though ambitious enough, his ambition does not assume the character of a passion, and is anything but ardent and impetuous. Hate, perhaps"—

"Why should he hate you?"

"That is the question that I have vainly sought to answer. Yet I have the assurance that he *does* hate me with the most intense bitterness, and there is that in his deportment, during our whole intercourse, which tends to confirm this representation."

"From whom does your knowledge come on this subject?"

"Even that I cannot answer you. There is a mystery about it; but, if you will go with me to my room, I will show you the sources of my information. Fill your glass—we have seen the bottom of the decanter, and I must drink no more. But if you!"—

Single'on disclaimed any desire for a protracted sitting, and the two adjourned to Proctor's apartment. Here he produced from his trunk a packet of letters. From these he detached a couple of notes, delicately folded, and of small form, such as ladies chiefly delight to frame. These, according to their dates, he placed before the partisan.

"The first was received," he said, "a day before Vaughan was appointed to a post under me at Dorchester. Read it."

The note was brief, and ran thus:—

"Major Proctor will beware. In the person of Captain Vaughan he will find an enemy—a man who hates him, and who will seek or make occasion to do him evil.

A FRIEND.

"Charleston, May 10."

"Three weeks ago," said Proctor, "this followed it."

He himself read the second epistle, and then handed it to Singleton. Its contents were these:—

"Major Proctor has been heedless of himself. He has had the warning of one who knew his danger. He has not regarded it. The serpent has crept to his bosom. He is prepared to sting—perhaps his life, most certainly his honor. Let him still be vigilant, and something may yet be done for his security. But the enemy has obtained foothold; he has spread his snares; he is busy in them still. Captain Vaughan is in secret correspondence with Colonel Balfour; and Major Proctor is beloved by neither. Shall the warnings of a true friend and a devoted faith be uttered in his ears in vain?"

"These are in a female hand," said Singleton.

"Yes; but that does not prove them to be written by a female."

"Not commonly, I grant you; but in this instance I have no question that these notes were penned by a woman. The characters are natural, and such as men cannot easily imitate. They betray a deep and loyal interest. It is evident that the heart speaks here in the letters, even if not in the language. That they are slightly disguised, is in proof only of what I say; since the disguise is still a feminine one. Have you no suspicions?"

"None."

"What says Colonel Cruden?"

"Would I show them to him? No—no! He would not comprehend the feeling which would make me, though I know nothing of the writer, shrink and blush to hear them ridiculed."

Singleton mused in silence for a while. Proctor continued:—

"I have no sort of clue to the writer. I can form no conjectures. I know no handwriting which this resembles. I have racked my brain with fruitless guesses."

"Have you no female acquaintance in the city by whom they might have been written?"

"None," answered the major, somewhat hastily. "I formed few intimates in Charleston. The rebel ladies would have nothing to say to us, and the others did not seem to me particularly attractive."

"But you were in society?"

"But little: a few parties at private houses, a public hall of Cornwallis's, and some others, in which I walked the rooms rather as a spectator than as a guest. I am quite too earnest a man to feel much at home in mixed assemblages."

Singleton mused before he rejoined—

"You have, I should say, made more impression than you think for. These notes, I am confident, were written by a female. She is evidently warmly interested in your safety and success. She is apparently familiar with the affairs of Balfour, even those which are most secret; and that she has not conjectured idly, is proved by the correct result of her suggestions. You have verified the truth of her warnings. She is evidently, as she styles herself, a

friend. The friendship of woman means always something more than friendship. Her sympathies belong to the impulses, rather than the thoughts; to the policy or necessities, rather than the tastes of the individual; though these are necessarily a part of the influences which govern the policy. In plain terms, Proctor, you have made a conquest without knowing it."

"Scarcely. I can think of no one."

"That only proves that the lady has been less successful than yourself, and that your vanity has not been actively at work while you lounged through the fair assemblies of the city. But this aside. In the facts I have enumerated, are probably to be found all the clues to your mysterious informant. She is a woman; she has some mode of reaching the secrets of Balfour, and of fathoming the secret hostility which she evidently indicates as personal on the part of Vaughan. With these clues, can you make no progress?"

"None. I have invariably gone upon the presumption that the writer was of the masculine gender. I am not sure that I should be nigher to a discovery were I to adopt your notion of the other. And yet, the secrets of Balfour are much more likely to be fathomed by a woman than a man. His character, among the sex, you know; and there are some in Charleston who have considerable power over him. But, woman or man, the writer of these billets has spoken the words of sober truth. I have experienced the importance of her warnings, and may realize the fruits which she predicts and fears. The hate of this man, Vaughan, has been long apparent to me. How he works is the problem which I have yet to fathom. There is one thing, however, which is certain, that I now feel for him as fervent a hate as he can possibly entertain for me. There are some passages already between us of an open character, of which I can take notice; and, though our acquaintance is so recent, I know no one upon whom I can more properly rely than yourself to bring about an issue between us."

"A personal one?"

"Surely! The feeling that separates us once understood, I am for an open rupture and the last extreme. I cannot consent daily to meet the man who hates, and who labors to destroy me, wearing a pacific aspect, and forbearing the expression of that hostility which is all the time working in my soul. Colonel Cruden will leave The Oaks' in three days. I will linger behind him; and, if you will bear my message to Major Vaughan, I shall consider it one of those acts of friendship to be remembered always."

"He will scarce accept your challenge now. His duties will justify him in denying you."

"Perhaps; but for a reason only. At all events, I shall have relieved my breast of that which oppresses it. I shall have declared my scorn and hate of my enemy. I shall have flung in his teeth my sauntlet of defiance, and declared the only terms

which can exist between us. You will bear my message, Furness?"

"My dear Proctor, I am but a provincial captain of loyalists, one whom your regular soldiery are but too apt to despise. Will it not somewhat hurt your cause to employ me as your friend in such a matter? Were it not better to seek some friend among your own countrymen in the garrison?"

"Do not desert—do not deny me!" exclaimed the young man, warmly and mournfully. "I have no friend in the garrison. It is filled with the tools of Balfour, or the tools of others; and scarcely one of them would venture, in the fear of the commandant's future hostility, to bear my message to his creature. I am alone! You see, my own kinsman prepares to abandon my cause at the first decent opportunity. Do not *you* abandon me. I have been won to as I have been won to few men whom I have ever met. I have opened to you the full secrets of my heart. Say to me, Furness, that you will do me this service. Let me not think that I cannot, on the whole broad face of God's earth, summon one generous spirit to my succor in the hour of my extremity."

"I will be your friend, Proctor; I will stand by you in the struggle, and see you through this difficulty," was the warm effusion of Singleton as he grasped the hand of his companion. "I take for granted that Vaughan cannot fight you while in command at Dorchester; but I concur with you that the more manly course is to let him understand at once the terms between you, and obtain from him a pledge to give you notice whenever he shall be at liberty to afford you redress. I will ride over to Dorchester to-morrow."

"Here's my hand, Furness; I have no thanks. But you have lessened wondrously the sense of isolation here at my heart. I shall love you for this warmth and willingness for ever," and he wrung the hand which he grasped with a passion almost convulsive. He might well do so. He little knew the extent of the concession which had been made him; how many old and not quite dead and buried jealousies had to be overcome; nor in what various involvements the pliancy of the unsuspected American partisan might subject the counterfeit loyalist. Had he known! But he had no suspicions, and he now gave way to a buoyancy of mood that seemed to make him forgetful of all enemies.

"We must have a bumper together, my friend! What say you? Come! To the hall, once more; and then, if you please, for a canter. There are some lively drives in this neighborhood among these glorious old oaks, which I fear I shall seldom take again with the feelings and the hopes which possessed me once. You saw Miss Walton yesterday?"

The question was put abruptly. The blood suddenly flushed the face of the partisan; but he answered promptly and innocently—

"Oh yes; I saw her."

"A most noble creature! Ah, Furness, that is a woman whom a man might love and feel his dignity ennobled rather than depressed; and it should be properly the nature of the marriage tie always to produce such effect. But come! She is not for us, I fear, my dear fellow."

Singleton did not venture to answer; but he could not quite suppress the smile which would gleam out in his eyes and quiver on his lips, faintly, like an evening sunbeam on the leaves. It escaped the observation of his companion, who, putting his arm affectionately through that of his newly-found friend, hurried him back to the dining-room. They did not resume their seats at the table; but filled their glasses at the sideboard, and were just about to drink, when the trampling of a horse's feet was heard suddenly at the entrance. The door was opened a moment after, and who should appear before them but the identical Major Vaughan who had so greatly formed the subject of their recent deliberations.

CHAPTER XII.

'Tis he! 'Tis he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye
That aids his envious treachery.

BYRON, *The Giaour*.

THE parties did not readily distinguish each other. The window blinds had been drawn, to shut out the fierce glare of the evening sun, and the room was in that partial darkness which rendered objects doubtful except by a near approach. It was only when Vaughan had advanced into the centre of the room, and within a few steps of the spot where Proctor stood, his glass still raised in his hand, but drained of its contents, that the latter perceived his enemy. To fling the goblet down upon the sideboard, and rapidly to confront the visitor, was with Proctor the work of an instant. His movements were quite too quick to suffer Singleton to interpose; and, not having yet discovered who the stranger was, he did not in the slightest degree anticipate the movements or suspect the feelings of his companion. Nor was he aware, until this moment, that the Madeira which Proctor had drunk was rather more than his brain could well endure. In those days, every man claiming the respect of his neighbors for even an ordinary amount of manhood, was supposed to be equal to almost any excess in drinking. Our young friends had, perhaps, really indulged to no excess beyond the more moderate practice of present times. Singleton, in fact, was as clear-headed and as cool at this moment as at any period of his life. He had drunk but little; and, though Proctor might have gone somewhat beyond him, the quantity taken by both would probably not have annoyed any veteran. But Proctor was one of those persons who suddenly fall a victim; who

will be perfectly sober, apparently, at one moment, and in the very next will show themselves unmanageable. Not knowing this, and not suspecting the character of the new-comer, Singleton beheld the sudden movement of his companion without the slightest apprehension of the consequences. He was not left long in doubt upon either subject. In the twinkling of an eye, Proctor had confronted his enemy. Their persons were almost in contact—Vaughan drawing himself up quietly, but not recoiling, as Proctor approached him. The salutation of the latter, as well as his action, was of a sort to warn him of the open hostility which was henceforth to exist between them.

"You are come, sir! Oh! you are welcome! You come at the right moment! We have just been talking of you."

"I am honored, sir," was the cold response.

"Never a truer word from a false tongue!" was the savage reply.

"False!" exclaimed Vaughan; "false, sir!"

"Ay, ay, sir; false—false! I have said it, Captain Vaughan—pardon me, Major Vaughan. It were scarcely fair to deny you the price of your treachery. Judas *did* receive his thirty pieces of silver; and you have your promotion and the post of Dorchester. Major Vaughan, you are a scoundrel!"

Vaughan grew black in the face, and clapped his hand upon his sword. By this time, Singleton interposed.

"You are drunk," said Vaughan, very coolly, releasing the weapon from his grasp.

"Drunk!" was the furious response of Proctor; and the utmost efforts of Singleton could scarcely keep him, though totally unarmed, from taking his enemy by the throat.

"Drunk! By heavens, you shall answer for this among your other offences!"

"I am ready to do so at the proper season," said the other; "but it will be for me to determine when that season shall be. At present, I am on a duty which forbids that I prefer my personal affair to that of my sovereign. I would see Colonel Cruden."

"How many scoundrels shelter themselves from danger by that plea of duty! You come to see Colonel Cruden! You shall see him, most dutiful subject of a most generous sovereign; but you shall first see me. You know me, Major Vaughan; you know that I am not one to be put off in the just pursuit of my redress. Do you deny, sir, that you have wronged me—that you have defamed me to our superiors—that you have secretly lied away my fame? Speak! Do you deny these things? And, if you deny not, are you prepared to atone?"

"I have no answer for you, sir. You are not in a condition to merit or to understand an answer."

Singleton interposed.

"That *may* be true, Major Vaughan. My friend Major Proctor has suffered his indignation to get the better of his caution; but I believe that I am calm,

sir; and, as he has confided to me, as his friend, the cause of his complaint against you, let me entreat you to a moment's private conference with me. Proctor, leave us for a little while. Go to your chamber. I will see to this business. Leave it in my hands."

Casting a wolfish glance at his enemy, Proctor, after a moment's hesitation, prepared to obey the suggestion of his friend; and had already half crossed the apartment in the direction of his chamber, when the reply of Vaughan to Singleton recalled him.

"And pray, sir, who are you?" was the inquiry of the British officer, in tones of the coolest insolence.

Singleton felt the sudden flush upon his face; but he had his faculties under rare command.

"I am one, sir, quite too obscure to hope that my name has ever reached the ears of Major Vaughan; but, in the absence of other distinctions, permit me to say that my claims to his attention are founded upon an honorable, though obscure position, and a tolerable appreciation of what belongs to a gentleman. I am known, sir, as Captain Furness, of the loyalists."

"It is certainly something new that a British officer should seek his friend in a provincial. It would seem to argue something in his own position which denied him a proper agent among his own rank and order. But you will excuse me, Captain Furness, of the loyalists, if I refuse to listen to you in your present capacity. I need not inform a gentleman of so much experience as yourself that, charged as I am with the duties of the post of Dorchester, I cannot so far forget myself as to suffer my personal affairs to take the place of those of my sovereign. What I may do or undertake hereafter, how far I may be persuaded to listen to the demands of Major Proctor, made in a different manner and under other circumstances, must be left to my own decision. For the present, sir, I must decline your civilities as well as his. Suffer me to leave you, if you please."

The whole manner of Vaughan was insupportably offensive, to say nothing of his language, which indirectly reflected upon the provincial character in a way to render Singleton almost as angry as Proctor. He inwardly resolved that the insolent Briton should answer to himself hereafter; but, with a strong will, he restrained any ebullition of feeling, and put upon his temper a curb as severe as that with which Vaughan evidently subdued his own. He felt that, dealing with one who was clearly quite as dextrous as cool, nothing but the exercise of all his phlegm could possibly prevent the enemy from increasing the advantage which the wild passions of Proctor had already afforded him. His reply, accordingly, was carefully measured to contain just as much bitterness and sting as was consistent with the utmost deliberateness and calm of mood.

"Were you as solicitous, Major Vaughan, to forbear offence as you evidently are to avoid responsi-

bility, I might give you credit for a degree of Christian charity which one scarcely concedes to a British soldier."

"Sir!"

"Suffer me to proceed. In affairs of honor, if I sufficiently understand the rules which regulate them, it is a new ground of objection which urges a provincial birthplace as an argument against the employment of a friend. The truly brave man, anxious to do justice and accord the desired redress, makes as few objections as possible to the mere auxiliaries in the combat. What you have said sneeringly in regard to our poor provincials was either said by way of excusing yourself from the combat on the score of a something disparaging in the relation between my principal and myself, or —"

"By no means," replied the other, quickly. "I am certainly willing to admit that a principal may employ whom he pleases, so that he be one to whom the social world makes no objection."

"On one point you have relieved me," replied Singleton, quietly; "but there is another. I was about to say that your language, in reference to the employment of a provincial as his friend by my principal, was either meant to evade the conflict —"

"Which I deny."

"Or was designed as a gratuitous sarcasm upon the class of people to whom I have the honor to belong."

Vaughan was evidently annoyed. Singleton's cool, deliberate mode of speaking was itself an annoyance; and the horns of the dilemma, one of which he had evaded without anticipating the other, left him without an alternative. Proctor, meanwhile, had hung about the parties, occasionally muttering some savage commentary upon the dialogue; but, with a returning consciousness of propriety, without seeking to take any part in it. When, however, the conversation had reached the point to which Singleton had brought it, he could not forbear the remark—

"Something of a dilemma, I should think—the horns equally sharp, and the space between quite too narrow for the escape of a very great man. A poor devil might squeeze through, and nobody note the manner of his escape; but for your swollen dignitaries, your people who read Plutarch, and, ambitious like the son of Ammon, refuse the contest unless kings are to be competitors, escape from such horns is next to impossible, unless by a sudden shrinking of the mushroom dignities. Furness, why were you born a buckskin?"

The fierce dark eyes of Vaughan, now singularly contracted by the closing of the brows above, were turned slowly and vindictively upon the speaker, the change in whose proceedings, tone, and manner, had been singularly great in the space of a few minutes. It would seem as if Proctor, now conscious of having blundered by his previous loss of temper, had, by a resolute effort, subdued his passion

into scorn, and substituted sarcasm for violence. At all events, the change was no less surprising to Singleton than to Vaughan, whose eyes now glanced from one to the other of the parties, with something of the expression of the wild boar about to be brought to bay. But he never lost his composure. Indeed, he felt that it was his only security. Yet his annoyance was not the less at the predicament to which Singleton had reduced him by his brief but sufficient examination of his language. It would have been the shortest way to have boldly defied his new assailant, to have continued to deal in the language of scorn and sarcasm, and shelter himself under the habitual estimate which the British made of the native loyalists; but there were several reasons why he should not venture on this course. To deal in the language of violence and defiance, while pleading duty against the dangerous issues which it involved, was too manifest an inconsistency; and, at this juncture, tutored by frequent and severe experience, to say nothing of the necessities of the British cause, the positive instructions of the royal commanders everywhere were to conciliate, by all possible means, the sympathies and affections of such of the natives as had shown, or were likely to show, their loyalty. Vaughan felt the difficulties of his situation, which his pride of stomach necessarily increased. He found it easier to evade than to answer the supposed loyalist.

"I see, sir, that your object is to force a quarrel upon me, at the very moment when I tell you that the service of his majesty denies that I shall answer your demands."

"Did I not tell you what an unprincipled knave it was?" said Proctor.

"You are scarcely ungenerous, Major Vaughan," was the reply of Singleton; "and I forbear now what I should say, and what I will take occasion to say hereafter, in regard to the responsibilities which you plead. My *own* account with you must be left to future adjustment; but, in this affair of my friend, you can, at all events, leave us to hope that you will seek an early period to give him the interview which you now deny. We accept your plea of *present* duty. We are willing to acknowledge its force; and all that we now ask is that you give us your pledge to answer to his requisition at the earliest possible moment."

"I will not be bullied, sir, into any promises," was the brutal yet deliberate reply.

"Bullied, sir!" exclaimed Singleton.

"Ay, sir; I say bullied! I am here set upon by two of you, when I have no friend present, and at a moment which finds me unprepared; and will not be forced into pledges which it may be a large concession of my dignity and character to keep hereafter. Were I to consent to such a requisition as your principal makes, I should be only affording him an opportunity of bolstering up, at my expense, a reputation which is scarcely such, at this moment, as to deserve my attention. It will be——"

"Do you hear the scoundrel!" was the furious

interposition of Proctor. "There is but one way, Furness, with a knave like this! Coward!" he cried, springing upon the other as he spoke, "if your sword will not protect your plumage, the subject of my reputation is out of place upon your lips!"

With these words, with a single movement, he tore the epanlet from the shoulders of his enemy. In an instant the weapon of Vaughan flashed in the air, and, almost in the same moment, Proctor tore down his own sword, which, with that of Singleton, was hanging upon the wall. The blades crossed with the rapidity of lightning, and, before our partisan could interfere, that of Vaughan had drawn blood from the arm of his opponent. Goaded as he had been, the commander of the post at Dorchester was still much the cooler of the combatants. His coolness was constitutional, and gave him a decided advantage over his more impetuous assailant. But they were not permitted to finish as they had begun. In another moment, Colonel Cruden rushed into the apartment, still enveloped in his dressing-gown, but with his drawn sword in his hand. In the same instant, having possessed himself of his own weapon, Singleton beat down those of the combatants, and passed between them with the action and attitude of a master.

"How now!" cried Cruden, "would you butcher an officer of his majesty in my very presence? Two of you upon a single man!"

"You see!" said Vaughan, with bitter emphasis.

"You have lied!" was the instant, but quietly stern whisper of Singleton in his ears. The other started slightly, and his lips were closely compressed together.

"You show yourself too soon, my uncle," cried Proctor; "we were engaged in the prettiest *passatempo*. I was teaching our young friend here, the new major in command at Dorchester, a new *stoccata*, which is particularly important, by way of finish to his other accomplishments. You will admit that one so expert in stabbing with tongue and pen ought not to be wanting in the nobler weapon whose use may at least atone for the abuse of his other instruments."

"I will admit nothing! You are a rash young man, headstrong, and bent on your own ruin. I would have saved you in spite of yourself. But this conduct is too outrageous. This assault upon my guest, and a royal officer in the prosecution of his duties, cannot be passed over. I abandon you to your fate!"

"Said I not, Furness? The very words! I saw it all. Nevertheless, my uncle, you owe me thanks for so soon affording you an opportunity of satisfying your desire, and accomplishing your purpose."

"What purpose?"

"That of abandoning me to my fate."

"Go to! You are mad. Captain Furness, why do I see you in this quarrel?"

"You do *not* see me in this quarrel, Colonel Cruden, except as a mediator. My sword was only

drawn to beat down the opposing weapons ; though Major Vaughan, it seems, counseled perhaps only by his apprehensions, would make it appear that I was drawn against him."

Vaughan contented himself with giving Singleton a single look, in which malignity contended on equal terms with scorn and indifference. But the latter feelings were rather expressed than felt. The young men know each other as enemies.

"Let me hear no more of this matter, gentlemen. As for you, John"—to Proctor—"this last outrage compels me to tell you that I will countenance you in none of your excesses. Do not look for my support or protection. That you should have broken through all restraints of reason, at the very moment when your friends were most anxiously revolving in what mode to save you from former errors, is most shameful and astonishing. I give you up. There is no saving one who is bent on destroying himself."

"Nay, uncle, do not sacrifice yourself in my behalf. I well know how ready you have been to do so on all previous occasions. Make no further sacrifice, I pray you. And pray entreat my friends not to suffer their anxieties to make them pale on my account. I would not have them lose an hour of sleep, however much I suffer. See to it, uncle: will you? I am more concerned in respect to yourself than any of the rest."

"Come with me, Major Vaughan. These young men have been drinking. Let that be their excuse."

The two left the room together.

"Friends! Oh, friends!—excellent friends! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

The excited mood of Proctor spoke out in the bitterest mockery. Singleton remembered what he had said before on the subject of his uncle's selfishness and his own isolation. He understood all the secret anguish that was preying on a generous nature in a false position, and denied all just sympathies. He felt too warmly for the sufferer not to forgive the rashness to which his secret sufferings had goaded him.

"Proctor, you bleed."

"Do I? Where?"

"In your arm."

"Is it possible I was hit? I never felt it."

"You would scarcely have felt it had the sword gone through your heart."

"I almost wish it had, Furness! The wound is there, nevertheless."

"Nay, nay! that will heal. Let me see to the arm. Experience and necessity have made me something of a surgeon."

With tenderness, and not a little skill, Singleton dressed the wound, which was slight, though it bled quite freely. This done, he said—

"Proctor, this man is more than a match for you."

"What! at the small sword?"

"No; in point of temper. He is cool-headed and cold-hearted. His nerves are not easily shaken, and he has his blood under excellent command. He will

always foil you—-he will finally conquer in the struggle—unless you put yourself under a more severe training than any to which you have ever subjected yourself. You will have to learn the lesson to subdue yourself to your necessities. Till a man does this, he can do nothing. I can readily conjecture that the subtlety of this man has, in some way, enmeshed you. I have no doubt you are in his snares; and I foresee that, like the spider, confident in the strength of his web, he will lie *perdu* until you exhaust yourself in vain struggles, and when fairly exhausted and at his mercy, he will then administer the *coup de grace*."

"What! are you my friend, yet paint me such a humiliating picture!"

"It is because I am your friend, and deeply sympathize with you, that I have drawn this picture. It is necessary to make you shudder at what you may reasonably apprehend, or you will never learn the most important of all lessons in such a conflict—not to shrink or startle because you suffer; not to speak out in passion because you feel; and never to show your weapon until you are fully prepared to strike. The subtlest scheme of villainy may be foiled, if we only bide our time, keep our temper, and use the best wits that God has given us. For villainy has always some weak place in its web. Find out *that*, and there will be little difficulty in breaking through it. Do you believe me?—do you understand me?"

"Ah, Furness, I would I had such a friend as you in the city. It is there that the struggle must be renewed."

"I have a friend there, to whom I will commend you; a rare person, and an old one. But of this hereafter. It is not too late for our proposed canter. Let us ride, if for an hour only, and get ourselves cool."

CHAPTER XIII.

"How shall we waste this light?"

My heart 's a more heavy than a tyrant's crown.

Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field.

WEBSTER, *The Malcontent*.

THE two friends rode together for an hour or more, until the night came down and counseled their return. They pursued the great road below, leading down the Ashley, and unfolding, at every mile in their progress, the noble avenues of oak conducting to those numerous stately abodes along the river, which rendered it, in that day, one of the most remarkable spots for wealth and civilization which was known in the whole country. Some of these places were still held by their owners, who had temporized with the invader, or, being females or orphans, had escaped his exactions. Others, like "The Oaks," were in the hands of the sequestrator, and managed by his agents. The mood of Proctor did not suffer him to pay much regard to the pros-

pect, though, under auspices more grateful to his feelings, he had felt it a thousand times before. He had ridden along this very road in company with Katharine Walton, at a period when his heart fondly entertained a hope that he might find some answering sympathy in hers. He had been painfully disabused of this hope, in the conviction that she was now betrothed irrevocably to another; but his mind, which was in that state when it seems to find a melancholy pleasure in brooding upon its disappointments, now reverted to this among the rest.

"I am a fated person, Furness. You have heard of men whom the world seems solicitous to thwart; whom Fortune goes out of her way to disappoint and afflict; who fall for ever just when they appear to rise, and who drink bitter from the cup in which they fancy that nothing but sweets have been allowed to mingle? I belong to that peculiar family!"

"Pardon me, Proctor, but I have little faith in this doctrine of predestination. That Fortune distributes her favors unequally, I can understand and believe. This is inevitable, from the condition of the race, from its very necessities, which make it important to the safety and progress of all that all should not be equally favored; and from those obvious discrepancies and faults, in training and education, which move men to persevere in a conflict with their own advantages. But that Fortune takes a malicious pleasure in seeking out her victims, and defeating perversely the best plans of wisdom and endeavor, I am not ready to believe. In your case, I really see no occasion for such a notion. Here, while still a very young man, you have attained a very high rank in the British army—an institution notoriously hostile to sudden rise, or promotion, unless by favor."

"And to what has it conducted me?" said the other, abruptly breaking in. "To comparative discredit; to temporary overthrow; and, possibly, future shame. Certainly to an obscuration of hope and fortune."

"Let us hope not—let us try that such shall not be the case. This despondency of mood is really the worst feature in your affairs."

"Ah, you know not all! I hope to struggle through this affair of Dorchester. On that subject you have warned me to an effort which I had otherwise been scarcely prepared to make; and you have shown me clues which I shall pursue quite as much from curiosity as from any other feeling. If this affair were all! I asked you if you had seen Miss Walton? You will not be surprised to hear me say that I loved her from the first moment when I beheld her. I do not know that it will occasion any surprise when I tell you that I loved in vain."

It did *not*; but of this Singleton said nothing.

"Pride, ambition, fortune, love, all baffled! Do you doubt that Fate has chosen me out as one of those victims upon whom she is pleased to exercise her experiments in malice? Yet all shone and seemed so promising at first."

"But you are still at the beginning of the chapter,

my dear fellow. Your life has scarce begun. The way is a long one yet before you. It will be strange, indeed, if it should long continue clouded. You will recover position. You will detect and expose this Vaughan, and be restored to that rank in the army which you so eminently deserve. I say nothing of your *affaire de cœur*. The subject is, at all times, a delicate one. But is it so certain that your prospects with Miss Walton are entirely hopeless?"

The curiosity which Singleton expressed in his latter question is not without its apology. It would seem to be natural enough to a lover, whatever might be his own certainties on the score of his affections.

"On that subject say no more. She is betrothed to another. More than that, she truly loves him. It is not a passion of the day when the young heart, needing an object about which to expand, rather seeks than selects a favorite. She has made her choice deliberately, bringing her mind to co-operate with her heart, and her attachment is inflexible. This I know. She is a remarkable woman. Not a woman in the ordinary sense of the term. Not one of the class who readily reconcile themselves to events, who can accommodate their affections to their condition, and expend just so much of them upon their object as to maintain external appearances. Her heart goes thoroughly with her decision, and her will only follows her affections. But I tire you. You cannot feel greatly interested in one whom you so little know."

"But I am interested in the character you describe. More than that, I am interested in *you*. Follow your bent, and suppose me a willing listener."

"Nay, on this subject I will say no more. It is one which has its annoyances. My admiration of Miss Walton only makes me feel how greatly I have been a loser, and gives such an edge to my despondencies as to make me resigned to almost any fate. But you spoke of the army, and of my restoration to rank. On this point let me undeceive you. I have no longer any military ambition. The recovery of position is only important to me as a recovery of reputation. The stain taken from my name, and I sheathe my sword for ever. I am sick of war and bloodshed—particularly sick of *this* war, which I am ashamed of, and the favorable result of which I deem hopeless."

"Ha! how? Do you mean to the royal arms?"

"You are surprised. But such is even my thought. Great Britain is destined to lose her colonies. She is already almost exhausted in the contest. Her resources are consumed. Her debt is enormous. Her expenses are hourly increasing. She can get no more subsidies of men from Germany, and her Irish recruits desert her almost as soon as they reach America. Her ministers would have abandoned the cause before this, but for the encouragement held out by the native loyalists."

"And they have taken up arms for the crown, only because they believed the cause of the colonies

hopeless against the overwhelming power of the mother country. Could they hold with you in our interior, the British cause would find no advocates."

"They will hold with me as soon as the foreign supplies cease. Already they begin to perceive that they themselves form the best fighting materials of our armies."

"Fighting with halters about their necks."

"Precisely; but the moment they discover fully our weakness, they will make terms with the Revolutionary party, which will only be too ready to receive them into its ranks. I foresee all that is to happen, and the British ministry sees it also. Nothing but pride of stomach keeps them even now from those concessions which will prove inevitable in another campaign. They must have seen the hopelessness of the cause the moment that they found no party sufficiently strong, in any of the colonies, to control the progress of the movement. No people can be conquered by another, three thousand miles removed from the seat of action, so long as they themselves resolutely *will* to continue the conflict. The vast tract of sea which spreads between this country and Europe is its sufficient security. To transport troops, arms, and provisions across this tract is, in each instance, equivalent to the loss of a battle. There is no struggle which could prove more exhausting in the end."

"You hold forth but poor encouragement to our loyalist brethren," said Singleton, with a smile scarcely suppressed.

"Hear me, Furness; I would say or do nothing which could injure the service in which I have hitherto drawn the sword. My own loyalty, I trust, will always be unimpeachable; but, my friend, the regard which I feel for you prompts me to wish, for your own sake, that you had drawn the sword with your people rather than against them. The American loyalists must and will be abandoned to their fate. They will be the greatest losers in the contest. They will forfeit their homes, and their memories will be stained with reproach to the most distant periods. It is, perhaps, fortunate for them, as tending to lessen this reproach in the minds of all just persons, that the greater number of them, particularly in these southern colonies, are native Britons. It was natural that they should side with their natural sovereign. But, for the *natives* of the soil, there can be no such excuse. Abandoned by Great Britain, they will be doomed to an exile which will lack the consolation of those who can plead for their course, all the affinities of birth, and all the obligations of subjects born within the shadow of the throne. I would to God, for your sake, that you had been a foreigner, or had never drawn weapon against your people!"

How Singleton longed to grasp the hand of the speaker, and unfold to him the truth. But his secret was too precious to hazard even in the hands of friendship; and quite too much depended on his present concealment to suffer him to give way to

the honest impulse which would have relieved him of all discredit in the eyes of his companion.

"You have placed the subject under new lights before my eyes," was his answer. "It is something to be thought upon. That the British power has been weakened, that its capacity for conquest is greatly lessened, I have already seen; but I had no thought that such opinions were generally prevalent in your army."

"Nor do I say that they are. You will scarcely get Balfour to think as I do, even when the orders reach him for the evacuation of Charleston; and as for my excellent uncle, so long as his charge of confiscated estates increases, he will fancy that the game is just what it should be. But, to my mind, the event is inevitable. These colonies of Carolina and Georgia may be cut off from the confederacy; but even this estrangement must be temporary only. They, too, will be abandoned after a brief experiment, and the independence of America will be finally and fully acknowledged. The war must have ceased long ago, and after a single campaign only, had it not begun prematurely by the Americans. The colonies were not quite ready for the struggle. In a single decade more, the fruits would have been quite ripe; and it would only have required a single shaking of the tree. Then they would not have needed a French alliance. The native population would have been so greatly in the ascendant, that the foreign settlers would not have dreamed of any opposition to the movement."

"Our loyalists, according to your notions, have shown themselves unwise; but their fidelity, you will admit, is a redeeming something, which ought to secure them honorable conditions and against reproach."

"I am not so sure of that. The true loyalty is to the soil, or rather to the race. I am persuaded that one is never more safe in his principles than when he takes side with his kindred. There is a virtue in the race which strengthens and secures our own; and he is never more in danger of proving in the wrong than when he resolutely opposes himself to the sentiments of his people. At all events, one may reasonably distrust the virtue in his principle when he finds himself called upon to sustain it by actually drawing the sword against his kindred. But the subject is one to distress you, Furness, and I have no wish to do so. I have simply been prompted to speak thus plainly by the interest I take in your fortunes. Were I you, I should seek from Balfour an opportunity to exchange the service, and get a transfer to some of the British regiments in the West Indies."

"I shall live and die on my native soil," said the other, quickly. "If our cause fails, I will perish with it."

"It *will* fail, Furness."

"Never! never!" was the emphatic reply.

"Let us change the subject," said the other. "Did you remark these pine woods as we passed

half an hour ago? What a grateful and delicate tint they wore in the evening sun! Can you conceive of anything more sombre than their gloomy shadows, *now*, in the dusky folds of evening? They stand up like so many melancholy spectres of glorious hopes which have perished—gloomy memorials of joys and triumphs which the heart had dreamed in vain. Do you know that I could now, with a relish, penetrate these grim avenues, and lay myself down in the deepest part of the thicket, to muse, throughout the night, and night after night, with a sort of painful satisfaction!"

"I have mused and brooded under such shadows a thousand times, night and day, without a gloomy feeling—nay, with something of a joy that found its pleasure in due degree with the growth of its most melancholy emotions."

"The heart gives its character to the scene always. The genius of place is born always in the soul of the occupant. Mine is not a joyous spirit now, and I would embrace these shadows, if a thousand times more gloomy, as if they had been my kindred. But what is it that stirs? Ha! who goes there?"

At the challenge, a shadow dashed across the road; and Proctor, clapping spurs to his horse, with the old military feeling of suspicious watch and command, forced the animal forward in the direction of the fugitive; but he soon recoiled—with a sudden consciousness that he was totally unarmed—as he beheld, standing close by the roadside, and partly sheltered by a huge pine, the figure of a man with a musket already presented, and the eye of the stranger deliberately coursing along the barrel. At that moment, Singleton cried out—

"Hold up, my good fellow. Would you shoot us without giving the time of day?"

The stranger threw up his musket and brought the butt heavily upon the ground.

"There's no time of day," said he, with a chuckle, "when you are about to ride over a body."

The speaker came out from the shadow of the tree as he answered, with an air of unaffected confidence. He was dressed in the common blue homespun of the country; but his garments wore of that mixed military and Indian character which denoted the forester or ranger of the period.

"Who are you?" demanded Proctor.

"My name 's Futtrell, if that's what you want to know, and I'm from the Cypress. Have you seen, gentlemen, either on you, a stray sorrel nag, with a blaze in his face, and his left foreleg white up to his knees? He's a right smart nag, and a little wild, that got off from the lot now two days ago; and was tracked down as far as Bacon's bridge, and thar we lost him."

This inquiry seemed to anticipate all questions; and, by this time, Proctor, remembering that he was no longer in command, felt no disposition to ask anything further. Having answered the question of the stranger in the negative, he was disposed to ride on;

but by this time Mr. Futtrell was curiously examining the horse of Singleton.

"That 's a mighty fine beast of your'n, stranger," he said, stroking the animal's neck and forelegs.

"You wouldn't like to buy him?" said Singleton, good-humoredly.

"That I should, stranger," replied the other, "if buying a horse meant taking him with a promise to pay when the skies should rain golden guineas."

"We are in danger of no such shower for some time to come, or from any quarter," said Proctor. "Let us ride, Furness."

And, as he spoke, the steed of the speaker went slowly ahead. At this moment, the stranger seized his opportunity to thrust a scrap of paper into the hands of Singleton, who stooped down to him and whispered a single sentence; then rode away to join his companion, who had perceived none of these movements.

"Dang it!" muttered Futtrell, looking after the two, "our colonel's jist as full of stratagem as an egg's full of meat. Proctor was always reckoned a real keen fellow for an Englishman, yet the colonel goes into him as if he had a key for all the doors in his heart. Well, we shall know all about it, I reckon, before the night 's over."

With these words, the stranger disappeared within the shadows of the wood, which, from this point, spread away, in unbroken depth and density, to the west—a continuous wall of thicket almost encircling the plantation of Colonel Walton, and forming a portion only of his extensive domain. The spot where our companions encountered Futtrell was scarcely half a mile from the mansion house. The two former, meanwhile, made their way to "The Oaks" without farther interruption. When they reached the entrance of the dwelling, it was found that the servant of Major Proctor was not present, as was his custom, to receive his master's horse. A negro came forward and took that of Singleton. Proctor was impatient, and began to clamor loudly for his fellow; but the cry of "John—John! what ho! there—John!" had scarcely been sounded a second time, when the person summoned—a short, squat, sturdy Englishman, with a red face—made his appearance, in a run, out of breath, and seemingly somewhat agitated by his exhaustion or his apprehensions. Proctor did not perceive his discomposure, but contented himself with administering a sharp rebuke for his absence and neglect. Singleton's eye was drawn to the fellow, and something in his appearance rendered our partisan distrustful for a moment; but nothing was said, and he soon entered the dwelling with his companion. Cruden was in waiting to receive them, and his manner was much more conciliatory and gracious than when they had separated in the afternoon. He was governed by a policy, in this department, which will have its explanation hereafter. We need not bestow our attention upon the conversation which occupied the parties during the evening, as it was of that

casual nature designed simply *pour passer le temps*, which need not to employ ours. When Cruden retired, the young men were free to resume their conference, which, though it had regard to the subjects most interesting to them, and in some degree of interest to us, yet conducted to nothing more definite than we have already understood. They separated at a tolerably early hour, and Singleton retired to his chamber—but not to sleep. It will occasion no surprise when we find our partisan, at midnight, emerging stealthily from his apartment, and from the dwelling, and making his way secretly to the wood where he had encountered Futtrell. What he saw, whom he found, or what was done there, by himself or others, must be reserved for another chapter. We must not anticipate. It is sufficiently clear, however, that Singleton has not committed himself to the association with his enemies, without having friends at need, and within easy summons of his bugle.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee.”—*As You Like It*.

WHEN General Greene was dispatched to the south, after the defeat of Gates at Camden, to take charge of the southern army, he found himself in a region of the world so utterly different from everything in his previous experience, that he was fain to acknowledge himself bewildered by what he saw, if not at a loss as to what he should undertake. According to his letters, he was in a country in which a general was “never at any moment quite secure from a capital misfortune.” The difficulty was certainly a bewildering one, particularly where the generalship was of that inflexible sort which could not readily accommodate its strategy to novel circumstances and conditions. This was the peculiar deficiency of Gates, who, for example, because he had achieved the capture of Burgoyne, in a hilly and rather densely settled country, without the aid of cavalry, hurried to the conclusion that he was equally independent of such an arm in a perfectly level and sparsely settled region, where, in truth, cavalry should have been his most necessary dependence. Greene was not so stubborn; but his genius was still too much lacking in flexibility. His embarrassment, in the scene of his new operations, arose from the immense forests, the impervious swamps by which they were relieved and intersected, and the wonderful security in which a lurking enemy might harbor, within sight of the very smokes of the camp, without being suspected of any such near neighborhood. This, which was particularly true of the region of country watered by the Pedee, the Congaree, the Santee, and other leading arteries of the interior, was, in a measure, true also

of the tracts lying along the Cooper and Ashley; though portions of the lands which were watered by these streams had been, for a considerable space of time, under a high state of cultivation.

To those familiar with the country, even now, it will occasion no surprise to be told that the Carolina partisans were wont to penetrate with confidence between the several posts of the British throughout the colony, and to lie in wait for favorable opportunities of surprise and ambush, within the immediate vicinity of Charleston. A close thicket, a deep swamp, skirting road or river, afforded, to a people familiar with these haunts, ample harborage even within five miles of the enemy's garrison; and the moment of danger found them quickly mounted on the fleetest steeds, and darting away in search of other places of refuge. We have seen with what audacity Colonel Walton ventured upon his own domain, though guarded by his foes, and under the very eye of the strong post of Dorchester. It will be easy to conceive that Singleton's troopers could find a secure place of hiding, indulging in a rational confidence for days in this very neighborhood. Such was the case; and to one of these retreats we propose to conduct the reader, anticipating the approach of the commander of the party lying thus *perdu*.

About a mile west of the Ashley, and a few miles only below the British post at Dorchester, the explorer may even now penetrate to a little bay, or small bottom of drowned land, the growth of which, slightly interspersed with cypress and tupelo, is chiefly composed of that dwarf laurel called the *bay*, from which the spot, in the *parlance* of the country, derives its name. The immediate basin, or circuit of drowned land, retains to this moment its growth and verdure; but we look now in vain for the dense forest of oak, hickory, pine, ash, and other forest trees, by which it was encircled, and under the shadows of which the partisans found their refuge in the days of the Revolution. These formed a venerable sanctuary for our foresters, and here, with an admirable *cordon* of videttes and sentries, they made themselves secure against surprise, so long as they chose to keep their position. We need not describe the place more particularly. Most of our readers possess a sufficient general idea of the shadows and securities of such a spot; of its wild beauties, and the sweet solemnity of its solitude. Let them take into view the near neighborhood of streams and rivers, girdled by dense swamp fastnesses, almost impenetrable, except by obscure and narrow avenues, known only to the natives of the country, and they will readily conceive the degree of security attainable by the partisan warrior, who is alert in his movements, and exercises an ordinary share of prudence and circumspection.

The spot which we now approach was quite familiar to the party by whom it is occupied. Most of them were born in the neighborhood, and accustomed from boyhood to traverse its shadowy passages. This will account for the confidence which they felt in making it their place of harborage, almost

within cannon shot of the fortress of the enemy. The squad which Singleton had here placed in waiting was a small one, consisting of twelve or fifteen persons only. At the hour when he left "The Oaks" on foot, to visit them in their place of hiding, they were in expectation of his coming. Futtrell had returned, and apprised them of his whispered promise to that effect. A group of gigantic oaks surrounded their bivouac, their great branches glossily and always green, and draped with wide, waving streamers of venerable moss. The fires of the party were made up in a hollow formed by the gradual sloping of the earth, from three several sides. This depression was chosen for the purpose, as enabling them the better to conceal the flame which, otherwise, gleaming through some broken places in the woods, might have conducted the hostile eye to the place of refuge. In this hollow, in sundry groups, were most of the party. Some sat or stood engaged in various occupations. Some lay at length with their feet to the fire, and their eyes, half shut, looking up at the green branches, or the starlighted skies overhead. One might be seen mending his bridle, close by the fire; another was drawing the bullet from his rifle, cleansing or burnishing it; and others were grouped, with heads together, in quiet discourse among themselves. Saddles lay close beneath the trees; cloaks, and coats, and bridles, depended from their branches; and several blankets hung down from similar supports, the use of which was obviously to assist in concealing the gleam of firelight from the eyes of the stranger in the distance. One object in this enumeration should not be suffered to escape our attention. This was a great pile of canes, or reeds, of which the river swamps and lowlands throughout the country furnished an abundance, and which two of the younger persons of the party were busy in trimming of their blades and plumes, fashioning them into arrows of a yard long, and seasoning in the warm ashes of the fire. Feathers of the eagle, the crane, the hawk, and common turkey, a goodly variety, indeed, were crowded into a basket between the lads thus employed. With these they fitted the shafts, when ready in other respects; and bits of wire, and nails of wrought iron, rounded and sharpened with a file, were, with considerable dexterity, fitted into the heads of the shaft. The employment afforded a commentary on the emergencies of our war of independence, though it is still a question, whether the implements of the Indian warrior did not possess some advantages over those of civilization, which tended to lessen greatly the disparity between the several weapons. Of this matter something will be learned hereafter. Sheaves of arrows already prepared for use, and rude bows, made of white oak and ash, might be seen placed away in safety beneath the trees, among other of the munitions of the encampment; all of which betokened a rude but ready regard to the exigencies of warfare.

At a little distance from these parties and their tools, and on the opposite side of the fire, was a

group of four persons, of whom nothing has yet been said. These were busy in preparations of another sort. The carcass of a fine buck lay between them, and two of the party were already preparing to cut him up. One of these persons, with arms bare to the elbows, flourished a monstrous *couteau de chasse*, with the twofold air of a hero and a butcher. This was a portly person of the most formidable dimensions, with an abdominal development that might well become an alderman. He had evidently a taste for the work before him. How he measured the brisket! how he felt for the fat! with what an air of satisfaction he heaved up the huge haunches of the beast! and how his little gray eyes twinkled through the voluminous and rosy masses of his own great cheeks!

"I give it up!" he exclaimed to his companions. "There is no wound except that of the arrow, and it has fairly passed through the body, and was broken by the fall. I give it up! I will believe anything wonderful that you may tell me. You may all lie to me in safety. I have no more doubts on any subject. Everything's possible, probable, true, hereafter, that happens. But that you, such a miserable sapling of a fellow as you, Lance, should have sent this reed through such a beast—clean through—is enough to stagger any ordinary belief!"

The person addressed, a tall, slender lad, apparently not more than eighteen or nineteen, laughed good-naturedly, as, without other reply, he thrust forth his long, naked arm, and displayed, fold upon fold, the snaky ridges of his powerful muscles.

"Ay, I see you have the bone and sinew, and I suppose I must believe that you shot the deer, seeing that Barnett gives it up; but I suppose you were at butting distance. You had no occasion to draw bow at all. You used the arrow as a spear, and thrust it through the poor beast's vitals with the naked hand."

"Shot it, I swow, at full fifty-five yards distance! I stept it off myself," was the reply of the person called Barnett.

"I give up! I will believe in any weapon that brings us such meat. Henceforth, boys, take your bows and arrows always. The Indian was a sensible fellow than we gave him credit for. I never could have believed it till now; and when Singleton took it into his head to supply such weapons to our men, for the want of better, I thought him gone clean mad."

"Yet you heard his argument for it?" said Lance.

"No. I happen to hear nothing when I am hungry. I shouldn't hear you now, but for my astonishment, which got the better of my appetite for a few moments. I will hear nothing further. Use your knife, Lance; lay on, boy, and let's have a steak as soon as possible."

"Shan't we wait for the colonel?" said Lance.

"I wait for no colonels. I consider them when I consider the core (*corps*). What a glorious creature!—fat an inch thick, and meat tender as a dove's bosom! Ah, I come back to the Cypress a new

man! Here I am at home. The Santee did well enough; but there 's a sweetness, a softness, a plumpness, a beauty about bird and beast along the Ashley, that you find in them nowhere else. God bless my mother!"

"For what, in particular, lieutenant?"

"That she chose it for my birthplace. I shouldn't have been half the man I am born anywhere else; shouldn't have had such discriminating tastes, such a fine appetite, such a sense of the beautiful in nature."

And thus, talking and elating, the corpulent speaker maintained the most unflagging industry, until the deer was fairly quartered, a portion transferred, in the shape of steaks, to the reeking coals, and the rest spread out upon a rude scaffolding to undergo the usual hunter-process of being cured, by smoking, for future use. The skin, meanwhile, was subjected to the careful cleansing and stretching of the successful hunter.

And then the whole party grouped themselves about the fire, each busy with his steak and hoe-cake. There was the redoubtable Lieutenant Porgy, and the youthful ensign, Lance Frampton, already known as the taker of the prey, and little Joey Barnett, and others, known briefly as Tom, Dick, and Harry; and others still, with their *noms de guerre*, such as Hard-Riding Dick, and Dusky Sam, and Clip-the-Can, and Black Fox, and Gray Squirrel: a merry crew, cool, careless, good-humored, looking, for all the world, like a gipsy encampment. Their costume, weapons, occupation; the wild and not ungraceful ease with which they threw their huge frames about the fire; the fire, with its great, drowsy smokes slowly ascending, and with the capricious jets of wind sweeping to and fro amidst the circle; and the silent dogs, three in number, grouped at the feet of their masters, their great, bright eyes wistfully turned upward in momentary expectation of the fragment; all contributed to a picture as unique as any one might have seen once in merry old England, or, to this day, among the Zineali of Iberia.

"Ah, this is life!" said Lieutenant Porgy, as he supplied himself anew with a smoking morsel from the hissing coals. "I can live in almost any situation in which man can live at all, and do not object to the feminine luxuries of city life, in lieu of a better; but there is no meat like this, fresh from the coals, the owner of which hugged it to his living heart three hours ago. One feels free in the open air; and, at midnight, under the trees, a venison steak is something more than meat. It is food for thought. It provokes philosophy. My fancies rise. I could spread my wings for flight. I could sing—I feel like it now—and, so far as the will is concerned, I could make such music as would bring the very dead to life."

And the deep, sonorous voice of the speaker began to rise, and he would have launched out into some such music as the buffalo might be supposed to send forth, happening upon a fresh green flat of prairie,

but that Lance Frampton interposed, in evident apprehension of the consequences.

"Don't, lieutenant; remember we're not more than a mile from the river road."

"Teach your grandmother to suck eggs! Am I a fool? Do I look like the person to give the alarm to the enemy? Shut up, lad, and be not presumptuous because you have shot a deer after the Indian fashion. Do you suppose that, even were we in safer quarters, I should attempt to sing with such a dry throat? I say, Hard-Riding Dick, is there any of that Jamaica in the jug?"

"It is a mere drop on a full stomach."

"Bring it forth. I like the savor of the jug."

And the jug was produced, and more than one calabash was seen elevated in the firelight; and the drop sufficed, in not unequal division, to improve the humor of the whole party.

"The supper without the song is more endurable," was the philosophy of Porgy, "than the song without the supper. With the one before the other, the two go happily together. Now it is the strangest thing in the world that, with such a desperate desire to be musical, I should not be able to turn a tune. But I can *act* a tune, my lads, as well as any of you; and, as we are not permitted to give breath to our desires and delights, let us play round as if we were singing. You shall observe me, and take up the chorus, each. Do you understand me?"

"Can't say I do," said Futtrell. "Let's hear."

"You were always a dull dog, Futtrell, though you are a singer. Now, look you, a good singer or a good talker, an orator or a musician of any kind, if he knows his business, articulates nothing, either in song or speech, that he does not *look*, even while he speaks or sings. Eloquence, in oratory or in music, implies something more than ordinary speech. It implies passion, or such sentiments and feelings as stir up the passions. Now every fool knows that, if we feel the passion, so as to speak or sing it, we must *look* it too. Do you understand me now?"

"I think I do," was the slowly uttered response of Futtrell, looking dubiously.

"Very well. I take it that all the rest do, then, since you are about the dullest dog among us," was the complimentary rejoinder. "Now, then, I am going to sing. I will sing an original composition. I shall first begin by expressing anxiety, uneasiness, distress; these are incipient signs of hunger, a painful craving of the bowels, amounting to an absolute gnawing of the clamorous inhabitants within. This is the first part, continued till it almost becomes despair; the music then changes. I have seen the boys bringing in the deer. He lies beneath my knife. I am prepared to slaughter him. I feel that he is secure. I see that he will soon be broiling in choice bits upon the fire. I am no longer uneasy or apprehensive. The feeling of despair has passed. All is now hope, and exultation, and anticipation; and this is the sentiment which I shall express in the second part of the music. The third follows the feast.

Nature is pacified; the young wolf-cubs within have retired to their kennels. They sleep without a dream, and a philosophical composure possesses the brain. I meditate themes of happiness. I speculate upon the immortality of the soul. I enter into an analysis of the several philosophies of poets, prophets, and others, in relation to the employments and enjoyments of the future; and my song subsides into a pleasant murmuring, a dreamy sort of ripple, such as is made by a mountain brooklet, when, after wearisome tumblings from crag to crag, it sinks at last into a quiet and barely lapsing watercourse, through a grove, the borders of which are crowded with flowers of the sweetest odor. Such, boys, shall be my song. You will note my action, and follow it, by way of chorus, as well as you can."

All professed to be at least willing to understand him, and our philosopher proceeded. Porgy was an actor. His social talent lay in the very sort of amusement which he now proposed to them. He has himself described the manner of his performance in the declared design. We shall not attempt

to follow him; but may say that scarcely one of those wildly-clad foresters but became interested in his dumb show, which, at length, became so animated that he leaped to his feet, in order the better to effect his action, and was only arrested in his performance by striding with his enormous bulk, set heavily down, upon the ribs of one of the unlucky dogs who lay by the fire. The yell that followed was as full of danger as the uttered song had been, and quite discomfited the performer. His indignation at the misplaced position of the dog might have resulted in the wilful application of his feet to the offending animal, but that, just then, the hootings of an owl were faintly heard rising in the distance, and answered by another voice more near.

"It is Moore," said Lance Frampton. "It is from above. We shall have the colonel here directly."

"Let him come," was the response of Porgy; "but he is too late for the music. That confounded dog!"

(To be continued.)

KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE PARTISAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELlichAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"
"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1850, by W. Gilmore Simms, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 411.)

CHAPTER XV

"Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns!
Good-morrow, friends."—*Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

THE object of the signal was rightly conjectured. It brought Singleton. Successive hoots of the owl—who was one of the scouts of the party—indicated the several points of watch by which the route from "The Oaks" to the place of refuge had been guarded; and our partisan had no reason to complain, among his people, of any neglect of duty. He was received with the frank welcome of those who regarded him with equal deference and affection, as a friend and comrade no less than a superior. Lance Frampton seized his extended hand with the fondness of a younger brother; and even the corpulent Porgy, in his salutation of welcome, expressed the warmth of a feeling of which he was no ways lavish on common occasions. Supper had been reserved for their superior; and the venison steak, cast upon the coals as he approached, now strenuously seconded, by its rich odors, the invitation of his followers to eat. But Singleton declined.

"Were it possible, I should certainly fall-to, my good fellows; for, of a truth, the smokes of that steak are much more grateful to my nostrils than the well-dressed dishes of the fashionable kitchen. My tastes have become so much accommodated to the *wild flavor* of the woods, in almost everything, that, out of the woods, I seem to have no great appetite for anything. I eat and drink as a matter of course, and with too little relish to remark on anything. Had I not already eaten supper, I should need no exhortation beyond that of the venison itself. Besides, I have no time. I must hurry back to the settlement as soon as possible."

"You must certainly *taste* of the meat, colonel," was the response of Porgy, "if only because of the manner in which it was killed—with bow and arrow."

"Indeed! Who was the hunter?"

"Lance! You know I laughed when you spoke of bows and arrows for our men. I confess I thought it monstrous foolish to adopt such weapons. But I

am beginning to respect the weapon. What put you in the notion of it, colonel?"

"We had neither shot nor powder, if you recollect. What was to be done? The Indians slew their meat, and fought fatal battles with these weapons before the coming of the white people. The French and Spanish narratives described them as fighting fiercely, and frequently cutting off the whites with no other weapons. Of the effect of the arrow in good hands, history gave us numerous and wonderful examples. The English, in the time of Henry the Seventh, slew with the clothyard shaft at *four* hundred yards."

"Impossible!"

"True, no doubt. In the time of Henry the Eighth, it was considered an efficient weapon at two hundred and fifty yards. Fighting with the French and Spaniards, the Indians could drive an arrow through a coat of escampil—stuffed cotton—so as to penetrate fatally the breast which it covered; and some of their shafts were even found efficient when aimed against a coat of mail. With such evidence of the power of the weapon, its use never should have been abandoned. Certainly, where we had neither shot nor powder, nor muskets, it was the proper weapon for our hands. There would then have been no reason for one-half of our people to wait in the woods, during an action, until their comrades should be shot down, before they could find the means of doing mischief by possessing themselves of the weapons of the fallen men. Bows and arrows, well handled, would have been no bad substitutes for muskets. In the hands of our people, accustomed to take sure aim, they would have been much more efficient than the musket in the hands of the raw, unpracticed Englishman; while spears, made of poles, well sharpened and seasoned in the fire, would have been, like the pikes of the Swiss, quite equal to the bayonet at any time. These are weapons with which we might always defend a country of such great natural advantages for war as ours."

"There's reason in it, surely."

"But the arguments in behalf of the bow and arrow are not exhausted. In the first place, you can never

get out of ammunition. The woods, everywhere, abound in shafts; and, in a single night, a squad of sharpshooters may prepare weapons for a week's campaign and daily fighting. Wet and storm never damage your ammunition. A shaft once delivered is not lost. It may be recovered and shot a dozen times; and it is less burdensome, as a load, to carry a bow and sixty arrows than a gun with as many bullets. The arrow is sped silently to its mark. It makes no report. It flies unseen, like the pestilence by night. It tells not whence it comes. Its flash serves not as a guide to any answering weapon. Against cavalry, it is singularly efficient. The wound from an arrow, which still sticks in the side of the horse, will absolutely madden him, and he will be totally unmanageable, rushing, in all probability, on his own columns, deranging their order, and sending dismay among the infantry. In regard to the repeated use of the same arrow, I may remind you of the fact that the French in Florida, under Landonniere, were compelled, in some of their bloodiest fights with the red men, to stop fighting, at every possible chance, in order to gather up and break the arrows which had been delivered. I need not say what an advantage such a necessity would afford to an assailing party."

"I begin to respect the weapon," said Porgy; "I shall practice at it myself. I already feel like a Parthian."

"The great secret," continued Singleton, "in the use of the bow, seems to consist in drawing the arrow to its head. This was the secret of the English, and must have been of all very remarkable bowmen. To do this, the arrow must be drawn to the right ear. It is then delivered with its greatest force, and this requires equally both sleight and strength. The feeble nations of the East, the Italians, and the gentle, timid races of the Island of Cuba, and of Peru, seem to have drawn the weapon, as the ladies do, only to the breast. This mode of shooting diminishes the force one-half. But you must practice constantly, boys, all of you, when you have nothing more pressing on hand, so as to make sure of the hits at a hundred yards. That will answer for us. If this war is to last two years longer, as I suppose it will, we shall have no other ammunition to rely upon. We must take our bows from the savages, and our pikes from the Swiss."

There was some little more conversation, which, like that reported, forms no part of the absolute business of our narrative. But Singleton was not the person to waste much time. It was important, he thought, to raise the estimate of the bow and arrow among his followers, deeming it highly probable, not only that the weapon might be made very efficient even in modern warfare, but that it might be the only one left to them for future use. The partisans of Carolina, during the struggle for the recovery of the State, very seldom went into action with more than three rounds to the man.

"And now, Lance," said Singleton, "a few words with you."

He led him aside from the rest.

"Do you bring me any letters?"

"None, sir; the colonel had no time for writing, and no conveniences."

"Where did you leave him?"

"On the Edisto."

"West side?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had the negroes all come in?"

"All, sir, but one—a young fellow named Aaron, whom he thinks must have fallen into the hands of the enemy, or run off to them. He has sent them off for the Santee, under the charge of Lieutenant Davis, with an escort of ten men."

"How does he recruit?"

"Well, sir, he got nineteen men along the Edisto, and fifteen brought their own rifles. His force is now forty-five, not counting *our* people, who will soon join us. He had a brush with a party of Tories, under Lem Waters; killed three, and took seven. He thinks of making a push for the Savannah, where there is one Major Fulton, with a party. He will then come back to the Edisto, and perhaps scout about the Ashley in hopes of picking up a train of wagons. He is mightily in want of powder and ball, and begs that you will send him all you have to spare."

"He must look to the bow and arrow, I am afraid, at least for a season. Still, I am in hopes to do something for him, if my present scheme turns out well. But everything is doubtful yet. Did you get any tidings along the route?"

"Nothing much, sir. The country's moving everywhere; now on one side, now on the other; and I hear something everywhere of small parties, gathering up cattle and provisions."

The examination was still further pursued; but enough has been said to show the whereabouts and the performances of Colonel Walton, which was the chief object of Singleton. The two soon rejoined the rest; and, after some general instructions and suggestions, Singleton led Lieutenant Porgy aside to communicate his more private wishes.

"At twelve to-morrow," said he, "I expect to be in the neighborhood of the Eight Mile and Quarter House. At one or other of these places, God willing, I hope to be at that hour. I wish you to cross the river with your party, and shelter yourself in the swamp forest along the banks. Send your scouts out with instructions to keep watch upon both the Quarter and Eight Mile House. A couple of chosen men, quick and keen-sighted, must be within hearing, but close, in the thicket of Izard's camp. Should they hear a triple blast of my horn, with a pause of one, and then another blast, let them make, with all speed, to the point from which I sound. Let them carry their rifles as well as broad-swords, and see that their pieces are fit for service. But on no account let them disturb any persons along the route."

"Suppose a convoy for Dorchester, under a small guard?"

"Let it pass without disturbance, and let them

not show themselves, on any pretext, or with any temptation in their sight, unless they hear my signal."

"We are grievously in want of everything. A single full powder-horn, and half a dozen or a dozen bullets, to each man, is all that we can muster. Salt is wanted, and——"

"I know all your wants, and hope shortly to supply them; but I have objects in view of still more importance, and they must not be periled even to supply our deficiencies. Let these instructions be closely followed, lieutenant, if you please. I shall probably find an opportunity of seeing and speaking with you, in the evening, on my return route to Dorchester."

"Do you venture there again?"

"There, or to 'The Oaks!'"

"Is there anything more, Colonel Singleton, in the way of instructions?"

"Nothing."

"Then let me have a word, Colonel; and you will excuse me if I speak quite as much as a friend as a subordinate."

"My dear Porgy——"

"Ah, colonel——"

"Let me say, once for all, that I regard you as a comrade always, and this implies as indulgent a friendship as comports with duty."

"Do I not know it? I thank you! I thank you from the bottom of my heart!—and I have a heart, Singleton—by Apollo, I have a heart, though the rascally dimensions of my stomach may sometimes interfere with it. And now to the matter. I am concerned about you. I am."

"How?"

"As a soldier, and a brave one, of course you know that you are liable to be killed at any moment. A willful bullet, a sweeping sword-stroke, or the angry push of a rusty bayonet, in bad hands, may disturb as readily the functions of the bowels in a colonel as in a lieutenant. For either of these mischances, the professional soldier is supposed, at all times, to be prepared; and I believe that we both go to our duties without giving much heed to the contingencies that belong to them."

"I am sure that you do, lieutenant."

"Call me Porgy, colonel, if you please, while we speak of matters aside from business. If I am proud of anything, it is of the affections of those whom I esteem."

"Go on, Porgy."

"Now, my dear colonel, that you should die by bullet, broadsword, or bayonet is nothing particularly objectionable, considering our vocation. It may be something of an inconvenience to you, physically; but it is nothing that your friends should have reason to be ashamed of. But to die by the halter, Colonel Singleton—to wear a knotted handkerchief of hemp—to carry the knot beneath the left ear—throwing the head awkwardly on the opposite side, instead of covering with it the Adam's apple—to be made the fruit of the tree against the nature of the tree—

to be hanged into cross-grained timbers, against the grain—to die the death of a dog, after living the life of a man—this, sir, would be a subject of great humiliation to all your friends, and must, I take it, be a subject of painful consideration to yourself."

"Very decidedly, Porgy," was the reply of the other, with a good-natured laugh.

"Why will you incur the dangers of such a fate? This is what your friends have a right to ask. Why put yourself, bound, as it were, hand and foot, in the keeping of these red-coated Philistines, who would truss you up at any moment to a swinging limb with as little remorse as the male alligator exhibits when he swallows a hecatomb of his own kidney. Why linger at Dorchester, or at 'The Oaks,' with this danger perpetually staring you in the face? There are few men at 'The Oaks,' and the place is badly guarded. The force at Dorchester itself is not so great but that, with Col. Walton's squadron, we might attempt it. Say the word, and, in forty-eight hours, we can harry both houses; and, if swinging must be done by somebody, for the benefit of 'The Oaks' hereafter, why, in God's name, let it be a British or a Hessian carcass instead of one's own. I might be persuaded, in the case of one of these bloody heathens, to think the spectacle a comely one. But, in your case, colonel, as I am a living man, it would take away my appetite for ever."

"Nay, Porgy, you overrate the danger."

"Do I? Not a bit. I tell you these people are getting desperate. Their cruelties are beginning only; and for this reason, that they find the State unconquered. So long as there is a single squad like ours between the Pedee and the Savannah, so long is there a hope for us and a hate for them. Hear to me, colonel, and beware! There is deadly peril in the risks which you daily take."

"I know that there is risk, Porgy; but there are great gains depending upon these risks, and they must be undertaken by somebody. Our spies undertake such risks daily."

"A spy is a spy, colonel, and nothing but a spy. He was born to a spy's life and a spy's destiny. He knows his nature and the end of his creation, and he goes to his end as to a matter of obligation. He includes the price of the halter, and the inconvenience of strangulation, in the amount which he charges for the duty to be done. But we who get no pay at all, and fight for the sin and the freedom of the thing only—there's no obligation upon us to assume the duty of another, at the risk of making a bad picture, and feeling uncomfortable in our last moments. No law of duty can exact of me that I shall not only die, but die of rope, making an unhandsome corpse, with my head awfully twisted from the centre of gravity, where only it could lie at ease! My dear colonel, think of this! Say the word! and fight, scout, or only scrimmage, we'll share all risks with you, whether the word be 'Oaks' or 'Dorchester!'"

"The peril will be soon over, Porgy. Three days will end it, in all probability; and, in that time,

the same prudence which has kept me safe so long will probably prevail to secure me to the end. Have no fears—and do not forget that you can always strike in at the last moment. Your scouts see all that goes on, and, in a moment of danger, you know the signal."

"Be it so! we're ready! Still, I could wish it otherwise. But, by the way, talking of what we see, there's something that Bostwick has to tell you. He was stationed between 'The Oaks' and 'Dorchester' during the afternoon, and came in soon after dark. Here, Bostwick!"—and as the fellow came out of the front to the place where the two had been conversing, Porgy continued:—

"The colonel wants to hear of you what took place between the commandant of the post of Dorchester, Major Vaughan, and the chunky red-faced fellow, whom you did not know."

Bostwick told his story, which was briefly this. He had seen Vaughan ride towards "The Oaks," and saw him returning to Dorchester just before dark. When within a mile of "The Oaks," Vaughan drew up and dismounted, leading his horse aside from the road and close to the thicket in which Bostwick lay concealed. Here he was soon joined by a "chunky red-faced fellow," as Porgy had described him, and a conversation of several minutes took place between the two, a portion of which only was intelligible to the scout. The names of Proctor and Furness, however, were several times mentioned by both parties; and Vaughan was evidently much interested in the subject. At length, the stranger, whom he called "John," gave him two letters, or folded papers, which Vaughan opened and read eagerly. Bostwick heard him say, distinctly—

"These, John, are very important. I now see whence he gets his knowledge. Find me more of these papers, John. He must have others. These do not tell all, and he knows all! Find the rest, and be on the watch when he receives a new one."

"You will give them back to me," said John, "now that you have read them."

"Yes, when I have copied them. You shall have them to-morrow. You say that he showed these papers to Captain Furness?"

"Not sure, your honor; but he had them on the bedside when they talked together. I saw them through the keyhole."

"With that," continued Bostwick, "the major took a piece of gold money from his pocket and dropped it beside him where he stood. The other stooped and picked it up, and offered it to the major, who said, 'Keep it for your honesty, John.' They had something more to say, but I couldn't make it out, though I listened hard, thinking it might concern you, colonel. After that, the major mounted and put off, and I tracked the other back to 'The Oaks.' He got in just when you returned from riding with Major Proctor."

"Thank you, Bostwick—it does, in some measure, concern me. You are a good fellow, and though I

have no gold pieces to drop for your benefit, yet you shall also be remembered for your honesty."

The business dispatched which brought him to the encampment of his followers, the farewell of Singleton was no such formal leave-taking as distinguishes the military martinet. It was the affectionate farewell of comrades, who felt that they were parting with a friend rather than a master.

CHAPTER XVI.

"But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my coach that stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day."

Merchant of Venice.

Our partisan returned, without being discovered, to the mansion-house at "The Oaks," and reached his room in silence. He was soon asleep, for, with a mind at ease, and habits of physical activity, sleep is never slow to bring us the needful succor. In the morning, he was up betimes, and soon made his way to the chamber of Proctor, who still slept—the unsatisfactory, uneasy sleep of anxiety and apprehension. Singleton had already thought of what he should do and say, in regard to the revelation which he felt that it was necessary to make to his new companion. There was some difficulty in accounting for the information he had acquired, touching the faithlessness of Proctor's servant, John; but our partisan had discussed the matter calmly in his own mind, and had come to the conclusion that Proctor should hear of the important fact, without being suffered to ask for an authority. This reservation, in the case of a man of character and good sense, like Singleton, was not a matter of difficulty.

The treacherous servant, knowing his master's habits of late rising, was absent. Singleton ascertained this fact before proceeding to Proctor's chamber. He thought it not improbable that John had gone to a meeting with Vaughan, with the view to the reasonable recovery of the letters; and, possibly, to receive instructions for the future. It was important to avail himself of his absence, the better to effect his exposure. The British major was somewhat surprised to find Singleton in his chamber.

"Why, what's the matter, Furness? I'm devilish glad to see you; but why so early?"

"I shall leave you directly after breakfast, and had something to say to you in private, which I regard as of moment to yourself, particularly at this juncture."

"Ah! but whither do you go?"

"Below, to meet with General Williamson, at the Quarter House."

"And what's this business?"

"I have made a little discovery, Proctor, but cannot now inform you in what manner I have made it, nor who are my authorities. On this point, you must

ask me no questions, for I shall certainly answer none. In fact, a little secret of my own is involved in the matter, and this must make you content with what I shall be willing to disclose. But you will lose nothing. All that is important to you shall be told, and it must satisfy you when I assure you solemnly that it comes from the most unquestionable sources. You may safely believe it all."

"Be it so! On your own conditions, then. I have the utmost faith in your assurance."

"I thank you;—and, first, can you let me see again those two letters of your anonymous correspondent?"

"Certainly;" and Proctor leapt out of bed, threw on his *robe de chambre*, and proceeded to search his *escrioir*. The letters were not forthcoming. His trunks were next overhauled, his dressing-case, the pockets of his coat—they were nowhere to be found.

"I am satisfied," said Singleton; "I feel sure that you look in vain."

"I must have taken them with me, and lost them below stairs."

"No! They are in the hands of Vaughan, your enemy!"

"How! What mean you?" demanded the other.

Singleton then related what he had heard of the interview between Vaughan and the fellow John, as Bostwick reported it, suppressing, of course, all the clues to his source of information; but otherwise withholding nothing. Proctor was in a rage of indignation.

"Fool that I was! and I saw nothing; I suspected nothing; and this execrable scoundrel has been a spy upon my footsteps, Heaven knows how long! But I shall have the satisfaction, before I send him adrift, of reading him such a lesson with the horsewhip as shall be a perpetual endorsement to his back and character."

"You will do no such thing, Proctor," said Singleton, coolly, while going to the door and looking out upon the passage. It was clear, and he returned.

"Dress yourself at once, Proctor, and come with me to my chamber. It is more secure from eavesdroppers than this apartment. And, first, let me entreat that you will bridle your anger; and, above all, suffer not this fellow to see or to suspect it. Let me exhort you to begin, from this moment, the labor of self-restraint. Your success in extricating yourself from this difficulty, in which you stand, will be found in the adoption of that marble-like coldness of character which really confers so much strength upon your enemy. You must be cool, at least, and silent too. Come, hasten your dressing, for I have much to say, and shall have little time to say it in before breakfast."

Proctor already deferred to the prompt, energetic, and clear-headed character of Singleton. He stared at him a moment, and then proceeded to obey him. His toilet was as quickly made as possible, and they were soon in Singleton's chamber. The latter then renewed the subject, and continued his counsels in the following fashion:—

"You have lived long enough, my dear Proctor, in our southern country, to know something of the rattlesnake. If you have ever had occasion to walk into our woods of a summer night, and to have suddenly heard the rattle sounded near you, you can very well conceive the terror which such a sound will inspire in the bosom of any man. It is a present and a pressing danger, but you know not from what quarter to expect the blow. The ringing seems to go on all around you. You fancy yourself in a very nest of snakes; and you are fixed, frozen, expecting your death every moment, yet dread to attempt your escape—dread to lift a foot lest you provoke the bite which is mortal. It is the very inability to face the enemy, to see where he lies in ambush, that is the chief occasion of your terror. Could you see him—could you look on him where he lies—though coiled, almost at your feet, head thrown back, jaws wide, fangs protruded, and eyes blazing, as it were, with a coppery lustre—you would have no apprehensions—he would, in fact, be harmless, and you could survey him at your leisure, and knock him quietly on the head as soon as you had satisfied your curiosity. Now, I regard it as particularly fortunate that you have discovered, in this instance, where your chief danger lies. You see your enemy. You know where he is. You know through what agency he works, and nothing is more easy than to keep your eye upon him, follow him in all his windings, and crush him with your heel at the most favorable moment. Your man John is the pilot to your rattlesnake. You are probably aware that the rattlesnake has his pilot, as the shark his, and the lion his?"

"Is it so?"

"Even so; and so far from showing yourself angry with this good fellow John, whose benevolence is such that he would serve two masters—so far from dismissing him with the horsewhip—your policy is not even to let him know what you have discovered. He will probably bring back these letters quietly, and you will find them, after your return from breakfast, in the proper place in your *escrioir*; and you will show yourself quite as unsuspecting as before."

"And keep the fellow still in my service?"

"To be sure, for the best of reasons! Through him, you may be able to ascertain the game of his employer. By him, you will probably trace out the windings of his master snake. You will simply take care to put no important secrets in his way."

"But he has false keys, no doubt, to every trunk and *escrioir* that I have?"

"Most probably, and you will suffer him to keep them; only find some other hiding-place for your important matters to which you are secure that he carries no key, simply because of his ignorance of the hiding-place. Ordinary letters you will put away in the old places as before. Nay, as your enemy Vaughan seems to know this handwriting—which you do not—you may amuse yourself by putting other choice specimens in his way. Imitate the

use occasionally—write yourself a few billets-doux now and then—and you may suggest little schemes for interviews between yourself and the unknown fair one, upon which your excellent fellow John will maintain a certain watch; and *you* can maintain your watch *on him*. It is now certain, from what Vaughan has said, that the handwriting is known to him, and that it is a woman's!"

"But the wearisome toil of such a watch—the annoying feeling that you have such a rascal about you."

"Very annoying, doubtless, and troublesome; but it is one of those necessities which occur in almost every life—where a man has to endure much, and struggle much, and exert all his manhood to secure safety or redress, or vengeance."

"Ha! that is the word! vengeance! and I will have it!"

"It is an advantage to keep John, that you know him. Dismiss him, and you warn Vaughan and himself that he is suspected—possibly discovered. This makes your enemy cautious. He still may employ John to your dis-service, though you employ him not. Should you get another servant, are you better sure of his fidelity? Is it not just as likely that he will be bought and bribed also? Will you doubt him?—can you confide in him? Neither, exactly—both, certainly, to some extent! Why not confide in John to the same extent? In other words, confide in neither. Seem not to suspect him, but leave nothing at his mercy. This is simply a proper, manly vigilance, where you are surrounded by enemies, and where their strategies and your incaution have already given them an advantage in the campaign."

"Ah! Furness, had I your assistance."

"You do not need it. Exert your own faculties and subdue your passion until you are certain of your prey. If you be not cool, patient, watchful, you are lost in the struggle. Are you a man? Here is one of the most admirable of all opportunities to assert and prove your manhood. Any blockhead, with the ordinary gentlemanly endowment of courage, can fight through the enemy's ranks, or perish with honor. But it is the noblest manhood, that in which courage is twined with thought, to fight only at your pleasure, and make your intellect the shield in the struggle. Do not fear that I shall desert you, Proctor, when you need a friend."

"I thank you. You are right. I feel that I can do what you counsel, and I *will* do it. Let me have your further counsels."

We need not pursue those suggestions of Singleton, by which he advised the details in general terms, of that policy with which he sought to impress his companion. Proctor was by no means a feeble man—in fact, he was rather a strong one, capable of thought and possessed of latent energies which needed nothing but the spur of a will which had not yet been forced into sufficient activity. The superior will of Singleton finally stimulated his own. He acknowledged its superiority and tacitly deferred to

it. The other was copious in his suggestions, and they were those of a vigilant mind, sharpened by practice, and naturally well endowed with foresight and circumspection. He took a comprehensive view of all the difficulties in the way of the British officer, and succeeded in pointing out to him where, and in what manner, he would most probably find the clues which would successfully lead him out from among his enemies. We need only give his closing counsels, as they somewhat concern us at present.

"Do not think of leaving 'The Oaks' just now, Proctor. Remain here, keeping the excellent John with you, until your uncle departs. Busy yourself as his secretary. He needs your services. The young man he has with him can give him little help, and he knows it. He is disposed to conciliate you, and I would not show myself hostile or suspicious. It may serve you somewhat, as well as Cruden, to remain here as long as possible. Your policy is to gain time, and to be as near your enemy as possible, affording him all his present opportunities, as long as this can be done with propriety. For this, you have a reasonable excuse, so long as Cruden remains. While here, you may also serve this young lady, the daughter of Walton, in whom you appear to have an interest. Her affairs may well need the assistance of such a friend as yourself."

The call to breakfast brought John to the presence of his master. Proctor played his part successfully, and the fellow had no suspicions, though somewhat surprised to find the former up and dressed, and in the chamber of the loyalist, Furness. We may add that, when Proctor looked into his *escritoir*, an hour after Singleton's departure, he found the missing letters in the place where he kept them usually. Our partisan left "The Oaks" soon after breakfast, his farewells being exchanged with Cruden and his nephew at the table. A silent but emphatic squeeze of the hand, on the part of Proctor, spoke more impressively than words the warmth of that young man's feelings.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Come, my lord,

You are justly doomed: look but a little back
Into your former life. You have, in three years,
Ruined the noblest earldom."

"We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal
Your banishment.—" *Vittoria Corombona*.

Riding slowly, and looking about him with a curious interest as he rode, Singleton did not reach his place of destination till nearly one o'clock. He was not unconscious, as he proceeded, of occasional intimations in the forest that his friends were already at the designated points of watch. At intervals, the hootings of the owl, or a sharp whistle, familiar to Marion's men, apprised him where to look for them in the moment of emergency. He himself was not without his weapons, though the small-sword at his

side alone was visible. An excellent pair of pistols was concealed within the ample folds of his hunting-shirt, and the beautifully polished horn was slung about his neck. With a fleet and powerful steed of the best Virginia blood, well trained, and accustomed to obey cheerfully the simplest word of his rider, Singleton felt as perfectly confident of his own security as it is possible for one to feel under any circumstances. He rode forward with coolness, accordingly, to the place of meeting, with a person for whom, at that period, the patriots of South Carolina felt nothing but loathing and contempt.

General Williamson, the person thus regarded, was a Scotchman, who had probably entered the colony some twelve or fifteen years before, and had acquired considerable social and political influence in the upper country—the region which he occupied being originally settled in great part by Europeans direct from the Old World, or immediately from Pennsylvania and New York. In the first dawning of the Revolutionary struggle, Williamson took sides with the *mouvement*, or patriotic party. It is probable that he was influenced in this direction, rather in consequence of certain local rivalries in the interior, and because of the judicious persuasions, or flatteries, of the leading men of the lower country—Drayton, Laurens, and others—than because of any real activity of his sympathies with the cause of colonial independence. He was an illiterate, but shrewd person; and, as a colonel first, and finally a general of militia, he behaved well, and operated successfully in sundry conflicts with the Indians of the frontier and the loyalists of his own precincts. The fall of Charleston, which temporarily prostrated the strength of the State, threw him into the arms of the enemy. He took what is commonly known as a “British protection,” by which he professed to observe a neutrality during the progress of the war. In the condition of affairs—the utter overthrow of the army of the south, the belief that its resources were exhausted, and the growing opinion that Congress would be compelled, through similar exhaustion of resource, to yield to the British, at least the two colonies of Georgia and South Carolina, both of which were covered by the invading army—this measure, on the part of Williamson, was perhaps not so censurable. The same act had been performed by many others in conspicuous positions, who could offer no such apology as Williamson. He was a foreigner; originally a subject of the British crown; sprung from a people remarkable always for their loyalty, and whose affinities were naturally due to the cause of Britain. But Williamson's error was not limited to the taking of “protection.” He took up his abode within the walls of Charleston, and it became the policy of the British to employ his influence against the cause for which he had so recently taken up arms. In this new relation, it is doubtful if he exercised much influence with the borderers whom he deserted. It was enough that such were understood to be his new objects, by which he had secured, in especial degree,

the favor of the British commandant at Charleston. The affair of Arnold, in the north, furnished a name to Williamson in the south; and when spoken of, subsequently to the detection of Arnold's treason, he was distinguished as the “Arnold of Carolina.” This summary will sufficiently serve as introductory to what follows. It was to confer with this person, thus odiously distinguished, that we find Colonel Singleton, of Marion's brigade, in the assumed character and costume of Captain Furness, of the loyalist rifles, on his way to the public hotel, some eight miles from Charleston.

Williamson had been, somewhat impatiently, awaiting his arrival in one of the chambers of the hotel, from whence he looked forth upon the surrounding woods with the air of a man to whom all about him was utterly distasteful. A British dragoon sat upon a fallen tree, some thirty yards from the dwelling, his horse being fastened to a swinging limb, and ready saddled and bitted, awaiting in the shade. There was something in what he saw to darken the brows of the general, who, wheeling away from the window, threw himself upon a seat in the apartment, and, though there was no fire on the hearth, drawing near to it and thrusting his heels against the mantel. He was a stout, well-built personage, on the wintery side of forty, perhaps, with large but wrinkled forehead, and features rather prominent than impressive. His head was thrown back, his eyes resting cloudily upon the ceiling, and his position at such an angle as simply preserved his equilibrium. His meditations were not of an agreeable character. His darkened brows, and occasional fragments of soliloquy, showed them to be gloomy and vexatious. He had many causes for discontent, if not apprehension. He had sacrificed good name, position, and property, and had found nothing compensative in the surrender. His former comrades were still in the field, still fighting, still apparently resolute in the cause which he had abandoned; the British strength was not increasing, their foothold less sure than before, and their treatment of himself, though civil and respectful, was anything but cordial—was wholly wanting in warmth; and there was no appearance of a disposition to confer upon him any such command as had been given to Arnold. Whether an appointment, equal to that which he had enjoyed in the state establishment, would have reconciled him to his present relations, it is difficult to determine. No such proffer had been made him, nor have we any evidence that he was anxious for such an appointment. He was not a man of enterprise; but he could not deceive himself as to the fact that the British authorities had shown themselves disappointed in the amount of strength which his acquisition had brought to their cause. His desertion of the Whig had been followed by no such numbers of his former associates as, perhaps, his own assurances had led his present allies to expect. His labors now were chiefly reduced to a maintenance of a small correspondence with persons of the interior, whom he

still hoped to influence, and to such a conciliation of the humors of Balfour—whose weaknesses the shrewd Scotchman had soon discovered—as would continue him in the moderate degree of favor which he enjoyed. This statement will serve to indicate the nature of that surly and dissatisfied mood under which we find him laboring.

He was thus found by Singleton—as Captain Furness, of the loyalists—whose presence was announced by a little negro, habited only in a coarse cotton shirt reaching to his heels. Of the slight regard which Williamson was disposed to pay to his visitor, to his objects, or to those of his British employers, we may form a reasonable idea from the fact that he never changed his position in the seat which he occupied; but still, even on the entrance of the supposed loyalist, maintained his heels against the mantel, with the chair in which he sat properly balanced upon its hind legs. His head was simply turned upon his shoulders enough to suffer his eyes to take in the form of his visitor.

Singleton saw through the character of the man at a glance. He smiled slightly as their eyes encountered, and drew a rather favorable inference from the treatment thus bestowed upon a seeming loyalist. The auspice looked favorable to the interests of the patriotic party. He approached, but did not seek, by any unnecessary familiarity, to break down those barriers upon which the dignity of his superior seemed disposed to insist. At once putting on the simple forester, Singleton addressed him—

"You're the general—General Williamson—I reckon?"

"You are right, sir. I am General Williamson. You, I suppose, are Captain Furness, of the loyalist rifles?"

"The same, general, and your humble servant."

"Take a seat, captain," was the response of Williamson, never once changing his position.

"Thank you, sir, and I will," said the other, coolly, drawing his chair within convenient speaking distance.

"You brought letters to me, Captain Furness, from Colonels Fletchall, Pearis, and Major Stoveall. You are in want of arms, I see. On this subject, I am authorized, by Colonel Balfour, to tell you that a train of wagons will set forth to-morrow from the city. One of these wagons is specially designed for your command, containing all your requisitions. It is that which is numbered eleven. The train will be under a small escort, commanded by Lieutenant Meadows, whom you are requested to assist in his progress. The route will be by Nelson's Ferry to Camden; and when you have reached Camden, your wagon will be detached and surrendered to your own keeping. You will order your command to rendezvous at that point. But here is a letter of instructions from Colonel Balfour, which contains more particular directions."

Singleton took the letter, which he read deliberately, and put away carefully in his bosom. A

pause ensued. Williamson lowered his legs, finally, and said—

"There is nothing further, Captain Furness. You have all that you require."

"There were some letters, general, that I brought for you," was the suggestion of Singleton.

There was a marked hesitancy and dissatisfaction in the reply of his companion.

"Yes, sir: my friends seem to think that I ought to write dispatches by you to certain persons, over whom I am supposed to exercise some influence. I do not know that such is the case; and, even if it were, I am not satisfied that I shall be doing a friendly act to the persons referred to, by encouraging them, at this stage of the war, to engage in new and perilous enterprises, and form new relations directly opposite to those in which they are acting now."

"But, general, the cause of his majesty is getting quite desperate among us. We shan't be able to hold our ground at all, unless we can get out on our side such men as Waters, Caldwell, Roebuck, Thomas, Miller, and a few others."

"That is the very reason, Captain Furness, that I am unwilling to advise men, whom I so much esteem, to engage in an enterprise which may ruin them for ever."

"How, general? I don't see—I don't understand."

"Very likely, Captain Furness," said the other, quite impatiently. "You see, sir, though as much prepared as ever to promote the success of his majesty's arms, and to peril myself, I do not see that it would be altogether proper for me, dealing with friends, to give them such counsel as would involve them in useless dangers, or encourage them in enterprises, the fruits of which may not be profitable to the cause I espouse, and perhaps fatal to themselves. In the first place, I doubt greatly if my recommendation would have any effect upon the persons you mention. It is true, they were my friends and followers when I served the Whig cause; but I see no reason to think that, in changing sides, I continued to keep their respect and sympathy. In the next place, I am not satisfied that the affairs of the crown, or the British government itself, are taking the proper course for pushing their conquests or securing the ground that they have won. They hold forth no encouragement to the people of the soil. They do not treat well the native champions who rise up for their cause. The provincials are not properly esteemed. They never get promotion; they are never entrusted with commands of dignity, or with any power by which they could make themselves felt. The war languishes. No troops, or very few, now arrive from Great Britain; and these, chiefly Irish, are better disposed to fight *for* the rebels than fight against them. In fact, sir, I see nothing to encourage our friends in risking themselves, at this late day, in the struggle. Those who are already committed, who have

periled fame and fortune on the cause, who cannot return to the ranks they have abandoned, they must take their chances, I suppose; but even these see no proper motive which should urge them to persuade persons whom they esteem into the field. I have already done all that I could. When I first left the ranks of the Whigs, I wrote to these very persons, giving them the reasons which governed me in my conduct, and urging these reasons upon them as worthy of the first consideration. To these letters I have received no answer. What should prompt me to write them again? Of what possible avail these arguments, repeated now, when their prospects are really improving and their strength is greater? A proper pride, Captain Furness, revolts at the humiliation of such a performance."

"I could have wished, General Williamson," replied Singleton, his tone and manner changing, "that you could have found a better reason than your pride for your refusal to do what is required."

"Why, who are you, sir?" demanded Williamson, drawing back his chair, and confronting the speaker for the first time.

A smile of Singleton alone answered this question, while he proceeded—

"I am better pleased, sir, to believe in another reason than that you have given for this forbearance. The decline of English power in the back country, and its weakness and bad management below, are certainly sufficient reasons to keep the patriots steadfast in *their* faith. But, sir, permit me to ask if you have suffered Colonel Balfour to suspect that you are likely to use this language to me, or to refuse these letters?"

An air of alarm instantly overspread the countenance of Williamson.

"Again I ask, who are you?" was his reply to this question.

"I am not exactly what I seem, General Williamson; but my purpose here is not to inspire you with any apprehension."

"Are you not the son of my venerable friend, Ephraim Furness, of Ninety-Six?"

"I am not, sir; I will mystify you no longer. For certain purposes, I have borrowed the character of Captain Furness, who is in my hands a prisoner. I am, sir, Colonel Singleton, of Marion's brigade."

Williamson sprang in horror to his feet.

"Hear you, sir! What is your purpose with me?—what do you design? Do you know, sir, that you are in my power? that I have only to summon yonder dragoon, and your life, as a spy and a traitor, is in my hands?"

"Coolly, General Williamson; do not deceive yourself. It is *you* who are in *my* hands, your dragoon to the contrary notwithstanding! A single word from you, sir, above your breath, and I blow out your brains without a scruple."

He drew forth his pistols as he spoke. Williamson, meanwhile, was about to cross the room to possess himself of his small-sword that lay upon the

table. Singleton threw himself in the way, as he proceeded thus:—

"I have not come here unadvisedly, General Williamson, or without taking all necessary precautions, not only for *my* safety, but for *yours*. I have only to sound this bugle, and the house is surrounded by the best men of Marion. You know *their* quality, and you have heard of *me*! I came here, expecting to find you in the very mood in which you show yourself—discontented—humbled to the dust by your own thoughts—conscious and repenting of error—dissatisfied with the British—dissatisfied with your new alliance, and anxious to escape all further connection with it, as equally satisfied that it is fatal to your future hopes and dishonorable to your name. But I came also prepared, if disappointed in these calculations, to make you my prisoner, and subject you, as a traitor to the American cause, to a simple trial, and a felon's death."

A blank consternation overspread the visage of Williamson. He was under the eye of a muster—an eye that looked into his own with all the eager watch of the hawk or the eagle, and with all the stern confidence in his own strength which fills the soul of the tiger or the lion. The big sweat stood out in great drops upon the brow of the victim; he attempted to speak, but his voice failed him; and still he wavered, with an inclining to the window, as if he still thought of summoning the dragoon to his assistance. But the native vigor of his intellect, and his manhood, soon came to his relief. He folded his arms across his breast, and his form once more became steady and erect.

"You have your pistols, Colonel Singleton! Use them—you *shall* use them—you shall have my life, if that is what you desire; but I will never yield myself alive to the power of your people."

"You must not be suffered to mistake me, General Williamson. If I have been compelled to utter myself in the words of threatening, it was as an alternative, which you have the power to avoid. We do not wish your death. We wish your services. We know, as well as yourself, that the power of the British is declining—that the days of their authority are numbered. We know the apology which can be made for your desertion of the American cause—"

"As God is my judge, Colonel Singleton, I never deserted it until it had deserted me! My officers recommended the protection—our troops were scattered—we had no army left. Beaufort was cut to pieces—our cavalry dispersed—Congress would, or could, do nothing for us—and, in despair of any success or safety, not knowing where to turn, I signed the accursed instrument which was artfully put before us at this juncture, and which offered us a position of neutrality, when it was no longer possible to offer defence."

"You could have fled, general, as hundreds of us did, to North Carolina and Virginia, to be in readiness for better times."

"So I might, sir; but so also might your kinsman, Colonel Walton."

Singleton was silenced for a moment by the retort; but he used it for the purposes of reply.

"Colonel Walton is now atoning, sword in hand, for his temporary weakness and error. He was too much governed, General Williamson, by considerations such as, no doubt, weighed upon you. He had great wealth, and a favorite daughter."

"Ah! there it is! That, sir, is the melancholy truth. Family and lands were the thoughts that made me feeble, as it made others."

There was an appearance of real mental agony in the speaker, in the utterance of these words, which moved the commiseration of Singleton. He proceeded more tenderly:—

"Undoubtedly, you had your apology, General Williamson, for much of this error; but not for *all*! Still, atonement for *all* is within your power; and I have not come hither unadvised of your situation, or of the capacity which you still possess to do service to the country. It is clear that, soon or late, the British must be expelled from the State. Unless you make terms with its future masters, your good name, which you would entail to your children, and your vast landed estates, are equally the forfeit. I *know* that these reflections are pressing upon you. I *know* that you yourself, or one whom I assume to be you—you alone can determine if I am right—have already initiated the steps for your return to the bosom of your old friendships and associations. Sir, I was in the tent of General Greene when Mrs. William Thompson and her daughter reached his presence from the city."

"Ah!"

"I saw a certain paper taken from the bosom of the unconscious child by the mother. It had been put into her bosom by an officer in Charleston, as she was about to leave the city—"

"Enough, sir—enough! And General Greene?"

"Look at this paper, General Williamson."

Unscrewing the hilt of his sword, Singleton drew forth a small, neatly folded billet, without signature or address, which contained certain brief propositions.

"Read this paper, general. There is nothing explicit in it, nothing to involve any party. But it comes from General Marion, with the approbation of General Greene; it is designed for *you*; and you are entreated to recognize *me* as fully authorized to explain their views and to receive and report your own. You will be pleased to learn from me that your situation, your feelings, and your desires are perfectly understood; and that they pledge themselves to use all their influence and power in procuring your honorable restoration to the confidence of the country, upon your taking certain steps, which I am prepared to explain, for putting yourself right once more in relation to the cause for which we are contending. It is with you to decide."

"Declare your objects, your wishes, Colonel Singleton. Say the word, and I throw myself at once

among the squadrons of Greene, and offer my sword once more, in any capacity, in the service of my country."

This was said eagerly, and with quite as much earnestness of manner and feeling as was called forth by the terms of the declaration.

"I am afraid, General Williamson, that you could do us but little service by such a proceeding. You would only endanger yourself without serving our cause. To deal with you candidly, you have a penance to perform. You must approve yourself a friend by absolute and valuable services before you can be recognized as such. There is no injustice in this. You will remember your own answer, on your Cherokee expedition, in 1776, when Robert Cunningham came into your camp and offered his services. You objected that, however willing yourself to confide in his assurances, the prejudices of your people could not be overcome with regard to him. His case then, is yours now. To show yourself among our troops would be to peril your life only. I could not answer for it."

"In the name of God, then, what am I to do? How can I serve you?"

"Where you are—in the camp—in the city of the enemy," answered Singleton, impressively resting his hand upon the wrist of his companion, "you may do us a service of the last importance, the results of which will be eminently great—the merits of which will wholly acquit you of all past weaknesses. Hear me, sir. We *know* that we have friends in Charleston, who are impatient of the miserable, the brutal and degrading yoke of Nosbitt Balfour! We *know* that many are desperately inclined to rise in arms, and to seek, at all hazards, to rescue the city from the enemy. It needs but little help or encouragement from without; and *that* help General Greene is not disposed to withhold, whenever he can be satisfied of a reasonable prospect of success. The British garrison in Charleston is known to be weak and dispirited. Their cavalry is small. They have no enterprise. Supplies from Britain do not often arrive in season, and the commandant has already more than once meditated recruiting bodies of the blacks as troops for supplying their deficiencies, and meeting the emergencies which increase daily. Let them once be compelled to put that design into execution, and they not only stimulate all the patriots into renewed activity—arm many who have been hitherto inert—but drive from their ranks every loyalist who is a slaveholder. This is their peril—this shows their feebleness. Of this feebleness we propose to take advantage on the first specious showing of good fortune. For this purpose we desire, within the city, a friend who will promptly and truthfully convey intelligence—will ascertain our friends—inform us in regard to our resources—show where the defences are weakest, and keep us well advised of the plans, the strength, and the movements of the enemy. It is for you to determine whether you will act in this capacity—one noways inconsistent with your present feeling—

and former principles, and one, I may add, by no means inconsistent with a sound policy, which must see that the days of British rule are numbered on this continent."

What need to pursue, through its details, the protracted conference between the parties? Let it suffice that the terms vouchsafed by Greene, through Singleton, were acceded to by Williamson. In some degree, he had been already prepared for this re-transfer of his allegiance to his former faith. We must do him the justice, however, to add that he would greatly have preferred to have done his part, as heretofore, in the field of battle. But this was clearly impossible; and his own shrewd sense soon persuaded him of the truth and force of Singleton's reasoning. They separated, with an understanding that they were to meet again at designated periods, and a cipher was agreed upon between them. It was quite dark when Singleton, after a smart canter, found himself once more at "The Oaks." We forego the details of a brief interview with his scouting party, on the route, as not necessary to our progress, and designed only to instruct his followers in respect to theirs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOST. Here, boys, here! Shall we wag?

PAGE. Have with you: I had rather hear them scold than fight.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

In the brief and hurried meeting which had taken place between Singleton and his men, on his return from the interview with Williamson, he had given them such instructions as caused their general movement. Their camps, on both sides of the Ashley, were broken up that very night; and, lighted by a friendly moon—having so arranged as to give a wide berth to "The Oaks," as well as Dorchester—they were scouring away by midnight, through well-known forest paths, in the direction of "The Cypress," at the head of the Ashley, where lay another party of the band.

There was famous frolicking that night in the secure recesses of the swamp. Here they might laugh and sport without apprehension. Here they might send up the wild song of the hunter or the warrior, nor dread that the echoes would reach unfriendly ears. Well might our fearless partisans give loose to their livelier impulses, and recompense themselves for the restraints of the past in a cheerful hilarity and play. There was a day of respite accorded to their toils, and their fires were gayly lighted, and their venison steaks smoked and steamed upon the burning coals, and their horns were converted into drinking cups; and the dance enlivened their revels, under the great oaks and cypresses, towering over the islet hummocks of the deep morass.

"Shall all be toil and strife, and care and anxiety,

my comrades?" was the cry of Porgy, as they surrounded the fires when supper was concluded, and listened to the oracular givings forth of that native epicurean. "We, who ride by midnight and fight by day, who scout and scour the woods at all hours and seasons, for whom there is no pay and as little promotion, shall we not laugh and dance, and shout and sing, when occasion offers, and leave the devil, as in duty bound, to play the piper? Hear our arrangements for the night. Give ear, boys, and hearken to the duties assigned you. Half a dozen of you must take the dogs and gather up a few coons and possums. We must take care of the morrow, in spite of the apostle. Who volunteers for the coon hunt?"

"If the lieutenant will go himself, I'm one to volunteer," said Ben Mosely.

"Out upon thee, you young varmint! Do you mean me? With such a person as mine—a figure made for state occasions and great ceremonials only! Do you mean *me*?"

"To be sure I do," was the reply.

"Why, this is flat treason! It's a design against my life, as well as my dignity. I hunt coons! I splash and plunge among those hammocks, bestraddle fallen cypresses, rope myself with vines, burrow in bogs, and bruise nose and shin, against snags and branches! Come closer, my son, that I may knock thee upon the head with this lightwood knot."

"Thank you for nothing, lieutenant. I'm well enough at this distance," said Ben, coolly.

"No—no, my children; the employment should always suit the party. You are young and slight. You will pass through avenues where I should stick, and leap bayous through which I should have to flounder: my better plan is presiding at your feasts, and giving dignity to your frolics. Call up your dogs, Ben—you, Stokes, Higgins, Joe Miller, Charley Droze, and Ike Waring—and put out without more delay. I know that you can get us more coons than any others of the squad; and I know that you like the sport. Be about it. We shall console ourselves during your absence, as well as we can, with dance and song, with a few games of old sledge, and with an occasional draught from the jug of Jamaica, in honor of your achievements."

Some playful remonstrances from the party thus chosen were urged against the arrangement, and no doubt one or more of them would have preferred infinitely to remain behind; but they were all young, and the supper and the rest of an hour, which they had enjoyed, had put them in the humor which makes men readily submissive to a superior, particularly when the labor takes something of the aspect of a frolic.

"But you will let us have a sup of the Jamaica, Uncle Porgy, before we set out?"

"Yes, yes. You are good children; and perhaps your only deficiency is in the matter of spirit. You shall embrace the jug."

"A sup all round," was the cry from some one in the background.

"What impudent fellow is that, yelping out from the darkness made by his own face? Let him come forward and get his deserts."

"If that's what you mean, uncle," said the speaker, coming forward, "I shall have the jug to myself."

"What! you, Pritchard!—the handle only, you dog! Why should you have a right to any?"

"The best right in the world. And now let me ask, Lieutenant Porgy, where this old Jamaica, for it is old Jamaica, came from?"

"Truly, I should like to have that question answered myself. It is *old* Jamaica, I avouch—very old Jamaica. We had not a drop when we went down to 'The Oaks,' and the gallon jug that Singleton sent out to us was soon emptied, dose it out as cautiously as we could. Where, then, did this come from?"

"It's a devil's gift, I reckon," said another, "since no one can tell anything about it."

"A devil's gift!—as if the devil gave good things at any time! But if a devil's gift, my children, for which of our many virtues has he bestowed this upon us?"

"And I say," cried Pritchard, "that it is an angel's gift, if I know anything about it. And I ought to know, since it was I who brought it here."

"Excellent young man!" cried Porgy.

"Say excellent young woman, too," was the response of Pritchard, "since, I reckon, you owe that jug to Miss Walton."

"The deuce we do! And here have I been loitering and hanging over the jug, and arguing about its origin and all that sort of nonsense, without knowing by instinct whose health was to be first honored. Give me the cup here, one of you. Let me unseal. Kate Walton, boys, is a noble creature, and whom we must treat with becoming reverence. I knew her when she was a child, and even then she was a calm, prim, thoughtful, but fond and generous little creature. God bless her! Boys, here's man's blessing upon woman's love!"

"Three times three!" was the cry, as the cup went round.

"We are mere blackguards now, boys. Nobody that sees us in these rags, begrimed with smoke, could ever suppose that we had been gentlemen; but, losing place and property, boys, we need not, and we do not, lose the sense of what we have known, or the sentiment which still makes us honor the beautiful and the good."

"Hem! After supper, lieutenant, I perceive that you are always sentimental," was the remark of Pritchard.

"And properly so. The beast is then pacified. There is then no conflict between the animal and the god. Thought is then supreme, and summons all the nobler agencies to her communion. But have ye drunk, ye hunters? Then put out. You have scarce two hours to daylight; and if you hope to take coon or 'possum, you must be stirring. Call up your dogs."

"Hee-up! hee-up! Snap!—Teazer!—Bull!"

The dogs were instantly stirring, shaking themselves free from sleep, their eyes turned up to the hunters, and their long noses thrust out, while they stretched themselves at the summons of the horn.

"Here, dogs! Hee-up! hee-up! hee-up! Away, boys! Hee-up!—hee-up, Snap! Teazer, there! Bull!"

And, with the cheering signals, the hunters gathered up their torches, some taking an axe, and others a bundle of lightwood (resinous pine), beneath the arm. Waving their lights across the darkness, they were soon away, the glimmer of the torches showing more and more faintly at every moment through the thick woods of the swamp. The dogs well knew the duties required of them, and they trotted off in silence, slow coursing with their noses to the earth.

This interruption lasted but a moment; and, while some of the party remaining in the camp were stretched about the fire, drowsing or talking, others drew forth from sainted wallets their well-thumbed packs of cards. A crazy violin began to moan in spasms from the end of a fallen tree on the edge of the hammock, against the decaying but erect branches of which the musician leaned, while his legs crossed the trunk; and other preparations were made for still other modes of passing the rest of the night, but few being disposed to give any heed to sleep. For that matter, there was little need of sleep to the greater number. They had slept, the scouts excepted, through the greater part of the day preceding, while in the woods near "The Oaks," and while waiting on the movements of Singleton during his conference with Williamson near Izard's camp. They were mostly bright, therefore, for the contemplated revels, of whatever sort. A wild dance, rather more Indian than civilized, exercised the fiddle of the younger man of the group, which ended finally in a glorious struggle to draw each other into the fire, around which they circled in the most bewildering mazes. Such figures Taglioni never dreamed of. Little heeding these rioters, Porgy had his circle busy in a rubber of whist; while yet another group was deeply buried in the mysteries of "seven-up," "old sledge," or, to speak more to the *card*, "all fours." We need not follow the progress of the gamblers, who, in the army, are usually inveterate. Enough that much *Continental* money, at its most exaggerated value, changed hands in the course of an hour's play; fortune having proved adverse to the philosopher, Porgy, leaving him minus fifteen hundred dollars—a sum which, according to the then state of the currency, would not have sufficed to buy for the winner a stout pair of negro shoes.

"Curse and quit!" cried the corpulent lieutenant. "There's no luck for a fat man after supper. And now tell us, Pritchard, how you got possession of that jug of Jamaica. We will try its flavor again while you tell your story. One better appreciates the taste of his liquor a full hour after supper, than

just when he has finished eating. The palate then has no prejudices."

The party replenished their horns, after the Scandinavian fashion, and Pritchard replied—

"You must know that when the colonel and Miss Walton came out to meet her father that night when we gave Balfour's regulars such a scare and tramp, they went forward beyond the rice-stacks, leaving me, Tom Leonard, and somebody else—Bill Mitchell, I think it was, though I can't say"—

"No matter who—go ahead."

"Well, three of us were left in the little wood of scrubby oaks between the stacks and the dwelling, as a sort of watch. Who should come along, a little after the colonel and the lady had passed, but Cesar, the negro? Him we captured, and he made terms with us immediately, giving up his prog; and his hands were full—this jug of Jamaica, a small cheese, and a bag of smoked tongues."

"Smoked tongue and cheese! And you mean to say, Sergeant Pritchard, that you have suffered these most important medicines to be lost? Smoked tongues and cheese! What have you done with them? I have seen none of them."

"I knew better than that, lieutenant. We hadn't well got possession of the negro and the provisions, before the cursed bugle sounded. The negro dodged; Tom Leonard took the back track to give the alarm; and where Bill Mitchell went—if 'twas he—there's no telling; but the jug, the bag, and the cheese lay at my feet. Was I to lose them—to leave them?"

"It would have been cowardice—nay, treason—had you done so, Sergeant Pritchard."

"I knew *that*, lieutenant; and, gathering up the good things, I pushed out for the great bay lying west of the mansion, and had just time to hide myself and the jug!"

"The tongue and cheese? The tongue, the—"

"Oh, I hid them, too; and there they lay safely, in the hollow of a cypress, while I made my way, after the red coats had passed, back to the camp. We took the circuit by the bay, when we pushed for the cypress, and I then picked them up and brought them off. I have them all here in safety."

"It is well that you have! Yet did you trifle terribly with the safety of these valuable stores. Two days and nights hidden in a cypress hole, and not a word said about them!"

"I knew that we had plenty of venison."

"But they might have been found by the enemy, Sergeant Pritchard. They might have gladdened the hearts of the Philistines!"

"I hid them too well for that."

"They might have been eaten up by the wood-rats!"

"I thrust them up the hollow, and put a crotchstick up to sustain them."

"It is well that you took these precautions. Had they been lost, Pritchard, I would have brought you to the halberds. Good things, so necessary to our commissariat and medicine-chest, are not to be

periled idly; and when they are the gift of beauty, the trust becomes more sacred still. You may thank your stars, Pritchard, that the flavor of this Jamaica is so excellent!"—smacking his lips after the draught—"I feel that I must forgive you."

"I should like a little sugar with mine," said one of the young fellows, stretching out his horn.

"Sugar!" exclaimed Porgy. "What sacrilege! Young man, where did you receive your education? Would you spoil a cordial of such purity as this with any wretched saccharine infusion? Sugar, sir, for *bad* rum, not for good! Take it as it is; drink it, however unworthy of it, but do not defile it. For such an offence against proper taste as this, were justice done, a fellow should have a baker's dozen on his bare back."

The youth was glad to receive the potion assigned him, and to swallow it, at a gulp, unsweetened.

"And now, boys!"—they had now ceased dancing and playing, and had gathered around our epicurean—"and now, boys, it lacks a good hour to the morning," said Porgy, taking out a huge silver watch, almost as large and round as a Dutch turnip, and holding it up to the fire light. "There are no eyes present quite ripe for sleep. I am for a story or a song. Where's our poet?—where's Dennison? He has not had a sup of the creature. He must drink, and give us something. I know that, for the last three days, he has been hammering at his verses. Where is he? Bring him forward!"

The poet of the camp uncoiled from the ragged camlet under which he had been musing rather than drowsing—a slender youth of twenty-five, with long and massive hair, black and disordered, that rolled down upon his shoulders; and a merry dark eye that seemed to indicate the exuberance of animal life rather than thought or contemplation. He drank, though without seeming to desire the beverage, and was then assailed by Porgy for his song or story.

"You've been scribbling, I know, in your eternal book. Let's see what you've done."

The poet knew too well the party with whom he had to deal, and he indulged in no unnecessary affectation. He had become quite too well accustomed to the requisitions of the camp not to understand that, in moments like the present, each member had to make his contribution to the common stock of enjoyment. The hour had properly come for his. The animal excitement of the company had pretty well worked off, and the moods of nearly all—the physical man being somewhat exhausted—were prepared for more intellectual enjoyment. He professed his readiness, and the partisans flocked to get proper places near the fire. They crowded close about the poet, some seated, others kneeling, and others in the background, who wished to see as well as hear, stretching themselves over the heads and shoulders of those more fortunate in having found places within the circle. Meanwhile, new lightwood brands were thrown upon the fire, and the flames blazed up gloriously, in singular contrast

with the gloomy, but grotesque shadows of the surrounding forest. And thus, with an audience admirably disposed to be appreciative, noways eager to be critical, and by no means persuaded that fault-finding is one of the most essential proofs of judgment, the poet of the partisans spun his yarn, in a rude, wild measure, well adapted to his audience and the times. He gave them a mournful and exciting ballad, recounting one of the frequent events of the war, within their own experience—the murder of one of their most youthful comrades, while on his way to see his mistress, a beautiful girl of Black Mingo, who went by the name of the "Beauty of Britton's Neck." Her name was Britton, and that of her lover M'Crea. As the ballad of our poet does not appear to have been preserved, we shall give the story in prose. M'Crea left the camp, with Marion's permission. It was remembered, afterwards, that Marion, on granting leave to the young ensign, who was barely of age, said to him with a grave smile, "Be on the look-out, Lachlin, for it is one danger to the youth who goes frequently to see his mistress, that he teaches the way to others." M'Crea, perhaps, forgot the advice. He fell into an ambush prepared for him by one Martin, who was also the lover of the damsel, and who had discovered the route usually pursued by M'Crea. Martin was the leader of a small band of Tories. He brought them together with great secrecy, and succeeded in capturing his rival, whom he finally slew in cold blood. Then, riding to the house of Mrs. Britton, he rudely thrust his trophies before the damsel—the sword, cap, and pistols of her lover, which were all well known to her. The scarf which she had wrought for him with her own hands, still moist with his blood, was also spread before her; and, overawed by the threats of the desperado, the mother of the girl not only consented that he should have her, but proceeded to insist upon her daughter's immediate acceptance of the hand which had been so freshly stained with the blood of her betrothed. Mary Britton seemed to consent; but, watching her opportunity, she contrived to steal away from sight, to select and saddle one of the best horses in the stable, and to ride away to the camp of Marion, but a few miles off, without awakening the apprehensions of the Tories. The partisans were soon and suddenly brought down upon Martin's gang, who were surprised and made captive to a man—Martin himself having but a few moments for prayer, and suffering death upon the spot where M'Crea's body had been found. Such was the ballad of our forest poet, which was of a sort to satisfy the critical requisitions of most of his companions—Lieutenant Porgy alone, perhaps, excepted. Not that he refused to receive pleasure from the narrative. He was not unwilling to admit that his sensibilities were touched quite as keenly as any of the rest; but his tastes kept pace with his sensibilities; and, while his comrades were breathing sentiments of indignation against the Tories, he contented himself with showing that the poet was not perfect.

"I was one, the Lord be praised," exclaimed Pritchard, "at the stringing up of that vile beast, Martin. He died like a coward, though he lived like a tiger."

"Pretty much the case always. I've seldom known a man who hadn't *heart*, who had courage. I suppose, Dennison, you're as near the truth in that story as you could be. You have all the facts, and yet you are not truthful."

"How so, lieutenant?" inquired the poet with an air of pique.

"You lack simplicity. You have too many big words, and big figures. Now, the essence of the ballad is simplicity. This is particularly necessary in a performance where the utmost fullness and particularity of detail are insisted upon. Here, you do not generalize. You compass the end aimed at by elaborate touches. The effect is reached in a dramatic way; and you are called upon to detail the particular look, the attitudes, and, as closely as possible, the very words of the speaker."

"Would you have had me introduce all the oaths of the outlaw?" demanded Dennison.

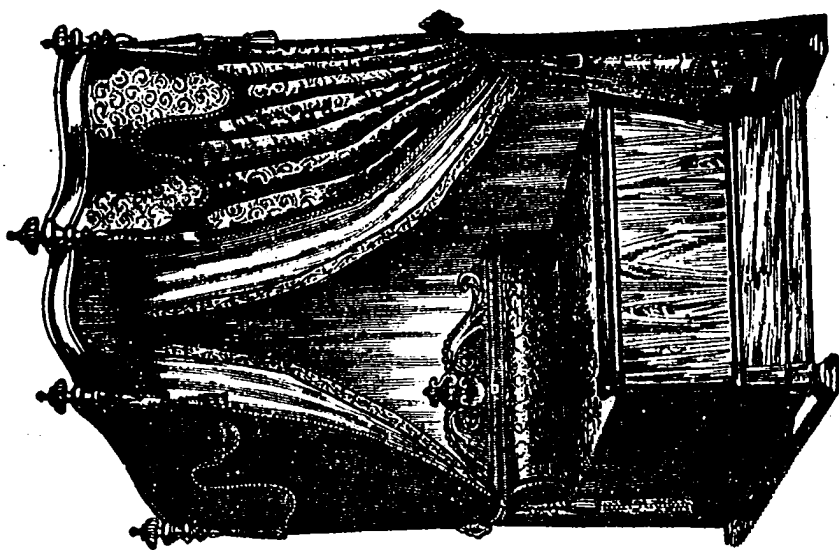
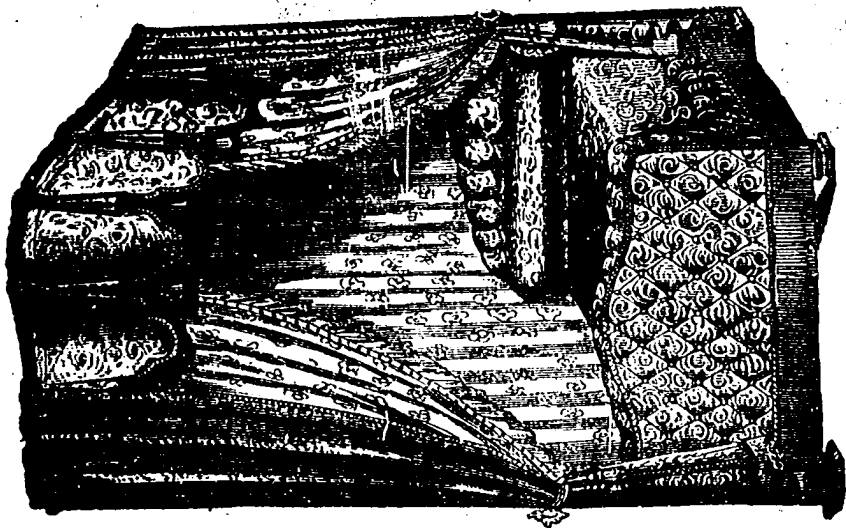
"No; but some of them are essential—enough to show him truthfully, and no more. What I mean to require throughout the ballad is that sort of detail which you have given us where you make the old lady take Mary Britton to the kitchen, to argue with her in favor of marrying Martin. When you make the poor girl say, 'You too against me, mother?' you reach the perfection of ballad writing. Had the whole story been written in this style, Dennison, I should have asked a copy at your hands, and should have preserved it in my wallet through the campaign."

"Along with his smoked venison and mouldy cheese," *sotto voce*, said the disappointed Dennison to one of his companions, as he turned away. A capacious yawn of Lieutenant Porgy was the fit finish of a criticism, of which we have given but a small specimen; and the party, following his example, dispersed to their several covers, seeking that sleep for which the poem and the critique had somewhat prepared them, just as the faintest streaks of morning were beginning to show themselves through the tops of the cypresses. With daylight the coon-hunters came in, bringing with them sundry trophies of their success; and were soon after followed by another party who had just left Colonel Walton. Among these was Walter Griffin, a person of no small importance in the eyes of young Lance Frampton. The reason of this interest we shall see hereafter. Lance had been on the *qui vive* for some time, and met Griffin on his return, on the outskirts of the camp.

"And how is all, sir?" was his rather hesitating question.

"All well, Lance, and Ellen sends you these."

He took from his bosom, as he spoke, a pair of coarse cotton stockings, knit recently, and handed them to the young man with a good-natured smile. The latter received them with a blush, and hurriedly



thrust them into his own bosom. It was a curious gift from a maiden to her lover, but not less precious as a gift because of its homeliness. Let us leave the cypress camp to its repose for the next

three hours. At noon, its inmates were all in motion, scouring fleetly across the country in a northerly direction.

(To be continued.)

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THE FLOWER GIRL.

Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by J. L. Pease.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

(See Plate.)

It is to be regretted that, as a people, we are so little distinguished for the love and culture of flowers. In the open country, where every opportunity is afforded for rearing them successfully, we find few but the coarser ornaments of the garden and the field. And although in the city the neat bouquets upon the market stalls, and the pots of green-house plants upon the sidewalks, indicate a growing taste among all classes, the pretty flower girls of Paris would find it a hard matter to keep themselves in spruce muslin aprons, and the graceful *nœuds* of ribbon with which their shining tresses are adorned. There is not a prettier sight in the world than these bright young creatures, with their tasteful bouquets arranged in a light basket, that is an ornament rather than a burden, stepping briskly over the rough *trottoirs* without soiling their coquetish boots, or splashing the immaculate white of the aprons before alluded

to. They have a glance and a smile for every passer by, and a rose will be added for a trifling consideration. Many young girls thus find a regular employment; but in our country the mission of flower girls is confined to a dull fancy party, where wreaths of artificial flowers adorn the would-be *fleur de Marie*, who smiles unmeaningly, and thinks she has performed her part to perfection by "poking" her paper commodities now and then into the face of her partner in the dance. By the way, the plate, to which we beg most respectfully to refer our fair readers, would answer most admirably as a costume, and, with a graceful, coquetish manner, might be made very effective. We commend it to the consideration of our young friends, who will doubtless thank us for the hint when the season for *bals costumes* shall again return.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. THEODORE MYERS.

THE sun was in his meridian height, and shone as brilliantly as ever sun shone in the middle of October; but, although he poured his bright beams so invitingly down on the streets of the good old borough of Miffelstein, they were entirely deserted—not a creature was to be seen. It seemed as though all the inhabitants were dead; and the sunburst young traveler, who strode stoutly up the steep ascent which formed the principal street, looked around astonished, hoping, as he glanced from window to window, to espy the face of some friendly maiden who would extend to him the greeting of an old acquaintance. But in vain—curiosity seemed to have taken her flight from Miffelstein. Shaking his head, and smiling at this unexpected desertion, he held on his way, with the confidence of one who was no stranger, towards the market-place, where the principal hotel stood, and held its portals most invitingly open. With the air of an old acquaintance, the traveler ascended the steps on the left hand of the gateway, turned at once to the coffee-room, and suddenly threw open the door. An old gray-headed servant, who sat reading at a sideboard, raised his eyes at his entrance, and welcomed him with a slight nod; but, without troubling himself further, resumed his reading, and left his guest to entertain himself as he best might in the deserted and silent room.

"Heaven's greeting to thee, old man!" said the stranger, in a tone of cordiality. "Have the goodness to take the trouble of moving from your seat: I am neither a tailor nor glove-maker, but am truly, in body and soul, the runaway Alexis; and I have come back to the old house once more, and wish, for a time, to fix myself comfortably here."

With an exclamation of surprise—"Can it, indeed, be possible!"—the old man, throwing his book to the further end of the room, started from his chair, and, seizing both hands of the unexpected stranger, shook them warmly.

"That will do, good old soul," said the youth. "But tell me, in all possible haste, what has been going on here? Has the Turk or the plague made you a visit? And the noble Miffelsteiners, are they all dead, or only taking a general siesta?"

The old man now informed him that the great harvest festival was being celebrated within half a league of the town; and that everybody, with the exception of the invalids and sentinels of the prison, had gone. And he added—"The master is only waiting until mademoiselle has finished her toilet;

but, in a quarter of an hour, both will be ready to follow the multitude who went in the morning."

"Ah, true," answered Alexis, striking his brow; "I had forgotten. My native land, with her vintage-gathering and harvest festivals, has become strange to me, and myself not less so to it. Meanwhile, to drive away the time until my worshipful uncle and my fair cousin make their appearance, old friend, bring me some simple refreshment. I am both hungry and thirsty."

"Whatever the pantry or the cellar contains is at your service," said the old retainer. "But we have been on short allowance to-day; we have had no strangers at the table. There is not much besides some slices of cold beef; and, if you like it, the leek soup on which we dined was not all eaten, and can easily be warmed."

"Leek soup!" repeated Alexis, laughing; "I thank you; cold beef's good. But don't forget the cellar."

"Certainly not," answered the old man. "What will you have—a glass of sack or a pitcher of ale?"

Alexis burst out laughing.

"What!" said he, "sack for a Miffelsteiner?—sack? Bring me anything you please, old comrade; only be in a hurry."

While the servant went to fulfil the desires of the hungry traveler, he had time to look around the spacious apartment, in which there remained not a single piece of furniture which could remind him of old times and the happy days of his childhood. The once comfortable room wore now a rather grotesque appearance. A clumsy oaken table and leather-cushioned chairs stood in the middle of the room; an old-fashioned sideboard, covered with carving and much worn, filled up one corner. The tapestry exhibited to the gazer's eye scenes of barren hills, melancholy-looking castles, Gothic castles, enlivened here and there by groups of figures dressed in the garb of Scottish peasants or Highland chiefs. The window curtains, made of bright-colored, plaided stuff, looked not more modern than the sideboard, and almost hid the high and narrow glass that ran between the windows from the ceiling to the floor. "Where have I got to?" said Alexis, mockingly, to himself; and repeated the question when the old butler entered, who, with much ceremony and the gravest mien in the world, placed a salver containing the desired viands before the astonished youth.

"Your highness must be contented with the best we have," he said; "the beef is as tender as if it

had been under the saddle; and you will find the sack, or rather claret, exquisite. You should have had the leek soup also, but the cook, who is kept at home by a bad cold, could not spare time from her reading to warm it. But, if your excellency wishes it, I will entertain you with a tune on the bagpipe."

Alexis stared at the speaker, wondering which of the two had lost his senses. But, as he saw the old man make a movement towards his discordant instrument, his power of speech returned.

"In the name of all the saints, old fellow, stay. Come here, and tell me if you have lost your senses. Your highness! claret! a cook that cannot have her reading disturbed! bagpipe! Man, Tobias, tell me what has come over you."

"Ah, Master Alexis," said the old man, at once changing his stiff, formal bearing to his own simple and natural manner, "if I must tell the truth, I do not know myself what is the matter with me. But I beg of you, as you value your uncle's favor, never to call me Tobias in his presence. It is now going on to three years since I have been named Caleb. My master and his English lodger would have it so. Yes, the old house and the old servants had their names changed, too, on that day. You do not know how it troubled me—the one as much as the other; but then I am only a servant, and what is pleasing to the rest of the household, I dare not object to."

At the close of this speech, Alexis had sprung from his chair, and, hastily throwing up the rush, was leaning out of the window gazing up and down the street.

"It is true," he exclaimed, turning back to the re-named Caleb; "it is positively true—the honorable old star no longer hangs above the portal. What is the new name by which your house is known?"

"It is now called 'Wunderbar,'" answered the old servant; "and it is well named, for it is truly a marvel how things have been carried on since then, so strange and so foolish. Strangers have crowded here in the summer time in shoals, and from England especially. They could not be sober and decent, but were engaged all the time in mad pranks, or else mocking and jesting in a way that was wonderful to my old eyes. They gaped at me, poor old Caleb, as if I had been a sight, both in my face and behind my back, on all occasions; but then, after breaking my head, they gave me plenty of drink money by way of a plaster. This I could bear on account of the drink money; but then the neighbors laughed as loudly at the master, and the house, and myself, and Susan—who is now called Janet—for nothing. No drink money came from them; and, indeed, it has given me, an old man, great trouble. But what can I do, Master Alexis? My master is very hasty, and I am sixty years old. If he should turn me away, who will give to the sixty years old Tobias—ah, Caleb, I should say—his daily bread?"

"I, old man!" exclaimed Alexis, with a burst of honest feeling; "I, Tobias. You have many a time

carried me in your arms, many a time borne with my frowardness, and concealed my boyish misdemanners; and was always kinder to me than my lordly uncle, who often forgot that my father was his only brother, and my too early lost mother the sister of his wife. Should you ever have need, come at once to me; I will share my last crust with you. But now, honest old grayhead, tell me further; I do not yet half understand you."

Tobias glanced heedfully to the door, and, having convinced himself no listener lurked behind it, he continued, in a smothered tone:—

"It is now a little more than three years since our mistress, your good aunt, died; and everything has gone wrong with us since. The master was troubled, and did not look after his affairs as he was used to do; and, leaving the housekeeping to take care of itself, everything went to sixes and sevens: so, at last, if we had on every week day one guest, and on Sunday four, or may be one, we were glad. Every week a thick packet of books came from the capital; and our master never showed himself until he had read them through; then mademoiselle, and then most commonly the master again. He ate not, he drank not—he read. And so, as you may suppose, though he became more learned, he did not grow any richer. But, happily, when things came to the very worst, there was one came here—his guardian angel, it might be, but his outward appearance was that of a plain, square-built man—and wrote his name (in the strangers' book, as they call it) as coming from England. It was he who advised my master, and had the name of the house, court, and household changed, and, it is generally believed, gave my master the money necessary for the new arrangement. It was doubted for some time whether both he and my master had not lost their senses; but, if they had not, they did not the less fail to turn us servants into a set of jack-puddings. Our clothing from henceforth was to be made and worn like those of the figures in the tapestry—the Highland dress, they called it. But we only wore our new dress one day, when the boys from the street had nearly stormed the house; and"—the old man lowered his voice—"the auntmann called and told our master that, though he might make as great a fool of himself as he pleased, he must clothe his servants as became orderly and Christian people. And so right glad were we to be able to slip about again in our jerkins and stockings. The Englishman, who came again the next summer, and brought a large company with him, had a very free tongue, and blustered and jeered at us all, saying that we, 'poor souls, here on the continent, were nothing but a set of poor miserable serfs, and he could not see why the master had not a right to dress us as he pleased.' But, at all events, that he dared not do. I, for my part, was heartily glad that the old auntmann had more power in Mittelstein than the Englishman. Serfs we were not, that I well knew. But I was obliged to learn to play on the bagpipe, and Janet to cook as they do in Scotland; and we,

all and every one of us, as they say in the little book, must read at least sixteen pages in these books of my master's every day. Janet took to it readily, and declared that the beautiful stories delighted her more than all the cooking she had ever done in all her life. As for me, though I read as much as I possibly can, I do not get any wiser; for I constantly forget to-day what I read yesterday."

The old man stepped back affrighted, for the door was opened suddenly, and a young, beautiful girl, habited in a rich dress, plaided and made in the Scottish fashion, stepped into the apartment.

"Amelia, darling cousin!" exclaimed Alexis, as he sprang forward to meet his fair kinswoman, "I give thee a thousand greetings; and though eighteen years, instead of nine, had separated us, I should anywhere have known those ingenuous blue eyes."

And so he went on, sometimes complimenting, sometimes in the affectionate and familiar manner which their near relation and early companionship warranted, until the maiden became really at a loss to know what he meant. Once a sparkle of joy beamed in her melancholy eye, and her fair features were overspread with a deep blush; but the momentary glow was lost at once with its kindling, in the cloud of sadness which lay on her brow. Alexis was not slow to mark the change, and inquired anxiously what had occurred since his departure, for he was well assured it must be something more than what Caleb had told him of, ridiculous as it was, that had thus affected her. But she did not answer. Alexis, really alarmed, became more pressing, and loudly implored her, by all the sacredness of their early and true friendship, to confide to her brother's heart the cause of her sorrow.

"Truly, cousin," said he, "I will not stir from this place until I know what it means. I am fairly bewildered with all I see. It is evident, since my departure, that this old house, with its furniture, master, and servants, is turned fairly upside down. But why has this unblessed change come over you? Have they altered *your* name as well as that of old Tobias? Tell me, has that barbarous Englishman forced you to swallow, day by day, the romantic trash of his countryman, as he has compelled this poor devil here to take Red Gauntlet in divided portions, as one does jalap powders? Tell me, Amelia, oldest, dearest, best loved friend, tell me all without reserve. I certainly did not expect to find you still in this house as Mademoiselle Wirtig. Your worth your beauty should long ago have induced some old Jason, loved and chosen, to have carried off this brightest of all gold fleeces from Colebis——"

"Spare me this, dear cousin," interrupted Amelia, with a glance at old Tobias, who stood listening at a distance.

Quickly recollecting himself, Alexis called out—

"You may withdraw, Tobias; I will call you when wanted."

Tobias obeyed. Alexis drew nearer to his cousin, in whose eyes tears had gathered and stood

ready to overflow. With a ,vaggish smile, he said—

"We are now alone, Amelia; and your acuteness has not failed to discover that I was not particularly happy in my poetical illustration. I never was good at understanding poetry. But, to atone for my blunder, I will hereafter confine myself to plain prose, and promise you, in whatever may happen, protection, counsel, and assistance, as far as you may need, or the most faithful ally can bestow. It is true, I left this house clandestinely, because my uncle would force me to be a merchant, when my hand longed more for the compass and surveyor's chain than the yardstick, and my head was full of the propositions of Euclid and the fame of Vitruvius; but I am not the only graceless fugitive who finds preferment in his calling. So fear not; conceal nothing from me. It is now nearly three years since William wrote me that he hoped soon to carry you to his home as a bride; and now I see he told me falsely—now I find you, instead of being crowned a household goddess, faded by sorrow."

"The assessor wrote not falsely," said Amelia, with some warmth; "at that time he cherished strong hopes. I was favorable to his suit, and my father pleased. But the decree of fate has torn us asunder. The author of *Waverley* is the angry genius who has separated us and made us unhappy."

"Pshaw!" cried Alexis, starting up impatiently.

But Amelia proceeded, and, raising her eyes with enthusiasm—

"Who can tell, dear Alexis, how or where the thread is spun on which the fate of our being hangs?"

"Why, by my faith," returned the young man, gayly, "it is not hard to perceive that somewhat of this comes out in the study of Abbotsford. You may tell this in a Bohemian village.* Our neighbors there, over the great canal, have often troubled us Dutch in our domestic affairs; but I did not know, until this time, that the consent of the greatest writer of his day was necessary, when a young Miffelstein maiden was to marry an honest Miffelstein assessor."

Amelia shrugged her shoulders in disapprobation, and answered, slowly—

"Your levity, Alexis, can afford itself amusement at the expense of my sorrow. It is well for you, but sport it no further. I yield myself to the decree of fate."

"My dear, good cousin," returned Alexis, seriously, "you have read those bewitching romances, forgetful that they are not reality, until you have permitted your mind to be too powerfully operated upon. The benevolent author of *Waverley* would be too"—

Tobias cut short the sentence he would have spoken. With a great flourish, he threw open the door and announced the approach of his master, who, a few moments after, made his appearance.

* A proverb.

Alexis could not conceal his surprise. His uncle looked old, and had assumed a peculiarly stiff manner, like to that of Caleb; but, on this day, the formal gravity of his bearing was much increased by the antiquated style of his dress. A cloud of dreamy thoughtfulness lay heavy on his brow; but the lively dark eyes beneath contradicted, most forcibly, the genuineness of his gravity. But the dark, sad expression had become stereotyped, and served as a relief to the solemn doings and sayings of its wearer.

Master Wirtig welcomed his nephew gravely, but kindly; spoke not one reproachful word for his clandestine departure; congratulated him on his return to Vaterland; and inquired what was his present occupation and prospects.

"I am an architect—a mechanic," answered Alexis. "My industry procured me favor and patrons. I have been instructed in my trade in the best workshops; and a journey through Italy, France, and England has perfected, as far as may be, my improvement."

"In England?" said Master Wirtig, looking much astonished. "Hast thou also been in Scotland?"

Alexis laughingly answered in the negative. His uncle shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously; but inquired further—

"What prospect hast thou at present?"

"The Prince Hector," he answered, "has appointed me to an honorable employment; I am to go to him in the spring. I wished to see you all again, and have come here to spend the autumn and winter, if you grant me an hospitable reception."

"Thou art heartily welcome," said Master Wirtig, shaking him by the hand; and he pompously added: "Hospitality is the duty of the noblest people. Stay with us as long as you please. By our lady of Embrun, we will be greatly pleased to have you in the spring, too, as I then think of having my whole house remodeled. You find much here on a footing different from what it was when you left. Say, is it not so? Come, march on; the 'great unknown' shall live; he has made my fortune. I will tell you how on our way to the harvest festival. March on, in the name of all the gods; the noble wizard shall live!"

The relation given by the uncle to Alexis, on their way to the village, near which the harvest festival was being celebrated, coincided essentially with what he had already heard from Caleb, only greatly exceeding it in its ridiculous extravagance. All the mysticism that ever was known, put together, had never obtained so complete an ascendancy over the human heart as Wirtig had allowed to the bewitching legends of the Wizard of the North. The cheerful, useful burgher had tried, by turns, to assume the sour bearing of a stiff Presbyterian—the good-humored, attentive landlord—the caustic and eccentric severities of an antiquated twaddler; and those beautiful and romantic fictions, intended only as recreation in an ideal world for minds when fatigued in the real, formed for him a universal com-

pendium of knowledge. The happy speculation which, when his fortunes were at the lowest, had been devised for him by the eccentric Englishman, though based on such a ridiculous foundation, had saved him from ruin, both as to his mind and outward circumstances. At the time when he lost his excellent wife, and his mind was perplexed and deeply troubled, these absorbing and bewitching creations of genius fell successively into his hands, and, giving himself up to their perusal, his diseased imagination fashioned itself by turns to the character last studied. His neighbors believed he had lost his senses, and his customers left him—ruin stared him in the face. The arrival of his English friend and his noisy companions disturbed his romantic dream, and, bringing prosperity, it also brought more light and cheerfulness into his clouded mind, and awakened, besides, the most unlimited gratitude to the author of *Waverley*. His likeness hung in the most conspicuous place in the large dining-hall, wherein, with joyful festivity, his birthday was annually celebrated, his health was drunken times innumerable, and his sayings as constantly repeated.

But, although the cloud was withdrawn from his mind, the force of the enchantment still remained. Not less powerfully, though in a different manner, did these brilliant imaginations of the worthy baronet, which had fashioned for him a world so singularly bright and lovely in the days of his deep depression, detain him in his fetters, now that prosperity had taken their place. An encroachment on this enchanted domain was resented and punished most painfully by its possessor. The assessor Elben, a clever young man, and the intended son-in-law of the worthy host of "*Wunderbar*," had ventured to do battle with some of those notions, and had now fairly drawn into the field to contend its possession with the conqueror from the Tweed. Father Wirtig had hastily taken sides. From argument proceeded sarcasm, from sarcasm discord, and lastly, by a solemn sentence of banishment, the unhappy lover was expelled from the Wirtig clan. There was no contesting this; and bitterly did he regret his campaign against the Scottish vanquisher. His lady-love was torn from him, and "*Wunderbar*" threatened him with all its terrors. He was disconsolate.

In vain the amtmann advised him to let "the old fool take his own course, and to think no more of the 'pale-faced, weeping Amy,' as the blockhead now calls his daughter." In vain the crafty parent drew him into the company of his own rosy-cheeked damsels, and insinuated that a fine young fellow like Elben was worthy of a better match than Mademoiselle Wirtig. The troubled swain heard not a word of the harangue, understood no hints, and would much rather have made overtures of peace to his exasperated enemy, and the more especially that, as the months flew rapidly by, he feared that some one from among the English guests that flocked there in the summer might carry off his lovely Mifflensteine to his own happy island. He endeavored to con-

ciliate the stubborn partisan of the Great Unknown through his daughter, whose affections were still unchanged, and through their mutual friends, but in vain. At last, the old host, wearied out with their importunities, was heard at the last harvest festival to declare that he would forgive and try to forget the great offence of Assessor Elben, and once more give his consent to his marriage with Amy, if he, in expiation of his fault, would himself write a romance in the very spirit of the calumniated author of *Waverley*, and present it to the father of his bride as a peace-offering.

Poor Elben shrunk from such a condition as he would from death; but does not Love conquer all obstacles and laugh at locksmiths? Did he not once make a good painter out of a good blacksmith, besides constantly inspiring poets? The terms were hard; but Elben did not entirely despair of success. He intrenched himself behind a pile of the *Waverley* novels; he read and read, wrote and wrote, struck out and tore up. A thousand times he retreated in ill humor from his arduous task, a thousand times returned to it with renewed patience. Yet the genius still flew from him. He was too honorable to let another write the desired work for him, and so deceive his cruel father-in-law; and still there seemed no probability that he himself would ever be able to fulfil the heavy condition. For a whole year he had thus tormented himself, and all he had gained was—nothing. The stipulated time of truce would expire on the next Sylvester's day. The romantic scheme he had undertaken had paled his own cheeks, and disappointed hope faded the rose on Amelia's; and the un pitying world of Miffelstein, though it sympathized with the poor maiden, and boldly endeavored to bring the old man to reason, laughed not the less outright at the troubled assessor.

These details were not obtained by Alexis either from his uncle or from his cousin. The first assumed a menacing look at any accidental naming of the assessor's defiance of the sturdy laird of the Highlands, and he dared not speak of him to the latter in her father's presence. From Elben himself, who, lonely and indifferent, glided like a ghost among the revelers, and no less surprised than pleased to meet the companion of his boyhood, he had learned the history of his joys and his sorrows. Alexis pitied and laughed at him alternately.

"Poor William," he said, "your speech sounds sadly; and I do not see that I can help you out of your trouble. I am no poet, that, with one of the children of his brain, can bring you out of this scrape, nor yet one of those magnanimous robber chiefs from the Highlands who can entice your bride from her father's house, and conduct her to you with the tender melody of the bagpipe. My lowly understanding could only summon some god out of a machine, who might assist in healing so wide a breach. Listen to my counsel: give up this affair altogether."

Elben gazed at him reproachfully; then, in a contemptuous manner, he answered—

"Friend, thou understandest nothing about it."

"Possibly not," returned Alexis. "But only think of it—you a romance writer!"

Elben sighed. "It is true, Alexis," he said, "that, for hours at a time, I have remained seated among the ruins of the old castle yonder, waiting for the moment of inspiration; and, on many, many evenings, have stolen into the lowly beer shops, whose rude thresholds had never been pressed by the foot of an assessor, that I might see the behavior and hear the language of the rabble; but for what profit? I cannot comprehend it like these people; I cannot take hold of it like those of whom it is a trade."

"But further," said Alexis, "my good William, it makes you a laughing-stock to the whole town."

"All this, for Amelia's sake, I can cheerfully bear," rejoined Elben, hastily. "Nay, further, Alexis, I do not believe you have ever been in love, or you would know that, in such cases, a man must proceed boldly, in spite of cruel fathers and old women's babble. To see the beloved one every day! You know nothing about it. Do you believe I would be here in the midst of this foolish bustle, were it not to feast my eyes with the sight of the beloved one? Have I not stood here leaning against this tree for nearly an hour, suffering myself to be trodden nearly to death by the crowd as they hurried past to the dance, merely that I should not lose sight of her for one moment? And yet this dream must soon end. Sylvester's day is almost here; but not that abhorred romance. Amelia will then be dragged to the altar by some rich Suabian, or one of those riotous Englishmen; and then what remains for me but a pistol shot through the head? And, perhaps, by following this good old English custom, I may receive more honor than if I had written the romance."

"What good would that do you?" said Alexis, laughing. "You had a great deal better live like a good Dutchman, hoping and believing like the knight of Foggenburg."

"Who was he, then, this Foggenburg?" inquired Elben, eagerly.

But, just at that moment, two cannons thundered near them, a swarm of rockets and artificial fires were thrown up into the clear blue sky, and the women, screaming with real or pretended affright crowded at once into the very centre of the *Saturnalia*. The friends were hastily separated; and Alexis, carried along by the human stream, found at last a stopping place beside his uncle, who was holding his alarmed daughter in his arms, endeavoring to soothe her.

"Do not be frightened, dear Amy," said he, in a gentle tone; then turning to Alexis, "Nephew," he continued, very solemnly, "by'r Lady of Embrun that was a report! the greatest ever thundered by cannon. I doubt whether the steamboat made a greater explosion the other day, when it blew up and sent Prince Hector and all his court up into the air."

"Not quite so bad as that," Alexis laughing!

assured him. "Famo, as usual, has greatly exaggerated the affair. None were blown into the air, none wounded—all were saved. The boat on which the prince and his court embarked for a pleasure jaunt, to go by sea from the Residence to Stapel, has truly, by the unskillfulness of her engine builder, run aground. But the prince, assembling all on the deck, left the sinking vessel in good time; and I owe more of my present good fortune to the service I was enabled to render his highness in securing his safety by a swift sailing boat, than to all my knowledge as an architect."

The bystanders who, full of curiosity, had been listening with open mouths to this relation, bowed low to their honored fellow-burgher. Amelia lisped, in a soft tone—

"What happiness for thee, dear cousin, the consciousness of having saved so many lives, and among them one so distinguished!"

And his uncle, as he shook his hand most cordially, exclaimed—

"By our Lady of Embrun, nephew, you are the bravest fellow that ever guided a rudder! Give me the fireworks, Amy; light the match: for, to honor thee, Alexis, I will discharge my first round at the harvest festival."

The rockets flew, and, unhappily, alighted in the flank of a broad-shouldered man, who, in a brown overcoat and round hat, was elbowing his way lustily through the crowd. The corpulent gentleman, a stranger, defended himself with hand and foot against the fiery monster, and at last succeeded in extinguishing it with his broad heel. Brandishing a Spanish cane, which he held in his hand, with many significant gestures, and fulminating some heavy curses, he approached the spot where Wirtig was busy preparing for another round. Amelia bade her father remark the singular behavior of the stranger as he sailed towards them. But the old host answered, coolly, "Let him come on." It had been a custom, from time immemorial, to play such tricks as scorching strangers who might accidentally happen among them at their harvest festival, and it was not to be expected that they should make any exception to the rule in 1827. But, as the stranger drew nearer, and Master Wirtig could distinguish one rough and well-known English oath, he began rather to regret what he had done; and the more, when Caleb suddenly appeared and whispered in his ear. The stranger had arrived at "Wunderbar" half an hour ago, seemed to have ridden hard, and had been guided thither by the old butler himself. Greatly now did he regret having discharged his burning rocket at the stranger, who, coming from England, must naturally be an ally; and most humbly did he endeavor to excuse (as he termed it) his sad inadvertence. The anger of the stranger was at first too great to receive any overtures of peace, and sputtered out menaces in English, which Father Wirtig but imperfectly understood. But the characteristic anger, though violent, soon evaporated; and then, in a jargon

of mixed Dutch and English, he expressed his willingness to receive the offered apologies. He accosted Amelia politely, condescended to take a seat beside her, praised the landlord's wine, and made himself very agreeable.

Father Wirtig, forgetting his rockets, now devoted himself exclusively to the stranger, fixing his eyes upon him, from time to time, as though there was some mystery to be penetrated. Amelia, finding her father's attention entirely withdrawn from the noisy revelers, took this opportunity of exchanging sundry tender looks with Elben, who, leaning against the aforesaid tree, had once more become her *vis-à-vis*. Alexis, who had been seized upon by a group of his old schoolfellows, now extricated himself and approached towards the table; but scarcely had he reached it, when he espied the stranger. Starting back with surprise, he exclaimed—

"How! my noble sir, is it really yourself? You here?" and he extended his hand.

The Englishman, not less astonished, dropped the Cologne pipe which, renouncing the manners of a gentleman whilst among these smoking barbarians, he had been puffing beside his fair neighbor, sprang up without a word, and, seizing him by the button, fairly forced the questioner to accompany him some distance within the wood.

They were seen in the distance for some time, pacing to and fro, and, from the gesticulations of the stranger, the conversation might be deemed earnest and of no ordinary import. Alexis listened smilingly, and, at length recollecting himself, looked towards the spot where he had so unceremoniously left his uncle, and where he saw him still standing as if petrified. As he continued to look, he saw old Caleb approach the table to moisten his throat with a draught of new wine. His presence seemed to awake his master from a dream.

"Old man," said he, suddenly, "tell me how the noble gentleman traveled."

"On horseback, Master Wirtig," answered the gray-headed Caleb, putting himself into an attitude; "on a strong, brown horse. His excellency wore gaiters, and was dressed as I believe they do for a fox hunt. His Spanish cane was hung to his button; and, if you command it, Master Wirtig, I will describe to you, as well as my old head will permit me, the whole of his riding gear."

"Leave that," said the host, somewhat impatiently; "but tell me at once where he came from, and where he is going."

Tobias shrugged his shoulders significantly by way of answer.

"Did he not write his name in the stranger's book?"

"Yes, Master Wirtig, he did; but I had to beg him hard, and he swore all the time that he would not; but at last he did. And then he said that nobody should know his name except it might be my master, and he must not speak it, or else——"

"Glorious!" exclaimed Wirtig, springing up in an excess of joy, and embracing the old servant; "I

guessed it, I have it—now quickly tell me what is his name!"

Tobias smiled mysteriously.

"You shall read it yourself; and, master, you—*he*—yes, certainly he knows how I pressed him, and indeed I looked over his shoulder into the book; but——"

"And you saw the name; speak out, knave, what did it look like?"

"It looked to me much like an ink-blot——"

"By our Lady of Embrun and Saint Dunstan, you are the most provoking blockhead that ever wore a green apron. Tell me how many letters were in his name?"

Tobias scratched his head.

"Who can tell exactly?" he said; "I am not a good reader, and it looked like an ink-blot—but not over five, I will wager."

"Knave, you are stupid—I have it, I have it, the greatest of all prizes. Run, blockhead, run! Tell Janet to roast, boil, and bake; it shall be a great entertainment, a rare Scottish feast; the oaken table shall bend under the weight of the sack, ale, and whisky. Tell Quentin to put to the horses, and bring the calash for us. Rob, give my invitation to all the most respectable citizens. Charge Evelina on her soul not to stay too long after the goats, but go and help Janet in the kitchen. By Saint Dunstan's harp—but I had almost forgotten that old Edith must sweep the dancing-hall, and Front de Boeuf arrange the large wax-lights. Now go—run, fly."

Caleb vanished. A troop of curious friends and gossips flocked around him. "What is the matter?" and "what is the matter?" flew from mouth to mouth. "Do you make an entertainment?" they inquired all together; and Father Wirtig's answer was, "I will give a feast, a rare feast to your young folks. I have a guest, a rare guest, such as never before trod the pavement of Mißfúlstein; yes, I will entertain the whole world."

While this scene was being enacted, Elben had stolen to the side of Amelia, and, entirely occupied by themselves, had not heard one word of the old host's harangue; they had no thoughts to bestow on the lavish arrangements he was making; all were expended on the sorrow, the tears of their own hopeless love.

The assessor and his beloved gave themselves up to the happiness of the moment, when they found that Father Wirtig, bustling about something they knew not what, had overlooked them. Forgetting all his assumed solemnity of manner, and his age, he flew like lightning through the merry throng to meet his nephew, who, having finished his colloquy with the stranger, was seen advancing from the grove.

"Well now, well now?" exclaimed the uncle, dis-tending his eyes to their utmost extent.

"Well, now," repeated Alexis, quietly.

"Is it he or is it not?"

"Who?" said the young man.

"Now, by our Lady of Embrun, thou wilt drive me crazy. You say you did not see him in Scotland; but did you not meet him in Paris? You cannot suppose I am blind. Has he not the noble Scottish features, the high-cheek bones, the sharp gray eyes, the broad mouth, and firm expression, the lame foot, and five letters in his name? What more would you have?"

"In Heaven's name, uncle, nothing more in the world."

"Right, you silly boy; why then will you not tell me what you so well know? And his portrait, too, the five letters in his name, and the bad handwriting, like an ink-blot; in spite of you, it is all plain—the stranger is — Scott."

"Scott!" exclaimed Alexis, now really astonished, "how do you know it is?"

"Is it not true," inquired his uncle, somewhat angrily, "is it not true? I know it is—that stupid blockhead—it is he, the Great Unknown! Take shame to yourself, Alexis, and hold your handkerchief to your eyes to hide it—well you may, as may all the children of this miserable country, when they consider that the arbitrary laws will not permit the noble Highland dress to be worn. There, now, I verily believe you are laughing outright. Very well. Laugh as much as you please; but assure this great man, who, Heaven knows how, unworthy as you are, seems not unknown to you, that his incognito shall be sacred, as truly as I carry in my bosom, beneath these Dutch trappings, an English heart. To the whole Mißfúlstein world he shall still be the Great Unknown; but he must permit that we celebrate his coming."

"He will not object to that, I think," said Alexis, laconically, as with a deep blush mantling his cheek he surveyed the toe of his boot. After a moment's pause, he resumed: "But, indeed, dear uncle, in this matter your penetration is entirely at fault."

His uncle put on a knowing look.

"But where is he now?" he inquired hastily.

"If I am not mistaken, I see him yonder on the brow of the hill, busy about the great mortar."

"Ah! the great man," said Wirtig, enraptured, "would he thus trouble himself! how condescending he is! See, he disdains not to apply the match himself! Listen, Alexis, that was a master shot; that cannon shall be mine, though it cost a thousand guilders. Ah, yes! and it shall be named Walter Scott."

"Pshaw!" expostulated Alexis; "if you carry on in this fashion, the incognito is in some danger, and it is particularly necessary at this time to maintain it, as——"

"You are right," interrupted his uncle, laying his hand on his mouth; "be silent now, my tongue, since thou knowest sufficient English to enable thee to carry on confidential converse with this illustrious stranger—or, rather, I had almost forgotten that, as he had translated Bürger's Leonore, he must understand the good Dutch we speak here in Mißfúlstein. Is it not so, Alexis? Tell me, now, in the strictest

confidence, how comes it that the greatest poet in the whole world has strayed hither to this poor town? Has he heard something of 'Wunderbar,' or has any one told him of his faithful clansman John Jacob Wirtig? Or has he come to learn something of the manners of our poor country, and to live amongst us while he fashions another beautiful picture like that of the bold Kenneth in Palestine, or the Scottish Durward at Plessis les Tours?"

"Dear, kind uncle," began Alexis, with grave tone and serious look, "I am sorry to say neither of your suppositions is correct. In hopes of your discretion, and binding you besides to the strictest secrecy, I will no longer conceal that a great misfortune has driven the author of Waverley to Miffelstein. You know that he has written a great many historical tales; but he has also written a history. A general in France has taken great offence, and has been seeking him all over England, in order to bring him to combat for life or death, or else unsay what he has said. Now, you know a nobleman never recalls what he has once said."

"You are right," interposed Wirtig, hastily taking part; "no nobleman can do this. I see already how it will end. The Great Unknown will not unsay what he has said, but he will shoot the French general, and——"

"On the contrary, uncle, he thinks it likely the Frenchman might shoot him, which he is not desirous of at this time; and that is the reason why he has come here, where no soul will ever think of looking for him."

"How?" inquired the champion of the Highlands, somewhat disconcerted; "this looks like—like—a weakness which did not belong to his own heroes; for such a thing as this they would soon have saluted forth sword in hand—and, above all, a North Briton. I pray you——"

"You are in error," hastily interposed Alexis; "the good baronet only desires a respite, until he has completed a dozen romances on which he is now employed, and given them to the press; and, as that Goth will hear of no delay, he——"

"Ah! now I comprehend," said Father Wirtig, joyfully; "the Unknown is right. And that savage Frenchman, the general, would he shoot away, in the face of myself and all the world, twelve romances from that masterly hand? No, indeed. In Miffelstein genius shall find protection for centuries. By our Lady of Embrun, he may wrap himself securely in his plaid; I will cover him with my target; and 'Wunderbar' will stoutly defy all hostile powers who may threaten her consecrated precincts."

"What has come over your father, dear Amelia?"

He shows off and makes more noise than is altogether becoming in a quiet burgher," said Elben to his fair neighbor, as Wirtig and Alexis took their way towards the spot where the cannon was placed, followed at a little distance by the crowd, who, not comprehending the meaning of the old man's singular behavior, were laughing, and shaking their heads significantly at one another, as if they thought something was wrong. Amelia returned the warm pressure of the assessor's hand as she answered, with eyes full of tears—

"I fear, William," she said very gravely, "that from this day our hopes are at an end. A dark and angry spirit rules our house, and I now fear that my father will fulfil what he has often sworn to do, give me to another."

"Who is that other?" cried the alarmed lover, turning deathly pale at the horrible thought. "Surely not that empty-headed Alexis, the new-fangled architect. The sanction of the church, in this case, will be necessary, and cannot be obtained. The degree of relationship will prevent——"

"You deceive yourself, dearest," said Amelia. "I mean that dreaded Englishman. My father's unrestrained joy, his strange hints this morning—for, truly, he did speak of a rich son-in-law from England."

"You pierce my heart," said the assessor. "This dreadful day, this unblessed harvest feast, has cut off my last hope. I have come here this morning as some poor wretch goes to his execution, with a crowd of people to gaze on his agony. The music, the cannon, and now this visionary, all hurl me without hope of succor to the earth."

"William, dear William, what a picture you have fashioned for yourself!" said Amelia, weeping.

"Romantic nonsense!" proceeded the assessor, despondingly; "yet now am I really in the vein, if not to write, at least to act a fearful tragedy, sufficient to satisfy your father and move all hearts. Yet have patience, beloved—there is yet justice on earth. I will institute a process against your father. Sylvester's day is yet distant; and, ere it arrives, volumes might be written and many frightful scenes invented. But against this English blusterer, this limping lover, I shall use another weapon. 'This vagabond stroller—who knows whether or not he has a passport? It seems to me as if all was not right with him. In a country like this, a gentleman traveler does not come riding over people's fields, and in gaiters, too. I will know who he is, and what is his name, whether he be John Bull or Brother Jonathan.'"

(To be continued.)

THE HEIRESS OF THE ISLES.

BY PENNY PATCH.

"Poor heart, be still."

On a great highway in Virginia, there looms upon the traveler's eye a palace, of elaborate structure and rare architectural grace, surrounded by nature's choicest specimens of trees, of hills, of valleys, of water brooks, and of rocks; containing all, within its glittering walls, that luxury, and virtue, and comfort, and taste could desire. It is, nevertheless, the dwelling-place of a creature as *outré* as beautiful, as capricious as charming, and far more envied than enviable. Virginia can boast of many characters. She can look up to her great ones with a mother's pride, and say, "I taught them how to go;" and to her little ones extend her protecting hand, and whisper, "They would not heed my warning voice; but their faults will I hide, their frailties not harshly condemn." Few are so blessed—few have such examples to emulate. But we are among the favored ones who can penetrate into the palace. We can boldly enter its portal, examine its graceful columns, start in surprise at its princely magnificence, and bow before the divinity it contains. We enter an oval saloon supported by scagliola pillars, and undeviating in its redundant gorgeousness. Before a table, composed with most exquisite taste of an oblong slab of jasper, sits the lonely inhabitant—a girl of richest beauty, on whom nature has lavished every charm. She sits idle and alone, nor does she desire to be otherwise. Having loved once, she loves no more, and wilfully wastes her beauty in solitude, while her young heart lives in the past. Sad, sad lot for one so young and gifted! Youth without a future!—youth without hope! Lost to her friends, scorning fate, living for naught, having no fears, no cares, no joys, Antonia Rolando breathes the soft air thanklessly—looks up to the heaven arch without prayer. For two years has she lived thus. For two years have feeling hearts bled for her, and honest neighbors, with kind interest, come day by day and tried, in vain, to minister to her, and speak gently to the lonely creature, who spurns, without remorse, all life's pleasures. In her grand saloon, where artists have vied with each other to leave a name, Antonia sits, her light form embedded in cushions of crimson and gold, her thoughts deep, mysterious, unknown, and carefully concealed.

"What now, my good woman?" she inquired, impatiently, of a neat old lady, who stood in the doorway.

"I have come to bring you some fine apples and pears. I thought you must feel so lonesome and

bad in your great big house, without father or mother, or brother, or sister near you."

"I have a score of servants, my good woman, and companions there," she said, waving her jeweled hand towards an adjoining room, through whose open doors lofty shelves were seen groaning 'neath their costly tomes, "of which you know not."

"But you must want somebody to talk to, for all that," said the good woman, shaking her head.

"Not I. I never talk when I can possibly do without it." She shrugged her shoulders.

"But have some pears, miss," continued the intruder, advancing

"I never eat them."

"Then what *can* I do for you, miss?"

"Take this," said the girl, handing her some silver, "and take your fruits to my maids in their apartments."

"Poor thing!" cried the old lady, taking up her apron and wiping her eye—"God only knows what is on your mind. Perhaps He can remove it. Good-by, poor little thing. You may bear up, and look stern and careless, but I know you are human; I know that, and tears often wet your smooth, pale cheek. But I'll come again; for you need comfort, God knows."

She left the room; and Antonia felt the tears stealing from her dark, sad eyes; but she could weep now, for she was alone. A servant man, as black as midnight, now intrudes upon her reverie.

"Ah, Simon, what news?" she asked.

"A fruitless search, miss. We had better give over all pursuit."

"But I will not! I give up nothing on which my heart is set. Go again! and do not come until you have found him."

The ebony servant bowed, and left her alone again.

I hope my reader feels sufficiently interested in Antonia Rolando to desire to learn something of her past history; something of that dark past which had consigned to this splendid mausoleum a maiden so fair and youthful. Antonia was a West Indian, the daughter of a planter of great wealth. But the name of Rolando is almost swept from the face of the earth. One lonely scion cumbereth now the ground, and she is bent by sorrow until her youthful elasticity is gone. She is the lonely survivor of a once powerful family, every member of which was massacred in one of those terrible insurrections which, from time to time, turns into blood those blue isles of the Caribbean. One faithful black

clung to his master's child, through slaughter and bloodshed, and bore her triumphantly over reeking forms and through huge masses thirsting for more blood, and crying for new victims on whom to whet their cannibal appetites. This negro, Simon, bore her in his arms over sixty miles, without food or sleep; and when, with his precious burden, he reached the stronghold of the whites, the stalwart man fainted and fell. The captain of the steamer Roselle kindly took the little Antonia, and brought her to the United States—our great, free country, that giant haven, where all who suffer, and are oppressed and heavy-laden, come. For reasons which I cannot divulge, and for which Antonia, if she be alive, will thank me, I will not say whether the kind captain landed her in Charleston or New Orleans. Be that as it may, she was deposited in a hotel de charité, where she remained until the year 18—. In the fall of that year, the little girl of nine years of age was formally informed that two millions of dollars were deposited to her credit in — Bank, and that a very genteel-looking servant man awaited her at the outer gate.

"Here is old Simon come for his missis. May the Lord pardon me for sending my master's child to such a place!—but 'twas all I could do."

Antonia flew to him, and clasped her arms about the only friend she had in the world. He looked steadfastly at her; and never looked he upon so rare a face. But Simon saw not the large dark eyes, nor the forehead bold and high; he only saw the blue cotton jeans gown she wore, and the pegged shoes. He grew furious—surely, never did blue jeans provoke such wrath before.

"Everybody run here!" cried Simon; "and only but look at the daughter of the great Spanish count, Antoine Rolando, clad in blue cotton! Yes, I say, clad in blue cotton and pegged shoes, such as field hands never wore!"

"What may be the cause of the lamentations of my friend, the great African Count Rolando?" inquired an Ethiopian wag, advancing from a gang of wild fellows, and bowing with ridiculous gravity.

"*You* are no count, I see," cried Simon. "Now, Heaven knows, I'm in for it. I never felt so much like letting off steam in my life." He drew out a huge leathern purse, securely tied and retied, about the size of a lawyer's bag, and winding it around his tremendous hand, he dealt out some blows upon his antagonist that made his head sound 'neath the jingling coin. "Now, I don't reckon you ever felt so much money before; so you will please proceed on your way rejoicing with great joy."

The crowd set up a shout, and Simon, his good humor perfectly restored, placed the charity girl in a coach, shut the door, got up behind, and pompously cried out, "To the hotel."

The coach drove up before the fashionable hotel. "Rooms!" cried Simon, "rooms for an heiress of the isles!"

A charity girl descended. The well-bred waiters stared, and were immovable.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared some negro chaps, when they beheld the lady thus pompously announced.

"I'll make your knotty heads ring," said Simon, and, with his huge purse, he cleared the crowd; and the charity girl was shown into apartment worthy to receive a queen.

But Simon could not tarry here. He felt it incumbent upon him to run all over the city proclaiming to the thronged thoroughfares that his master's daughter was safe and sound, and the owner of some millions of dollars. He was beset by sharpers and pickpockets, who, taking him for a "green un," were emulous to relieve him of his burden—the purse. But Simon informed them that he had seen the elephant, and conversed with him, and that sagacious animal had patted his head with his proboscis, and told him "he could pass on." In the course of a few days, Simon came to his sober senses, after which comfortable event he grew very wise. He sought out some merchants, well-known for their honesty, firmness, and discretion, who consented to take charge of the property and education of the young lady. With much form and ceremony, and before a host of witnesses, whom Simon had collected from various quarters, these gentlemen took the oath, gave double security, and invested the funds safely.

Now what reward had Simon for *his* services? What sum of money was deemed sufficient to repay *him* for the thousand and one times he had risked his life?—the voyages by sea and land, the toil, the anxiety, the unheard of efforts he had made to recover the two millions, which was all that was left of Rolando's gigantic estate? What reward for *him*? Why, Simon scorned remuneration. Filthy lucre shrunk into a nutshell before his flashing eye—it could not recompense him. He declared he was as much above the base coin as the man that made it. All he wanted was this—to be the servant of a Rolando. Thus he had ever lived, and thus, like his ancestors, he would die.

"If I had money," said Simon, "I would waste it; and, in my old age, be a beggar. I had rather eat, day by day, out of my young missis' tender hand, and live upon her kindness."

The young Antonia was placed at school, where also Simon went, and boarded out, and was ever ready to do her bidding. Here she remained, gathering the rich fruit of knowledge with avidity, until she attained her nineteenth year. During this time, her property had accumulated to an amazing extent. And, for years before her return to her guardians, those land-sharks, called, by themselves, "youths of promise," but more generally known as fortune-hunters, were lying in wait for their victim. Like telegraphic news, the news of her arrival sped, and young men were seen under nimble barbers' hands, and tailors and salesmen reaped a harvest. A certain fashionable street, of which some do know, could boast of equipages of rare gorgeousness and taste, which, from morning till night, flourished up and down, and threw dust into all eyes. Their

own, or hirers, by various curves and slight-of-hand movements, endeavoring to draw the eye of Antonia, first to the vehicles, and from them to the expert young men who sat therein. Great schemes were carefully planned, and plots laid, deep and fathomless, by youths of scanty purse, to entrap the heiress. The guardians of this girl, not liking to take upon themselves the trouble of her retinue, nor the expense of her visitors and suitors, advised her to take a house of her own, to place Simon and an elderly lady, whom they recommended, at the head of her establishment, and thus secure to herself a home—and a retreat, as she, poor thing, thought, from the intrusions of the world. Dandies and fops, and all those men of more brains than funds, now commenced their siege. "Not at home! not at home!" was poor Antonia's cry from midday until midnight. But these creatures, void of all delicacy, came, and came again, until she was coaxed out into the labyrinth of operas, parties, masquerades.

Now it came to pass that Poverty, gaunt, hopeless, miserable Poverty, came upon young Henry Hamilton, and stretching out her sinewy, unclad arms, embraced that scared youth, and hugged him to her breast, and, with a demon laugh, clutched him closer and closer. But Henry Hamilton determined to outwit the old lady for once, and in the manner that shall appear. This young gentleman, unfortunately for him, had been reared in affluence, and, for twenty-three years of his life, had rioted in luxury. After a career of unexampled extravagance and profligacy, he found himself in the interesting situation described above. Talented, but indolent, fastidious and painfully refined, poverty galled him, stung him to the quick, and made life hateful to him.

"My only fortune is my person, and, by the powers above, I'll make it bear interest," exclaimed the desperate young man, stroking his raven moustache, which still flourished, and revolving around and around a plan as yet crude and incomplete. "I have it!" he cried, and his next attic neighbor was alarmed at the tremendous tuning of his pipes, and the inexhaustible vocal powers of young Hamilton.

The favorite of poverty quavered, and demisemi-quavered, and trilled, and sent his voice out upon unknown excursions in the region of song, and indulged in such shakos, slurs, and crotchets that his residence was called, by wags, "The Nightingale Lodge." After six weeks of immoderate practice, our hero found himself so sorely pressed, that action was inevitable. He, accordingly, after a careful toilet, sought the splendid establishment of Antonia. His card, plain and beautiful, had stamped upon its glossy front the name, "Francois Duprés, of Hayti." He had forged a link, already, to bind the girl of the western isles. Antonia, enthusiastic, ardent, and truthful, suspected nothing. She loses no time in seeing him; and finds, in the person of the foreigner, an Adonis—a Belvidere Apollo. Pity is akin to love; and Francois was in for awakening

every tender passion within the teeming heart of the heiress. He first, in a plaintive tone, in whose dulcet harmony no jarring human perfidy appears, relates his tale of woe. The girl's eyes flash, her pantomime is superb, as he agitates her gentle bosom by a history of wrong, of slaughter, of crime, and of rescue; and thus brings back her own dark past, and a tear in her large full eye. And he says he is a singing-master, turning an accomplishment of more palmy days into a means of making his bread. Poor fellow! He does not complain—not he—but solicits her for his pupil, that the prestige of her name may cause others to patronize him.

"I will do all I can for you, my cousin," cried the girl, with the rich, impetuous, generous blood. "I will call you my cousin, because we have shared the same fate, and I will love you; for, believe me, I have not on the broad peopled earth a tie like this."

Henry, alias Francois, felt the force of these artless words. Cold and selfish, he had not dreamed of warmth like this. The calculating man of the world saw at a glance the impassioned nature of Antonia. He saw the genial southern blood dash impetuously over her eloquent face. He saw the soul he had aroused beaming through its brilliant lights; and he spoke on. He told her of his friendless state; of his frail bark urging its way 'gainst an opposing current; of his murdered brother, whom he so dearly loved; of his sister's fate, more mournful still; of his mother, cut down by brutal men as she prayed for him. And Antonia clasped her hands, and, with streaming eyes, returned her thanks to that Providence which had sent to her this noble sufferer, her cousin.

"To-morrow I will come again, my beautiful cousin," said this grand master of duplicity, in a quivering voice.

To-morrow—bright and always promising—to-morrow came. Antonia arose so happy! Her liquid eye, enraptured, roved over earth and sky; her bosom swelled and palpitated with generous emotions; for she had found a noble being on whom to lavish her kindly sympathy. At nine o'clock, Francois came, and sang with deepest pathos some wild, sad airs; and then the two, in unison, talked of the blue isles of the distant sea, and simultaneously expressed a wish to revisit once more their gorgeous fatherland.

"We will go, my cousin," said Antonia; "we will seek the tombs of our slaughtered kindred, and weep together there."

"Alas! my cousin, I am but the hireling of the great, and I must tie me to my vocation."

Antonia said nothing; her delicacy was beautiful. Months rolled rapidly away. Each fleeting day found Francois at his post. Was ever love so eloquently revealed, and so artlessly trusted in? Eye spoke to eye the language words were too poor to speak. Antonia saw the love she also felt; and said she could take no more singing lessons. She should have called them *love* lessons.

"Cruel, cruel Antonia! you snatch from me the only moments in which I live. Ah! look up to me. Can you calmly tell me that, with my beating heart, I can fly here no more, and sit in the quiet morning hours and train your pliant voice to follow my rude airs? Antonia, is this your method of banishing me for ever? For I am too humble to rank me with the visitors that throng your house."

"Then come, my cousin—come. Yes, in the quiet morning hours, come and sit with me. I would not, for the world, add one pang to a heart which has suffered so much."

"Noble, generous, heroic girl! Ah, what would I say?" he pressed his heart convulsively. "Antonia, would that you were now the humble charity girl, then could I utter what I to-day crush in my burning heart—then could I freely tell you what I bury here."

She was silent. She trembled; and Francois, bending over her and endeavoring to raise her drooping head, exclaimed—

"Hear me, Antonia! Hear me swear what you already know. Hear me—for I *will* reveal this burning secret, though you drive me from you in despair!"

"Not now!—not now!" sobbed the girl, hiding her blushing face.

He drew her to him and said, "Yes, Antonia, *now*. This is the hour for which I was born—this the hour to which fate pointed when her stern finger bade me go and seek another clime. And this the seal to our future. Say, dearest, have I waded through blood, and drank of the bitter cup, that I might more fully prize the happiness you alone can bestow? or shall my life be one tissue of calamity? Antonia, destiny is in your trembling hand. Do not falter, do not hesitate; but, with one word, let the golden light of your love stream on my dark pathway. Antonia, I await my destiny."

Her timid hand stole to him, and nestled in his strong grasp. This told him all. What were her millions to her? She was worth them doubled; and Francois would not have given that rich heart, into whose deepest fountains he had dived, for all the world beside. He started; he could not tell her of the cunning falsehood he had woven in such glowing colors, that she might fancy him. He yielded to the intoxicating present, and turned away from that future which would soon appear. Yet Francois was not happy. He could not have hoped for better success. He loved Antonia; for no one could know her as he knew her without loving her with his whole heart. How mortifying, how debasing to think that he had won her with untruth—that deliberate falsehood had opened the young heart, of whose endless treasures he had not dreamed! Antonia's love was boundless, unlimited, swaying her with perfect power. Her house, her wealth, her heart were his; he was her all—there was nothing on earth but him. All else was naught; for he was everything.

But difficulties clouded the handsome brow of Francois. Always delightful, his melancholy was fascinating. Artful magician, he shuddered and shrunk affrighted at the wonders he had conjured up. He delayed, as long as possible, the consultation with the sharp-eyed guardians. At last, rumor carried the intelligence to them, and they called upon Antonia in person. Poor Francois turned a livid green, and would fain have run for his life. But his fate was inevitable. They accosted him as Mr. Hamilton.

"You are mistaken," said Antonia, smiling; "this is M. Francois Duprès, gentlemen."

"Francois the d——!" said Mr. Jones, the senior guardian, drawing a chair. "The gentleman you stands like a criminal before you, Antonia, is none other than the notorious Hamilton, the gambler. I know him well—have known him for years. He can tell you of some dealings with our firm, not very creditable, and which resulted in snug winter quarters in the calaboose. Ha! Mr. Hamilton!"

He turned to see the effect of his words; but Hamilton was gone.

Antonia shrieked and fainted, as her guardian deliberately tore the veil from her eyes, and held up before her the gambler's trick, in all its hideous deformity. Now, reader, it was this which had driven Antonia to her lonely castle in Virginia. This which had sickened her of the world.

Beautiful girl, tender and good, shrink from the world, for many are its temptations, its snares for those who, like thee, would cling to it as an infant to its mother's bosom! Francois wrote to the tortured girl. In his letter, he revealed the depth of his duplicity. He exposed his conduct in all its naked deformity; nor did he extenuate, or ask forgiveness. He knew it would be in vain. He wrote: "Oh, Antonia, if aught on earth can speak for me, 'tis this. Your image haunts me yet. Your face, your angelic face, steals on me in my dreams. It does not chide me, nor upbraid; but, still tender and true, you lay your little hand on mine and say, 'Come to me, forget all, and be happy.' I should not have resorted to so base a means to win you; but, remember, you were unknown to me when I began to act that infamous part; and, having interested you—ah, Antonia, blame me not—but, for my life, I could not sever the link, frail as it was, which bound us. To pardon so grave an offence, you must love as I do; and that can never, never be. Farewell."

Antonia, wounded, but proud, haughty, and imperious, no more regarded this letter than she would have heeded the distant barking of a benighted cur. She detested Henry Hamilton; but clung to the ideal he had raised. In her loneliness, she lived in the past, and lived for vengeance against the fiend in human shape who had turned her sweetest feelings into gall. Too proud to face the world, because it knows the wound she has received. Ha! at the thought of her deceiver, her firm hands clench, and she thirsts to plunge a dagger in his un-

manly heart. Years rolled away; for Time halts not for human misery. Not he! Other victims are his. He passes the mourner, and rushes on to them that rejoice; and Antonia was left in her lonely splendor.

Henry Hamilton had hid his diminished head in a small country town. His talents, bright as they once were, now illuminated the dark brains of a few village urchins. The city amateur had confined his ambition within a log building, and, from day to day, his dull pupils, with well-thumbed books, buzzed about his refined ears. But that fine personal estate of his still clung to him; and he yet indulged in his youthful dream of acquiring some thousands by its skillful use. Antonia's vigilance had penetrated even here. Simon had seen the young man at his daily toil; and, with Antonia's all-powerful gold, had made a spy of Henry's only servant. Once more the gambler's head appeared above the water. He had scraped together a few hundreds; and, after setting his boys at liberty, the fowler laid his snare for a neighboring hoireess. He wooed another; and his insinuating address also conquered her. She was a calm, unruffled girl, betraying no emotion, but feeling the more deeply. Unlike the stormy Antonia, she rewarded her lover with no passionate bursts of eloquence; and Henry often sighed for his Spanish girl, from whose finely-toned bosom he could draw chords so grand and beautiful. But his marriage day approached. His wedding suit was ready, and the trousseau of his bride.

On a still and placid evening, Henry sat beside the girl so soon to be his own. His whispers were low and soft, and the moon stole in the window and looked sadly on.

"Ha! what is that?" he cried, pointing to a mourning coach, on which a coachman sat as black as midnight. Four jet black steeds, with heavy, sombre trappings, drew this dark vehicle. A lady, closely veiled, descended; and Henry's heart beat audibly. With a noiseless step, she enters the room in which the couple sit. She throws aside her veil, and Antonia stands before her lover. Her brilliant

beauty, still proudly eminent, shone and glittered like midnight with its jewel stars.

"Oh, Antonia, have you come at last!" he cried, and threw himself upon his knees before her.

She did not deign to rest her flashing eye upon his paltry form. She did not tremble or yield. She stood like a fair column alone and cut off, but unshaken, unscathed.

"Antonia, speak! See, I renounce all for you."

"I speak," said Antonia, with a proud gesture, "that I may crush the reptile before me. I speak that I may snatch this trusting girl from the steep to whose brink you have led her. I speak, that the gambler, the cheat may throw off his borrowed plumes and appear hideous as he is. I speak that she may spurn you from her pure presence as a loathsome lepero, for ever!"

She led the astonished girl resistlessly away, and told her all. And Henry Hamilton was banished from her presence.

In no undertaking of his subsequent career did this young man succeed. Friends dropped from him as leaves from a blighted tree. He stood alone, as a once green oak, on whom no loving vines would cast their tendrils, or entwine in loving confidence—on whose dead branches no glad bird sat and trilled its matin lay—before whose withering shadow the green grass, affrighted, fled—around whose cursed base a broad space continually widened, until no brightness or vestige of life was near. Disease came upon him; and, in his manhood's prime, he was cut down, and no tear fell with him, for he had forfeited all pity and all love. But to his grave kind mothers bring their little sons, and point to the humble mound, and tell them of life's vanities, of talents misapplied, of beauty rendered hideous, and endeavor, by contrast, to instill into their young hearts the worth of Honor and of Truth.

And now the great palace on the highway is closed; and Antonia weeps over the graves of her kindred, and walks in mournful solitude; nor has she one tie to bind her to life, or to her blue isle in the restless sea.

THE LANCASTER CITY WATER-WORKS.

(See Plate.)

The Lancaster City Water-Works are located one mile southeast of the city, on the beautiful banks of the Conestoga River, whose head is a crystal fountain,

"Whose stream so great, so good,
Was loved, was honored as a flood;
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon,"

now winding among the green vales, filled with the gayest and most fragrant flowers of our land, and now sweeping onward amid the rocky cliffs covered with towering oaks. Innumerable and sparkling rivulets have their confluence into and swell the common channel of this circling river,

"Whose smiling eddies dimple on the main."

The original cost of the real estate, as represented in the drawing, was \$30,821. A portion of this farm-land, including the dwelling-house, was afterwards sold by the city to Mr. Bernard Flynn, for the sum of \$17,000. The whole cost of City Water-Works and Reservoir, \$150,000. The water-house contains two forcing pumps, one operated on by an undershot water-wheel, the other by a horizontal wheel. The water is forced through and conducted by a single main, or cast iron pipe of eight inches calibre, extending 5000 feet to the reservoir. From the reservoir, located at the east end of the city, another twelve inch pipe conducts the water 4429

feet to the court-house, the centre of the city, from which pipes of lesser calibre branch off and extend 38,000 feet through the several streets, thus giving an abundant supply of pure water to the city. The works were completed in 1836.

The Conestoga is now a navigable stream, with six locks, and many valuable flour mills in operation. The head of the navigation is two miles below the City Water-Works. It is a very circuitous stream, 200 feet wide, and the distance from head of navigation to Safe Harbor, where it empties into the Susquehanna, is about sixteen miles. Its flow, at low water, is 13,653,373 cubic feet daily. The average water power at each of the locks is about 120 horse power.

The world has no healthier or happier spot than the Conestoga Manor. It is divided into farms, averaging about 200 acres each; and the fortunate owners of these fruitful inclosures are the happiest and most independent men on earth. By the sweat of their own brows, the rich soil is tilled and the golden harvest is gathered, and, after it is stored, they eat, drink, and are happy. They enjoy the luxuries that princes would envy. Their lordliness consists in outvieing each other in raising the fattest cattle and the finest horses; and when they annually assemble in convention, or to enjoy their "harvest home," wearing the Christian crown of brotherly love, their hearts swelling with honest virtues, they are truly styled the "kings of the manor."

CONESTOGA.

THE NIEBELUNGEN: OR, A FEW WEEKS WITH A STUDENT IN THE COUNTRY.

BY PROF. CHARLES K. BLUMENTHAL.

(Concluded from page 317.)

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER a short pause, Mr. Filmot continued:—

"I am not astonished that the Germans themselves disagree in their comments upon this poem. To me it has always appeared like a description of beings just emerged from a kind of colossal elf land, who have taken upon themselves the ordinary life of mortals. It is true, they act like human beings; they eat and drink, they marry and are given in marriage; but there is a *je ne sais quoi* about them, which makes me feel that I would not be astonished if they were, at any moment, to throw off their human guise and stand forth the Titans of another world. It appears to me always as if they were actors who have just come from behind a curtain, and that if I could only lift that curtain a different world would present itself to my eyes. I cannot believe, with good Von der Hagen, the collator of the manuscripts and translator of the original version, that all the characters in the drama might be traced to the ship Argo, or the temple where the mystic fire-worshippers, the followers of Zarathushtra, performed their rites; but are we not evidently led to the very threshold of the dark and mysterious regions of the northern myths, when we consider the part which the gold performs, and the influence which it exerts, first upon Shilbung and Niebelung, in causing them to fall victims to its enchantment, then upon Siegfried, who had to die because he came in possession of it, and finally upon its last owners, the Burgundians, who had likewise to lose their lives, even after they had thrown it into the river? The precious metals are the property of the infernal powers—they belong to the children of night and of mist (Niflheim, the region of mist, is known as the domain of the dead); he who covets gold, and becomes thus its slave, becomes thereby a subject of the infernal powers, and belongs to them; he becomes a Niebelung, and, as such, is doomed to death. He may conceal the treasure in caves, he may give it away—nay, he may throw it into the river; but his heart has been ensnared by it, he has been bought with a price, and his life is forfeited to the powers of hell. Such do I imagine to have been the sentiments of our Saxon ancestors, and of their poets. But I do not intend now to enter into many comments and speculations upon the poem; my time permits me only to give you an outline of the Niebelung Lied.

"The fourth act of the drama is very much like a beautiful summer day in the Campagna near Rome; gay and smiling, we look for nothing but pleasure and enjoyment: he only, who, taught by experience and science, knows the effects of that atmosphere, is not deceived by its beauty, and perceives the destruction that lurks within.

"Thirteen years have now passed away, but Chrimhilde has not ceased to mourn the death of her Siegfried. In the mean time, Etzel, King of the Huns, lost his wife, the famed Lady Helche, whose life and deeds have furnished the material for several sagas. Tired of his lonely condition, the Hunnish monarch resolves to marry again. His nobles, anxious to secure a queen worthy to be Helche's successor, urge him to apply for the hand of the fair Chrimhilde, Siegfried's widow. At first, he objects, because she is a Christian; but, at last, persuaded by them, he consents to send his faithful Ruediger von Bechlarn to propose to the lady the honor of a matrimonial alliance. Ruediger, anxious to secure the renowned Chrimhilde for his sovereign, immediately departs, and stops only a few hours at his castle to inform his wife of the object of his journey. On the first day of his arrival at Worms, he lays before the Burgundian king the proposal of which he is the bearer. Gunther and his brothers are flattered by Etzel's choice, and are inclined to favor the suit; but Hagen, with his penetrating mind and never-failing presentiments, opposes it sternly, and exclaims—

"If you are not distracted now, beware of what you do; That fatal match, if she approve, must be opposed by you."

And when Gunther urges the propriety of accepting so advantageous an alliance, the chief of Tronje exclaims—

"Let this same matter be.

If you knew Etzel, King of Huns, as he is known to me, And still permit this suit of his, as now I hear you say, You'll bring upon yourself, alas! a very woeful day."

But Gunther and Gernot remain unconvinced, and insist that their duty towards their sister, as well as policy, ought to incline them favorably to the offer; and

"Thus spake Giselher, the youngest, the handsome Utie's son,

"Shall we then all, at your advice, the traitor's garb put on?"

If joy is for Chrimhilde in store, let us thereat rejoice; What'er Sir Hagen counsel now, I'll swerve not from my choice."

"His brothers avow the same determination, and Hagen is compelled to consent that the Margrave Ruediger shall lay his sovereign's suit before Chrimhilde. The ambassador accordingly presents himself before the mourning widow, and states the object of his message. But a marble statue could not have been less moved by a declaration of love than Siegfried's widow is by the offer of Etzel's hand. Her only reply is—

"God forbid that either you, Or any of my friends, should mock, or cruelly pursue Me, the o'erburthened child of grief! What solace could I give To him with whom a loyal wife in heart's pure love did live?"

"In vain are the persuasions of her brothers, Gernot and Giselher; in vain the splendid descriptions they give of Etzel's court, power, and wealth; she adheres to her mournful resolution to weep for Siegfried all the days of her life. At last, Ruediger, despairing of success, whispers to her—

"O cast your grief aside, And be assured, if, 'mongst the Huns, you've Ruediger allied, Together with his friends and kin, and eke his warriors brave, No power will dare to do you ill without revenge as grave."

Then a gleam, not of sunshine, but of lurid lightning penetrates her soul. That offer she seizes upon as something more than the mere offer of a loyal knight; it is to her a pledge of future revenge; her bitterest foe shall fall a sacrifice to it; and, in order to make it more binding, she makes Ruediger take a solemn oath that he will hereafter be her champion whenever she should call upon him to defend her cause, and the knight, unconscious of her secret intentions, complies, and swears that he, with all his stalwart knights,

'Will ever serve her loyally, and ever guard her rights; And that not one should ever fail, in royal Etzel's land, To honor her in every way—'twas pledged by Ruediger's hand.

"Then," said Chrimhilde, "I'll go with you, a poor widowed bride, As soon as matters are arranged, to where the Huns abide. If I can find true friends enough to guard me while I ride."

"She now eagerly prepares for her journey, and, in a few days, declares herself ready to depart. Accompanied by her household, and protected by Ruediger and his people, she crosses the Donan and Ens, and many a fair land and dark forest; but not one of these elicits an exclamation of pleasure or surprise—her thoughts are ever busy with the past.

"At Ruediger's castle, she halts for a few days,

and then continues her journey, with a constantly increasing train, until they reach Zeizenmauer; there numerous bands, belonging to nations tributary to the Hunnish monarch, attach themselves to her cortege and accompany her to Tulna, where she meets Etzel, with twenty-four tributary kings and princes.

'Duke Ramung, of Wallachia's plain, was there, of whom 'twas said, He led seven hundred horsemen, good as e'er bold chief obeyed; They rode so fast that birds on wing were often left behind! With them came royal Gebikie, with men of daring mind.

'Hornboge, the ready and the swift, with thousand chosen men, Rode from the monarch's proud array to where the queen was then, And with hurrahs saluted her, the custom of the land. The kindred of the Hunnish king had joined the royal band.

'And there were seen from Danemark, Hawart, the bold and strong, And Iring, swift to will and do, with ever-truthful tongue; Moreo'er, Infried of Thuringin, that chieftain brave and tried: They all received their royal queen, Chrimhilda, Etzel's bride.

'And then King Etzel did advance, with famous Dietrich, And all his gallant men-at-arms, renowned for movements quick And bravery—right noble knights, all loyal and all true.'

These kings, princes, and knights, with their followers, then accompanied the royal bride and their lord to Vienna, where the nuptials were celebrated for seventeen days.

"But Chrimhilde remained sad, notwithstanding all the splendors with which she was surrounded, and the entertainments that were given in honor of her wedding. Often did she weep in secret, and mourn because the death of Siegfried was still unavenged. Thus depressed in spirit, she sailed with her husband to her future home, Etzel's court in Hungary.

"Seven years roll by, without bringing with them a change in her feelings. Though reconciled to live in her adopted country, she never, even for one moment, looks upon it as her home. She becomes a mother without the feelings of maternal joy; the memory of the wrongs which she has suffered embitters every pleasure. In the mean time, she has let no opportunity pass by to make friends of all that came under her influence; and she now resolves to execute her long-cherished plan for revenge.

"On the anniversary of her wedding-day, she asks permission of her husband to invite her relatives and friends to a high-tide at Etzel's court. Etzel readily grants the request, and sends two minstrels, Werbel and Swemlin, to invite Gunther and

his friends to visit Hungary at the coming solstice. Chrimhilde enjoins the messengers not to neglect to invite all her relatives.

"When the minstrels arrived at Worms, they were received with great courtesy and hospitality, and when they stated the object of their journey, were told to wait a few days for an answer. A grand consultation then takes place as to the propriety of accepting the invitation.

"The majority of the princes and knights are pleased with the prospects of a season of festivities, and declare themselves in favor of going; but Hagen, who acts the part of a male Cassandra, endeavors to persuade them that it is almost madness to go into what must prove to them the lion's den. He tells them—

"You cannot have forgotten yet that she has wronged to right;
I pray you now act cautiously, and trust not to her plight.
Her husband fell by my own hand—the deed I'll not regret—
But will you trust yourself to ride into this cunning net?

"Let not these messengers deceive and lead your minds astray;
They fain would make you think Chrimhilde is joyous now and gay.
If you persist to see the queen, 'twill cost you fame and life;
The thought of vengeance ne'er has left your sister, Etzel's wife."

"But almost every one is of a different opinion. A single voice only is raised in support of Hagen's opinion, and that is the voice of Rumolt, the sewer of the king. It is somewhat amusing to listen to his arguments; they are worthy to have been uttered by the fat philosopher in the Merry Wives of Windsor—

"Then said Sir Rumolt, Gunther's sewer, a knight of high behest,
"My counsel is you tarry here, and feast your friends and guests,
As it may please your sovereign will; for here you rule indeed—
That you should go a hostage there, I deem it, is no need.

"Should Hagen's counsel naught avail, then take advice of me;
For I have ever served my king with spotless honesty.
Remain within your peaceful realm; there is no cause to rove,
Since now King Etzel does enjoy Chrimhilda's ardent love.

"Where can you live more prosperously than here beside the Rhine?
At Worms you're safe from every foe, and drink the choicest wine;
In splendid garments you may dress your body every day;
And, if your mind to love incline, no lady will say nay."

"But Gernot, who has decided that they ought not to decline an invitation sent by the most powerful monarch of northern Europe, throws out some hints that fear supplies some of his friends, and particularly Hagen, with reasons for opposing the journey to Hungary. Hagen, roused by this taunt, declares that he is willing and ready to accompany them; but adds—

"I've counseled with loyalty; but, if you still will go,
You must go armed, and ride full strong, to meet the coming blow."

"Gunther does not object to this. On the contrary, eager to display his wealth and power, he collects his bravest knights and their vassals to accompany him as his escort. Two of these knights were warriors who had already established a European fame for bravery and intrepidity. Volker, of Alzei, a kind of warrior-minstrel, came with thirty chosen knights, all of them his vassals; and Dankwart, Hagen's brother, second only to Hagen in bravery and renown, led his own and his brother's vassals. Volker carried a steel fiddle-bow of such a form that it could be used either as a bow or a sword, as the occasion required it; and often did he use it in both capacities.

"Before the preparations for the journey are completed, we hear one more note of warning given to the heroes of Worms. Ute, the aged mother of the kings, dreams that she saw all the birds of the country fall dead to the ground. Alarmed by her dream, she relates it to her sons, and begs them to abandon the journey. But Hagen rejects this warning, and tells her that it is unworthy of heroes to be swayed by dreams, and that the visit, once determined upon, cannot now be given up.

"Gayly the party sets out upon the journey: merrily they ride along the Main, and through Franconia, until they reach the Donau. But, when they arrive at the banks of that river, they have to come to a halt; and Hagen, who had been appointed guide, becomes perplexed, for the Donau had risen to an unusual height, and there was not a boat in sight by means of which he could hope to cross the swollen waters. In vain he rides along the banks to seek a ford; not a sign of ford or ferry can he discover. While he is thus engaged, he unexpectedly sees two mermaids, who amuse themselves in the water. Fully persuaded that these nymphs have the power of foretelling future events, he stealthily approaches the places where their raiments were concealed, and seizes them. Immediately, one of the fair mermaids swims nearer to the shore, and, lifting her pretty head above the waves, exclaims—

"Hagen, the bravest of the brave, we will make known to you,
If our raiments you return—which you will never rue—
What in the far-off Hunneland is now prepared for you."

"Like aquatic birds, they hover around him in order to regain their vestments, so necessary to their

existence. Hagen at last consents, and then questions Hadburg, the nymph who had spoken to him, and inquires of her what will be the result of the expedition to Etzel's court. The mermaid replies—

“And now to brave King Etzel's land, in safety you may ride;
I pledge my faith and honesty, in this I have not lied.
No hero-knights of high degree did e'er, in foreign land,
Arrive to persons such as those await your noble band.”

“Delighted with this prophecy, the knight restores to them their garments, and prepares to return to his companions with this good news; but, before he has mounted his horse, he is stopped by the other mermaid, Sigelinde, who tells him to wait and hear what she has to say:—

“And then spake out the other nymph, Sigelinde was her name:

“He warned by me, Sir Hugen brave, heir of Aldrian's name.

Her raiment to obtain from thee, my aunt has told a lie;
For, if thou goest to Etzel's court, thou goest there to die.”

“But Hagen declares that he will never carry such news to his king; neither will he return himself, nor advise his companions to return. In vain she explains to him the nature of his danger, and tells him the source whence it will come; he persists in his resolution not to listen to her advice, and requests her only to tell him how he can conduct his companions across the river. When the mermaid sees that he is bent upon his own destruction, she gives him full directions how to find the ferry, and the ferryman who lived on the opposite side of the river; and gives him directions how to deal with the ferryman, who is a rich, powerful, and hot-tempered man, and who, if he should be in a disobliging mood, would certainly refuse to cross the river, and could only be induced to it by being told that a certain Amelreich is anxious to be ferried over.

“Hugen then sets out in quest of this strange ferryman; and, after a short time, finds him. Everything happens just as the mermaid had predicted. The knight shouts for the boatman to come over; he offers him golden bracelets and buckles; all to no purpose, until he tells him that it is Amelreich, hard pressed by his foes, who wishes to cross over and escape hot pursuit. Then he sees the bold ferryman skim over the water as if six men were laboring at the oar. But, as soon as Hagen enters the boat, his fierce guide discovers that he has a counterfeit Amelreich for his fare; and orders him to leap on shore, if he wishes to save his life. In vain does Hagen offer to pay him richly for his services; in vain does he beg only for permission to use the boat for a short time to ferry himself and his friends across the stream. The ferryman insists that he shall leave the boat; and, at last, raises his oar and strikes so fierce a blow, that it brings the bold knight

down on one knee; but, before the early Choron has time to repeat the blow, Hagen seizes the good sword Balmung, and the head of his adversary rolls into the water. He then throws the body after it, and takes the boat to the place where his friends are waiting for him. He himself, the best oarsman on the Rhine, becomes now the ferryman of his party; and for a whole day labors at the oar to transport all his companions to the other side of the Donau. As soon as the last man has crossed the water, Hagen dashes the boat to pieces, and tells his friends that not one of them will reach his home in Burgundy again. He and Volker are the only knights who look with a kind of reckless indifference upon their fate, and attach themselves closer to each other. The rest seem not quite so reconciled to the predicted doom; for we hear the minstrel say that, when

“That awful news did rashly spread, it flew from troop to troop,
And bleached the cheek of many a knight. One saw proud helmets stoop,
When thought oppressed the wearers' mind of quickly coming death
Through this high festival: they sighed with long and deep-drawn breath.”

CHAPTER X.

“A FEW cheerful days, a short period of unalloyed happiness is still in store for Burgundy's kings and knights before the day of their doom dawns upon them. After they had crossed the river, they were directed to Ruediger's castle for quarters for themselves and their retainers; and nobly and hospitably were they received by the open-hearted and generous margrave. After he had disposed of the yeomanry under tents and in the hamlet, and had provided them with ample cheer, he invited the king and the knights of high degree to his castle. Sumptuous provisions and costly wines covered the board, around which was gathered the flower of Burgundy; and they did full justice to the provisions. When they had finished their meal, they were invited to join the ladies; and gayly did they spend the time

“— In mirthful tale and many a quaint remark,
In which the brave knight Volker proved a very merry clerk.”

“Giselher, the youngest of the three kings, in the mean time managed to fall in love with Detelind, brave Ruediger's only child, and offered her his heart and hand; and thus far the current of his love runs smooth, for both the father and the daughter favor his suit.

“And then were both (a custom old and practiced in the land)
Surrounded by the youngest knights, who must around them stand.”

“When the betrothal was over, the margrave led

his future son-in-law to his brothers Gunther and Gernot, and told them—

“When you return unto your realm, which must be now ere long,
I cordially will give to you the just betrothed maid,
That she may ride with you to Worms.” The proffer none gainsaid.’

A few days were then spent in merry-makings, dancing, and fiddling, in honor of the young couple. They were the last notes of pleasure to Gunther and his friends, the last rays of the setting sun of their lives. The twilight was already upon them; and now they were preparing, like doomed men, to march toward the dark and dismal shades of the gloomy night that awaited them.

“I wish that I had the ability to give you a vivid description of the scenes described in the remaining cantos. I have thus far followed Birch’s version of Lachman, and have frequently quoted from that version of the poem. In some instances, I have thought it best to be more literal; and had, therefore, to give you my own version, which may not have been quite as smooth, but which appeared to me to convey a better idea of the thought as expressed in the original. The remaining cantos offer greater obstacles. The scenes which they depict would be worthy of Milton’s pen or Salvador’s pencil. It is almost like the Ragnarok of the Scandinavian gods, of which the *Voluspa* says—

‘Then shall brothers be
Each other’s bane,
And sister’s children rend
The ties of kin—
An axe age, a sword age,
Shields oft cleft in twain;
A storm age, a wolf age,
Ere earth shall meet its doom.’

“On the fourth day after their arrival at Ruediger’s castle, they departed. Ruediger gave his own good sword to Gernot as a parting gift; and Gotlind, Ruediger’s wife, presented the costly and massive buckler of her father Nudung to Hagen. The heroes of Burgundy then proceeded on their journey, without any further adventure, until they met Dietrich, the King of the Amelungs. That brave warrior, who knew no guile, was surprised when he met Gunther and his party; for he thought that Ruediger knew the danger that awaited them at Etzel’s court, and that he would have kept them from advancing on their journey. Perplexed how to inform them of the true state of things, he inquires, after a short greeting—

“Is it to you unknown
That Chrimhilde for her Siegfried doth still lament and moan?”

“And when Hagen makes light of the queen’s sorrowing, he tells him more explicitly how this moaning concerns him and his friends.

“As long as Queen Chrimhilda lives, there’s danger great, I trow.
Brave champion of the Nibelungen, be thou but cautious now.”

Hagen and Gunther then urge him to tell them all he knows concerning the danger with which he considers them threatened.

“Then said the valiant Dieterich—“What need I tell thee more,
But that I hear Chrimhilde each morn weeping as of yore,
And offering loud complaints to God of her distress and need,
Occasioned by the fatal death of potent Siegfried?”

“Volker, who has listened to the conversation, and who is well aware that retreat is out of the question, thinks it best that nothing more be said on the subject.

“Events cannot be stopped or changed,” exclaimed the fiddle man;
“By what you know or what you’ve told, the matter we must scan;
Then let us ride forthwith to court, and know what fortune waits,
Where Etzel and Chrimhilda dwell, for us of Burgund states.”

A few hours after this meeting with the honest Goth, they come in sight of Etzel’s castle. Messengers who have preceded them have already announced their arrival, and the king and queen are waiting at a window to see the Nibelungen enter with their vassals. Etzel is rejoiced that they have come, and prepares to give them a hospitable reception; but very different are Chrimhilde’s feelings when she catches the first glimpse of the well known Burgund helmets and bucklers. Turning to her Huns, she exclaims—

“Yonder are my relatives, with many a blazing shield;
Whoever, then, bears love for me, will now avengo my wrong
And sufferings, which I have endured so patiently and long.”

“King Etzel receives his guests with great show of cordiality, and tells them of the pleasure it gives him to have an opportunity to entertain his wife’s relations. The knights of low degree and the yeomen are sent to a large inn, where ample preparations had been made for their entertainment. The more distinguished nobles are invited to accompany the kings into the palace, where everything is prepared for them in the most sumptuous style. Hagen now calls Volker to his side, and tells him that henceforth they must no more separate, for ere long they will need each other’s help. They do not accompany their friends to the hall. Seated upon a stone bench, beneath the queen’s apartments, they converse of the coming events which have already cast their shadows before. Around them,

though at a respectful distance, stand numerous Huns, who gaze with awe and wonder at the renowned champions of Burgundy; for they appeared to them like a personification of their own Czernobog and Radegast.

"When Chrimhilde saw her bitterest foe thus seated beneath her window, she wept; and said to her faithful Huns, who urged to know the cause of her grief—

"Upon my knees I beg of you, as I am Etzel's wife, Vengeance on Hagen, Tronyle's chief! I yearn for Hagen's life."

"Sixty Huns immediately arm themselves to execute the wish of their queen; and she, in order to inflame them still more, promises that they shall hear from his own lips the avowal of his wicked deed. They then descend with her to the place where Hagen sits. When Volker sees the troop advance, he draws Hagen's attention to it, and tells him that it is probable they come with hostile intent. Hagen replies, carelessly, that he knows full well that that party comes to seek him; but adds, with a sad smile—

"Though bright their armor and they bear their naked swords in hand, THEY'LL not prevent my riding back to our good Burgund land."

"But he immediately resumes his more serious tone, and tells his faithful brother in arms that no light combat is before them; that, though the men who now advance will not dare to attack them, nevertheless there will shortly come a struggle which must be unto death; and he asks him—

"What say you, Volker, will you be my trusty friend, indeed, When Chrimhilde's myrmidons will make me stand thereof in need?"

"Volker replies that he will fight by his side as long as he can wield his fiddle-bow sword. Hagen then receives the queen with taunts and defiance: and tells her, before all her liegemen, that he slew Siegfried because Chrimhilde insulted Brunhilda. Made furious by these taunts, the queen urges her Huns to avenge the insult and slay the two champions. But the two Burgundians appear too formidable to the puny Hunnish warriors, and they leave the place without a word of defiance or offence. Hagen then goes into the hall, where his kings are received by their sister with hypocritical greeting. She asks them to disencumber themselves of their armor, and to give her their weapons to have them laid aside, because the custom of the land forbids the carrying of weapons within the royal palace. But Hagen insists that every one should keep his armor and his sword. Then became Chrimhilde aware that they had been forewarned; and she exclaims—

"If I but knew who warning gave, he should, ere sunset, die."
To her did noble Dietrich then, give firm and bold reply—
"Twas I who warned the Burgund kings, so noble and so true,
And Hagen too, of Burgundy, that they beware of you.
Devil's bride, I fear thee not, nor harm that thou canst do."

"When Chrimhilde hears who it is whom she has threatened with death, she conceals her rage, and leaves the hall without any reply.

"But with bitter feelings does she enter her apartments; and deep, though not loud, are the curses which she breathes against her enemies. Sleep visits not her eyelids, nor does she seek repose for her body; her thirst for vengeance reigns paramount, and makes her callous to the demands of her frame. During the night, she prevails upon a band of Huns to endeavor to assassinate the strangers while asleep; but they are foiled by the vigilance of Hagen, who, with his trusty Volker, guards the entrance to the hall where his companions have been lodged. When the cowardly Huns approached, and saw the two gigantic guardians loom through the darkness like the spirit sentinels of Helo, they withdrew with fear and trembling, as if they had met some of their own demon gods."

"Chrimhilde, who now fears that she will never gain her object by means of the Huns, appeals successively to the old Hildebrand and to his lord Dietrich to avenge the murder of the brave Siegfried; but all the reply they give her is—

"Your brother's friends and near akin, nor any Burgund knight,
Did ever wrong or injure us; then ask us not to fight."

"When the brave champions thus, in unqualified terms, refuse to take up her quarrel, she resolves to gain by stratagem what she cannot obtain by persuasion. Bloedelin, a youthful warrior, is gained, by promises of rich lands and a beautiful bride, to attack and slay the followers of her brothers, who are quartered at an inn. As soon as Bloedelin has promised to do her bidding, she enters the hall where the heroes are entertained by King Etzel. With her son Orlieb by her side, she occupies the seat next to her lord, and requests him to introduce the boy to his uncles. Proud of his son, the father presents the child to his guests, and says,

"Behold my friend and near akin, our dear and only boy!
I hope that ever he may bring to all your hearts much joy.
If I but live I'll give to him twelve kingdoms rich indeed;
Then will my Orlieb have the power to aid in time of need."

But before any one has time to reply, Hagen exclaims, insolently,

"I have no doubt that all these knights may confidence repose
In young Ortlieb, whene'er in time to man's estate he grows.
But now to me the boy appears so puny, frail, and weak,
I fear that never I'll be seen his royal court to seek."

"The host, as well as all his guests, are equally surprised and pained at this unexpected rudeness and revolting brutality of Hagen; but, before they have time to recover from the shock which his words have given them, they are called upon to breast the storm which now breaks forth in its full force.

"The door is suddenly thrown open, and Dankwart (the leader of the Burgian host, and the only one who escaped from the bloody massacre, with the execution of which Bloedelin had been entrusted) enters, covered with blood, his sword in his hand, and exclaims, sternly,

"You, brother Hagen, sit too long where peace and quiet are—
To you and to our God above I'll tell my tale of pain:
My knights and all our yeomanry have been at quarters slain,
By youthful Bloedel and his Huns—they've murdered every one—
But he paid dearly for the deed, and was the first who sunk;
With mine own sword I lopped his head from off his lovely trunk!"

Then is Hagen in his element, and, with a stentorian voice, he replies—

"What ho! my brother Dankwart, now do you defend the door,
Nor suffer any Hun to pass from off this royal floor;
Meanwhile, I'll square accounts with these, and balance sigh with sigh,
Our yeomanry, without a crime, unarmed, they doomed to die!"

And then, approaching the queen, he continues—

"Full oft it has been told to me that Chrimhilde harbors ire,
And that her bitter hate requires a draught of vengeance dire;
Then let us drink to memory, at cost of royal wine!
Nor shall the little Hunnish prince his portion now decline!"

And with one blow of Balmung, Siegfried's sword, he strikes off innocent Ortlieb's head, so that it falls into his mother's lap. Then follows blow after blow, each of which severs a head from its trunk. Volker is already at his side; and Gunther, Gernot, and Giseler follow successively and take part in the bloody fray, for fray it now becomes. In the mean time, Dankwart is hard pressed at the door, for numerous knights and vassals are eager to come to their lord's assistance. When Hagen perceives this, he calls out to Volker,

"Comrade, behold how the base Huns my brother now surround,
O'erwhelming him with heavy blows, urged on by deadly spite;
Make haste to aid him ere we lose that brave and dauntless knight."

Without any other reply than "That will I do," the courageous minstrel rushes to the door, and, planting himself by Dankwart's side, says to him—

"You've had a day almost too hot for hero's hand and heart;
Your brother 'twas who sent me here to aid you in the din—
If you will take the watch without I'll stand on guard within."

"Dankwart then boldly took his place beyond the palace floor,
And drove all down the steps again who would approach the door;
The weapon oft was heard to sound which he bore in his hand,
And so did his who watched within, Volker's, of Burgund land.

"The minstrel knight now shouted out, o'er heads of foemen there,
"The hall is permanently closed—so, Hagen, banish care!
King Etzel's door is faster made, by Burgund heroes twain,
Than if a thousand bolts were shot to make all entry vain!"

"Fiercer waxes then the combat in that hall, and blood begins to flow in torrents. Urged on by the maddened queen, knight after knight attacks the brave Burgundians, but all fall beneath their swords. A shout is heard upon the stairs: the Thuringers and Danes, who had their chiefs killed in the general carnage, now rush in a body towards the hall, and are met by Dankwart, who endeavors to drive them back, until Volker calls out, 'Give way—let them ascend!'

"And now the Thuringers and Danes rush to the palace door;
Full many a hero, with cleft head, lies gasping on the floor;
For they were hewn down by the knights who in the broad hall were:
Gernot fought bravely hand to hand, and so did Giseler.

"One thousand and exactly four into the hall did get;
Then came a fiercer clash of swords—with blood the floor was wet—
And soon are Thuringers and Danes a bleeding pyramid!
Great wonders might be told of what the valiant Burgunds did."

"Etzel and Chrimhilde, who had made their escape by Dietrich's help, now muster a great body of warriors, and send them to attack the brave Niebelungen; but they fight as if their sinews were made of steel and their bones of iron. Unwearied, they meet every new body of assailants, and either

drive them back or trench the hall with their blood, until the bodies of the slain not only serve them for ramparts, but have even to be thrown out of the window, in order to make room for the living. Thus—

'The onslaught and defence did last till hindered by the night;

The dauntless guests, beyond all praise, with Etzel's men did fight

The whole of one long summer's day, so do the legends tell—

Hella! what thousands of brave men by Burgund weapons fell!'

"The night that followed this fearful fight was indeed a terrible one. Thick darkness hid the hostile parties from each other. A stillness reigned, which was even more frightful than the death-struggle during the day, for uncertainty gave a free range to the imagination. No sound, except the splashing of the blood which ran in rivulets from the windows and the doors, interrupted the profound silence. Within, the tired heroes disencumbered themselves of their weapons and sought a momentary repose, except Hagen and Volker, the vigilant sentinels, who refused to lay their shields and swords aside. After a short interval, they all came to the door and demanded a parley. They asked only to be permitted to come out into the field and seek death in fair and open combat. But Chrimhilde feared that such a course might afford her arch enemy some means to escape, and refused to grant the request. Then Giselher, the youthful warrior, made an appeal to her sisterly affection.

'Then said the youthful Giselher, "Chrimhilde, sweet sister mine,

I little did expect, when you bade me cross the Rhine To visit you in Hunnlah land, you purposed treachery! What have I done that I should meet my death in Hunn-garie?"'

But she replies—

"I, who have reaped ingratitude, no boon have to impart!

Hagen has worked me deadly harm with most malignant heart,

Such as can never be atoned while I have life, I ween; Therefore I'll vengeance have on all, as shortly will be seen.

"Yet, if Sir Hagen you agree to yield into my hand, Then will I pledge my word to save you and all your band,

For you are still my brother dear, and of our mother kind."

"But they with one accord scorn a proposition so repugnant to all loyal and generous men. 'No!' say they, 'if one of us must die, then all will die with him; and, if we had a thousand lives, every one should be sacrificed before we betray our companion in arms.' This is the last attempt of either party to come to terms. Chrimhilde, now almost maddened to frenzy by the frequent failures to get Hagen in her power, orders her soldiers to fire the

hall. Fagots are brought, and in a short time a lurid flame illuminates, with its red glare, the scene of this unparalleled combat. Twenty thousand Huns surround the building, and, in the darkness made visible by this almost unearthly light, while they hover around the fire, they look like demons watching for souls that have to be given over to them for torment; while Chrimhilde appears among them like the arch fiend, animated by all the passions of hell. Within are seen four colossal forms (now fighting the element as they had fought men a few hours previous), with their backs pressed against the stone walls, and protecting themselves with their shields against the burning rafters, as if they were darts thrown by an enemy; every now and then they encourage one another by such words as the heroes of that age were wont to use in the hottest of the battle. With blood they endeavor to quench the raging element, and with blood they are compelled to quench the thirst which now almost consumes them. At last all the wood-work is burned out, and they stand amidst the ruins like spirits of an antediluvian race temporarily clothed with flesh and blood.

"As soon as the morning dawns, the Huns rush anew to the combat, to be slaughtered as their comrades were the day before. At last, Etzel turns to Ruediger, the intended father-in-law of Giselher, and requests him as his vassal to take up arms against the Burgundians. And thus is the brave margrave compelled to choose between treason against his lord and treachery towards his friends. Severe, though short, is the struggle which he undergoes; his oath of allegiance is paramount, and he buckles on his armor for a combat, in which every blow he deals must inflict a wound upon those he loves best.

"But it would detain me too long to describe to you the touching scenes that now occur almost every minute during the combat that takes place in that blood-stained hall. Scenes of noble self-sacrifice, and immolation of lives on the altar of faithful allegiance, are seen on every side. For, though many of the actors disapprove of the hell-born passions that led to this carnage, they nevertheless feel that they are bound to redeem the trust which their respective friends have reposed in them. Ruediger falls; Ger-not, Giselher, Volker, and a number of brave Huns fall; all seal with their lives their allegiance and loyalty. Only Gunther and Hagen survive, and, leaning upon their swords, stand gazing on the dead bodies of their friends. Dietrich, who has hitherto scrupulously abstained from the combat, now buckles on his armor and attacks the survivors. Tired and worn out, the two Burgundians are overcome and tied by the hero of Bern, who delivers them to the queen, and they are now prisoners in the hands of their bitterest foe.

"Dietrich has recommended her to be merciful, and she dares not openly defy the King of the Amelungs; she therefore resorts to stratagem, and tells Hagen that she will grant him life and liberty if he will give her the Niebelungen holt. Hagen replies that he dare not tell where it lies, on account of

the oath, which does not permit him to reveal the place so long as either of her brothers is alive. Furious at this reply, she cuts off the head of her only surviving brother, and, holding it up before Hagen, tells him that every obstacle is now removed. But Hagen, even Hagen, turns with disgust and loathing from the fratricide, and says—

"Now is, indeed, thy will fulfilled, ending with brother's blood!
And, verily, in such a way as I did fear it would.

"The noble Burgund king has gone to an untimely grave,
So Giselher, the young and good, and Gerenot, the brave!
Where the cursed holt lies hid is now known but to God and me,
And shall from thee, accursed wile, for ever hidden be!"

Enraged to find that she must give up all hope of ever possessing the gold, at the very moment when she thought that her enemy would have been compelled to do her bidding, she snatches the sword Balmung from his side, and, in the presence of the horror-stricken spectators, cuts off his head. When the aged Hildebrand sees that his lord's prayer has thus been disregarded by the furious queen, he draws his sword and avenges his master and the Burgund kings upon the murderess; and she falls a corpse beside the corpses she has made. Thus ends the story of the Niebelungen, or, as the poem has it,

"Thus were the mighty of the earth by hand of death laid low!
The people all bemoaned aloud and much of grief did know.
Thus in keen suffering end was made of Etzel's festival;
As joy and woe will ever be the heritage of all.

"I cannot tidings give of what did afterwards take place,
Further than this: fair wife and knight were seen with weeping face,
And all the trusty yeomanry wept for their friends no less.
Thus have I brought unto an end "The Niebelung's Distress."

CHAPTER XI

WHEN Mr. Filmot had finished, he turned to his sister and said—

"You have now heard the story of the Niebelungen, and part of the poem, which you have so often requested me to read to you. I ought, in addition, to tell you something of its origin, and the opinions of the commentators upon it; but our time will not permit this to-day. In order to get a full and correct idea of the poem, you must read it, and, by so doing, you will be better prepared for the remarks which hereafter I may make concerning it, in the conversation on German literature which I have promised you. I fear that already I have engrossed too much

of your time, for evening approaches, and we must soon prepare for our return."

"I hope," said Mrs. Thorale, "that I may be permitted to listen to the conversations to which you have just now alluded; for I am sure, from what I have heard, that the study of German literature must open to any one, who undertakes it, a mine of mental wealth well worth the labor it may cost to explore it."

"I am proud to hear such an opinion from your lips," said Mr. Karsh, "and hope that it may induce you to familiarize yourself sufficiently with the language, to be prepared to read in the original the productions which cannot be translated—no matter how able the translator—without losing a portion of their strength and beauty."

"I shall follow your advice," replied Mrs. Thorale. "But are we not to look forward to the fulfilment of your implied promise to remove the veil from before the abode of the northern gods, and to act as our guide in their cloudy domain?"

"It will give me great pleasure," said Mr. Karsh, "to place at your command whatever knowledge I have on the subject; and I hope that soon an opportunity will offer to recur to it."

"Oh, never fear," said Mrs. Thorale, "I shall make the opportunity if it does not offer itself otherwise. Pray, sit down by me for a few moments, and give me a list of the books which I must read in order to be benefited by your conversation."

Mr. Karsh took his pencil and wrote the names of several authors upon a leaf which she handed him.

While he was thus engaged, Miss Keelway whispered to Miss Angeline and Miss Harriet—

"There, take a lesson, girls: that is courting with some tact. You all say that Mrs. Thorale cares for nothing but books. I tell you, she studies men as well as books. I must say, I give her credit for the way she has managed that *tateatata*. I couldn't have done so well myself. I wonder if Mr. Karsh is rich!"

"For shame, Matilda!" said Miss Harriet. "You mustn't think, because you and I care about the beaux, that Mrs. Thorale does the same thing. I tell you, you don't know her. Does she, Angy? Mrs. Thorale is queer, that we all know; but I will say that I don't think she would marry the best man alive."

"A queer way she has of showing it," replied Miss Keelway.

"Hush," said Miss Angeline; "Mr. Sanker, and Mr. Develour, and brother are coming."

Mr. Develour, who now approached with the two gentlemen, said to Captain Sanker, as they came within hearing of the young ladies—

"Yes, we shall meet again, but not as we met to-day. You will have laid aside, before that time, the character of a citizen warrior."

"What is that, Captain Sanker?" exclaimed Miss Keelway. "Has Mr. Develour been telling your fortune? Pray tell us what it is."

"No," said the captain; "he has only been tell-

ing me that I shall meet him again, and that then I'll be as much opposed to war and warriors as I am now in favor of them."

"Nay, more than that," said Mr. Develour, "you will be a minister."

"A preacher!" exclaimed all the young ladies at once. "Captain Sanker a preacher!"

"Yes," said Mr. Develour; "and one of the three graces before us will be his loving helpmate;" and, bowing, he left them, and went to Miss Mariana.

Mr. Sanker looked foolish; Mr. Ross looked as if he would understand it all by and by. Poor Angeline seemed the most distressed of the party. She blushed, and seemed afraid to raise her eyes from the ground; while her sister and Miss Keelway exchanged significant glances.

Mr. Develour, who had in the mean time approached Miss Filmot's seat, bent gently over her, and whispered—

"I must leave you now. I have only a few words to say before we part;" and, drawing from his pocket a small volume, he gave it to her, while he said, "Read this carefully and thoughtfully. You perceive it is a manuscript; I prepared it for my own use, and I have a duplicate, otherwise I could not have spared it. Let no eye but yours look on its pages. And here are two phials; take them. If you are sick, pour two drops out of the larger one into a glass of water, and it will restore you to health in a few hours. If trouble assail you, or if your mind becomes at any time clouded, take three drops of the essence in the smaller phial, and you will become calm and contented. Remember, in one year from this day we meet again in New York."

"I will implicitly follow your directions," replied Miss Filmot; "for an inward voice tells me that my confidence will never prove to have been misplaced. And yet, if any should ask me how I know this, I fear I would be unable to give a satisfactory reply."

"Thus it is ever, when sympathetic chords draw mind to mind and soul to soul," said Mr. Develour, while a slight tremor in his voice betrayed his emotion.

They were interrupted by Mr. Filmot, who had risen from his seat; and, approaching the two groups, said—

"I think it is now time to return to a more proper place—the house which we have left this morning. Seated around the tea-table, beneath a more permanent roof, and surrounded by more domestic comforts, we can talk over what we have seen and heard during our picnic. Mr. Develour, since our good fortune has brought you in our midst, may we

not hope to induce you to spend a few days with us? All we can offer is a residence among the hills; but you are too experienced a traveler not to be able to find even in such a place food for amusement and thought."

"It would afford me great pleasure," replied Mr. Develour, "to accept your hospitable invitation; but it is not in my power to do so. An appointment which I have at Holidaysburg compels me to leave you; and to ride, probably, the greater part of the night, in order to reach it in time to-morrow morning. I am now on my way to Missouri, and shall carry with me the pleasing recollections for which this day has furnished such ample materials; but I console myself (since I am compelled to leave you now) with the thought that I am to meet you all again in New York."

"What! meet us all in New York, did you say, Mr. Develour?" exclaimed Mr. Filmot.

"Yes," said Mr. Develour; "in New York, all the members of this party will meet, though *you* may see me before that time in another country. And now, good-by, Mr. Filmot;" and then, taking Miss Filmot's hand, he pressed it gently, while he said, "Good-by;" and, in an undertone, "Mariana, remember!" Then he shook hands with the rest; and when he came to Mr. Karsh, he embraced him, and whispered, while he held him in his arms—"The predictions of Ababai, as far as they regard you and me, have been in part fulfilled, and will *all* prove true!" and, without giving him time to reply, he turned away, and soon disappeared, with Sadi, behind the hill in the rear of the camp-ground.

Hardly a word was uttered by any one of the party after he had left; there appeared to be a tacit understanding that every one wished to think undisturbed by conversation. Even Mr. Ross seemed to prepare for some thought which he evidently expected would shortly enter his brain. In silence, they made their preparation to return to Mr. Filmot's house, where, a couple of hours afterwards, they all found themselves seated around the tea-table.

I have now laid before the reader that part of Mr. Karsh's manuscript which contained the conversations about the Niebolungen; and shall consider myself amply rewarded, if the perusal of it will lead a few to seek a better acquaintance with the German language and literature. I may probably resume the subject again, and publish the remainder of the manuscript, which contains a further account of the persons that have been introduced in this story, and which Mr. Karsh has labeled

DEVELOUR.



THE SPRING BONNET.

BY ANNA, WILMOT.

"My dear Carry," said Martha Grier to her young friend Caroline Mayfield—her face was grave and her tones serious—"I wish you would give up this worldliness, this carnal pleasure-seeking, to which you are so devoted."

"Don't preach to me, Martha," replied Caroline, in a gay tone; "I'm quite as good as you are."

"And a great deal better, I hope," said Martha Grier. "But our own good is as nothing—it will not save us. 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate,' are the words of solemn admonition spoken to every living soul."

"Come out from among whom?" asked Caroline.

"From among worldlings."

"From among the evil—so I understand the injunction."

"Well, and what is the difference?" said Martha Grier.

"Oh, a great deal. The evil are they who purpose and seek to do wrong; while the worldlings, as you call them, are often very good kind of people—in fact, a great deal better than many of your over-pious, self-righteous sort of folks, who coolly consign

such as I am to a place I have no fancy for, and to which I shall take good care not to go."

"You speak lightly on a serious subject, Carry."

"Oh no!"

"You jest with religion."

"Beg your pardon, dear; I have never done that in my life."

"Then I don't comprehend you," said Martha.

"I am aware of that. People like you see only within the limit of a very small circle. I should be sorry to give you the keys of heaven and hell."

"Carry!"

"Don't look so shocked, my dear."

"Didn't you say, just now, that you never jested with religion?"

"I did say so, and I repent it."

"I don't know how I am to interpret your present language."

"Don't you? Understand it, then, as only referring to those who, like yourself, limit the heavenly life to a life of simple piety, and account charity as of little worth; to those who separate the world and religion, instead of bringing religion down into the

very centre of action, and making it the heart and lungs to common society."

Martha looked surprised at this remark. There was a meaning in it that she but faintly comprehended.

"Be not conformed to the world," said she, oracularly; "but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds."

"What do you mean by conforming to the world?" asked Caroline.

"Following after its fashions, and entering into its pleasures."

And, as Martha said this, she let her eyes wander meaningly over the handsomely-dressed person of her young friend.

"I believe you hold dancing to be sinful," said Caroline, "as well as opera and play-going?"

"I do, most assuredly," replied the young devotee.

"And fashionable dressing?"

"Certainly. In all this, I see only conformity to the world, which is strictly forbidden."

"Is it not possible that a conformity of the spirit may be meant?" asked Caroline.

"And is an external conformity possible without an internal one?" said the friend.

"No, certainly not; but in the false maxims and evil principles which govern in the world, we will be more likely to find the origin of real evil acts, than in a mere fondness for dress or in a desire for innocent pleasure."

"Innocent pleasure! Do not the words contradict each other?"

"Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare."

"And so," returned Caroline, "has every good thing; but the poison and the snare lie in its perversion from its proper use. And, depend upon it, Martha, you are in quite as much danger of perverting things from their true order as I am."

"How so?"

"True righteousness—I will speak as plainly as you have spoken to me—true righteousness may be verging, in you, closely upon self-righteousness, while over-piety is destroying charity."

Martha Grier seemed half offended by this sort of plain speaking. She had, in a spirit of self-righteousness, assumed to lecture her friend on the subject of worldly folly and carnal-mindedness—not supposing, for a moment, that there existed any room for retaliation. Perceiving the effect of her words, Caroline changed the subject by saying—

"I saw some beautiful new style bonnets this morning. Have you selected one for the spring yet?"

"Yes; I ordered one yesterday."

"Who is making it?"

"Miss Wheeler."

"Ah! does she make your bonnets?" said Caroline.

"Yes; she has done the millinery of our family

for the last two or three years. Her mother and younger sisters are almost entirely dependent on her, and we throw everything in her way that we can. Besides, she is reasonable in her charges; and we like to encourage the poor."

"Has she good taste?" asked Caroline.

"Oh, very good."

"Then I will get her to make my bonnet. I saw one to-day that pleased me exactly."

"I wish you would. It is a charity to give her work."

After leaving her young friend, Caroline Mayfield called upon Miss Wheeler and gave an order for a bonnet.

"I want it this week, remember," said Caroline.

"I have a good deal of work on hand to be finished by Saturday night; but I will try my best to get yours done."

"Oh, it must be done," replied Caroline, gayly.

"I wish to show it off at church next Sunday."

The young milliner smiled at the remark of her customer, made jestingly, and said that, unless some unforeseen event occurred to prevent it, she would have the bonnet done.

"Very well, I will depend on you," said Caroline, and went away.

Saturday evening came; but no bonnet had yet been sent home for her. "I must see about this," said she; "can't be disappointed in my new spring bonnet. Have set my heart on showing it off at church to-morrow." So she drew on her things; and, taking her little brother with her for company, started off for the milliner's.

"Can I see Miss Wheeler?" asked she of a child who opened the door of the modest dwelling where the bonnet-maker resided.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child; "she is in the work-room. Will you walk up?"

Caroline tripped lightly up stairs, and pushed open the door of the work-room. The only inmate was Miss Wheeler, and she sat with her face bent down on a table, and two unfinished bonnets lying near. She did not move when Caroline entered, nor look up, until the young lady placed her hand upon her and spoke. Then she started, and turned a pale, weary face towards her visitor.

"Oh, Miss Mayfield," said she, forcing a feeble smile to her face, "you have come for your bonnet. It isn't quite done yet; but I will finish it before I go to bed, and send it to you early in the morning. Both of my girls have been sick for three days, and I've been up all night for two nights, trying to get through the work promised. Your bonnet and Miss Grier's are the only two that remain unfinished. I'm sorry you had the trouble to come out. But I won't disappoint you."

"How long will it take you to finish these bonnets?" asked Miss Mayfield.

"I shall have to work late; but I'll get them done."

"How late?"

"Till twelve o'clock—or perhaps later."

"No, Miss Wheeler," said the young lady, firmly, yet kindly, "that must not be. You shall neither overwork yourself nor break the Sabbath by worldly labor on my account. Let my bonnet lie over until next week; and I can safely speak for Martha Grier that she will bear cheerfully her disappointment. Put up your work, and take the rest you need."

"My head has ached dreadfully all day, and now the pain half blinds me," said Miss Wheeler.

"Then put by your work, by all means," urged the kind-hearted young lady. "My old bonnet looks very well; I wore it to church last Sunday, and can wear it again to-morrow."

"I'm afraid Miss Grier would not be pleased."

"She's not unreasonable and cruel. I know Martha better than that. Send her word how it is, and she will cheerfully bear her disappointment."

"You are very kind," said the sick and weary young woman. "I feel as if it would be wrong to tax my strength too far. Much depends on me. If I were to get sick, I don't know how mother would get along."

"Put away everything, and go to bed at once, Miss Wheeler. If you finish my bonnet and send it home, I won't wear it to-morrow. So that is settled."

Thus urged, Miss Wheeler laid aside her work; and, with her head aching almost to distraction, after sending one of her brothers to inform Miss Grier that she was too sick to finish her bonnet, sought her chamber and rest for her weary limbs. She had just fallen into a gentle sleep, when her brother, who had gone on the errand to Miss Grier, returned, and entered her room.

"Mary! Mary!"—cried he, placing his hand on her, and arousing her from slumber—"Mary!"

Miss Wheeler started up; but, before she had time to ask a question, the boy said—

"Miss Grier says that she must have her bonnet to-night!"

"Did you tell her that I was sick?" inquired the sister, binding her hands across her aching forehead as she spoke.

"Yes; but she said she didn't care—she wanted her bonnet and must have it, if you worked all night to get it done."

"Oh dear!" sighed the sick, exhausted girl, as she sat up in bed, still clasping her throbbing brows.

"She needn't think to put me off in this way," I heard her say to her mother," added the boy.

"Are you sure that you told her I was sick?" asked the weary girl.

"Oh yes; I told her so twice. But she was angry, and said she didn't care—sick or well, her bonnet must be done."

"It is hard," murmured the poor girl, as she commenced slowly putting on the clothes she had a little while before taken off. "Oh! how my head does ache!" she added, after a few moments, pausing in her work of re-dressing herself, and leaning her head

against the wall near which she stood; "it seems as if it would burst."

The next day was the peaceful Sabbath, the season of rest from labor. The sleep of Caroline Mayfield had been sweet, and in the morning she arose with tranquil feelings. When church time came, she was ready to go with the family to the house where God is worshiped, even though a new bonnet did not grace her head. Great was her surprise, however, soon after taking her seat in church, to see her friend Martha Grier enter, wearing the new spring bonnet which she had thought lay still unfinished in Miss Wheeler's work-room. As the over-pious young lady walked up the aisle, it was plain, from the particular motion and air of her head, in what particular direction her thoughts were centered.

"What can this mean?" thought Caroline Mayfield, as she looked at the new bonnet of her young friend. "Surely Martha did not compel that sick girl to work half the night, in weariness and pain, that she might exhibit a new bonnet to her fellow-worshippers? Did not make her break the Sabbath, that she might keep it a little more to her own satisfaction?"

Thoughts like these kept crowding themselves into the mind of Caroline Mayfield, to the exclusion of ideas more fitting for the place and occasion.

After the services were ended, she moved, with the retiring congregation, slowly from the place of worship. Just as she reached the pavement, she felt a hand upon her arm. Turning, she met the half smiling, half serious face of Martha Grier. The smile was natural; the serious look the forced expression. The first came from the thought of her beautiful new bonnet; the last was constrained, as fitting the occasion. Meaningly, yet almost involuntarily, her eyes glanced to the head of her friend.

"So you didn't get your new bonnet," said she, in a low voice, as soon as they were a little away from the crowd. "How comes that?"

"Miss Wheeler was too unwell to finish it," replied Caroline, with a seriousness that she felt and did not attempt to conceal.

"Oh, then, you let her put you off with that excuse! But she couldn't get away from her promise to me so easily."

"Don't you regard sickness as an excuse for the non-performance of a contract?" said Caroline, looking earnestly at her young friend, and speaking in a very serious voice.

"Sickness? Oh yes, sickness; but——" and she hesitated, for Caroline was gazing into her face with a look that disturbed the pleasant elation of her feelings.

"But what?" asked Caroline.

"Miss Wheeler wasn't sick."

"Suppose we call there on our way home from church, and see how it is with her."

"Oh no; I don't care about calling there to-day," said Martha.

"Why not?"

"It's Sunday, for one thing."

"The better the day, the better the deed, you know. But, to speak seriously, Martha, I think it your duty to call."

"Why so?" asked Miss Grier.

"In all probability, by requiring the poor, over-wearied, exhausted girl to work until two or three o'clock on Sunday morning to get your new bonnet done, that you might show it off in church to-day, you have made her sick in real earnest. At least, it is your duty, as a professing Christian, to call and see whether this be so or not."

Miss Mayfield felt pretty strongly on the subject, and she spoke with some severity.

"Carry, why do you talk in this way to me?" said Martha Grier, her manner changing.

"I speak only the words of truth and soberness," returned Caroline; "and these you should be willing to hear. One whose piety shines forth so conspicuously as yours should see that she does not neglect her charity. Come, will you call with me on Miss Wheeler?"

"Yes, as long as you seem so earnest about it. No harm can be done. Most likely you will not find her at home."

Little more passed between the two young ladies. They were soon at the humble abode of the milliner. Mrs. Wheeler, the mother of the girl they had called to inquire about, opened the door for them.

"How is your daughter?" asked Caroline.

"She is very ill to-day," replied Mrs. Wheeler. "Won't you walk in?"

The two young ladies entered.

"Very ill, did you say?" remarked Caroline, as the door closed.

"Yes, very ill, I am sorry to say. She was hurried last week, and her two girls going home sick, she worked nearly all night for three nights in succession to get through with her engagements. She was quite ill last night, but sat up until three o'clock to finish a bonnet. I tried to get her to bed; but she wouldn't give up until it was done. Then, as the last stitch was taken, she fell from her chair in a faint."

"And she is very sick now?" said Caroline.

"Yes, very sick. I sent for the doctor. He didn't say much; but I know he thinks her bad. She's quite out of her head."

"Out of her head?"

"Yes. And she rolls about on her pillow, and talks all the time. Oh dear! I feel very much troubled. Will you walk up and see her?"

"Shall we go up, Martha?" said Caroline, looking towards her young friend.

"Perhaps we'd better not, as she's so ill," replied Martha. "It will do her no good, but may disturb her."

"Very true. No, ma'am, we won't see her now," said Caroline, turning to Mrs. Wheeler; "but I'll call around this afternoon. I hope it may not be so serious as you fear."

"You are very kind. Oh yes, I hope she may be better soon; but I'm afraid. When one breaks down from being overworked, as she has been, they don't always get back their strength again."

"Your new bonnet has been purchased at too great a price!" said Miss Mayfield, with some sternness of manner, as soon as she was in the street again with Martha Grier. She felt strongly on the subject, and determined to give her friend the full force of the reproof she deserved, even at the risk of offending her. "Wicked and worldly-minded as I am, Martha, I had too much religion to do what you have done. So far from requiring Miss Wheeler to over-tax her strength, in order that I might have a new bonnet for Sunday, I required her to lay the unfinished work aside the moment I understood that she was indisposed. I not only spoke for myself, but for you also—thinking that you, who served God so devotedly, could not but regard with human feelings the poor, who, he hath said, are always with us. But it seems that I gave you credit for more charity than you possessed. By your own acknowledgment, you required her to resume the work I had, speaking for you, said that she might lay aside. Pardon this freedom of speech. I say what I do, not to pain you, but to make you sensible of your error. Piety and charity must go hand in hand. True religion is to regard man as well as to worship God."

The two young friends were now at a point where their ways divided. The eyes of Martha were upon the pavement.

"Good morning," said she, in a low voice, as they paused. Her face was averted.

"Good morning," returned Caroline, in a tone kinder than it was a moment before.

They met, a few hours afterwards, in the sick-room of Mary Wheeler. Martha's new bonnet did not grace her head on that occasion. Indeed, she never wore it afterwards. She could not. The sight of it rebuked her too strongly. Happily, the illness of the young milliner did not prove so disastrous as was at first feared. In less than a week, she was able to be at work again, though several weeks elapsed ere her health was entirely restored.

Martha and Caroline are still friends; but the former has not again ventured to read the latter a lecture on the sin of fashionable dressing, carnal-mindedness, and pleasure-taking.

THE TWO PORTRAITS:

OR, SKETCHES FROM THE PORTE-FEUILLE OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"So full of matter is our history,
 Yet mixed, I hope, with sweet variety,
 The accidents not vulgar too, but rare
 And fit to be presented, that there wants
 Room, in this narrow place, and time to express
 Its action to the life. Yet as the statuary
 That, by the large size of Alcides' foot,
 Guessed at his whole proportion, so we hope
 Your apprehensive judgments will conceive,
 Out of the shadow we can only show—

————— And will be pleased,
 Out of your wonted goodness, to behold,
 As in a silent mirror, what we cannot,
 With fit conveniency of time allowed
 For such presentments, clothe in vocal sounds."

FLETCHER, *Prophetess*.

PAUL RENWICK was a true poet. He could give form to his beautiful conceptions either on the canvas, in divine verso, or in the sweet modulations of music. Happy being! Life was no prison vault to the angel guest who tended the flame of genius that burned on the altar of his heart. There, in that nest, it did "sit and proyne its wings," giving vent to its joy, as the flame burned higher, in exquisite words, forms, and notes, which the world's people called *creations*, when it was only the language of the spirit land from whence it came.

"Beautiful!" "divine!" "unequaled!" Such were the words heard in the exhibition-room at —, from a crowd of people who were gazing at a full-length portrait of a beautiful woman. It could scarcely be called a portrait, for it seemed the realization of a poet's conception of a nymph of Dian, or rather the rejoicing Venus, whom Paris awarded to her the palm of beauty. An exulting expression curled the rich, voluptuous lips; but the classically turned chin, the graceful sweep of the neck and throat, and the deep, poetical light that beamed from the large, full eyes, gave an air of Dian purity to the face. The golden brown hair was gathered in waving masses over the temples, disclosing only a tip of the little shell-like ear, and bound up with classic severity at the back of the head with a fillet of pearls. One tiny hand rested on a marble pedestal, which pedestal supported an exquisite statue of the god Apollo, standing in half shadow, which produced a fine artistic effect. The left arm hung carelessly by her side; but the antique drapery hid not a beauty. The whole arm could be seen, from the snowy rounded shoulder, over which the airy gossamer texture was confined by a gemmed clasp,

down to the very tip of the rosy tapered finger. The head was turned a little over the left shoulder, and the joyous, beaming expression of the countenance, the poetical atmosphere that surrounded the whole figure, caused in the beholder a deeply-drawn sigh of exquisite rapture.

"Remarkably fine!" said a gentleman to his friend, standing at the outside of the group. "Can it be a portrait?"

"Yes," replied his friend. "It is the portrait of our queen of *ton*, Mrs. Berkely. There she is; that tall, splendid-looking woman, surrounded by that crowd of men."

The gentleman looked in the direction his friend pointed, then again at the picture, and then quietly at the lady again.

"She is a fine, noble-looking woman," he at last said, "but not so beautiful as that picture. There is a spiritual, poetical beauty in that pictured face and form that the living belle does not possess."

"That's the secret of Renwick's success as an artist," said the friend. "He always adds his own poetical ideas to his portraits. To such a degree does he worship 'the female face divine,' that, it is said, he will not paint a man at any price."

"He must have fancied he loved that woman while he painted her," said the first speaker. "It's no mere portrait painted as a matter of business."

"He received a thousand dollars for it, business or no business," replied the matter-of-fact friend.

"My life on it, then, he hated the money," exclaimed the other, "and only took it because his position towards her in society forced him to do so. Come, tell me more about this Renwick. I only know him by reputation. But, while you tell me, let us get out of this crowd; we will come in again when the saloon is empty. I cannot bear to look at that divine being in the presence of this vulgar mob."

As he said this, they passed close beside Mrs. Berkely, who caught the last sentence. Her eye danced more brightly, her rich lips seemed to swell, and her whole figure displayed, in its elevation, a consciousness of exquisite beauty; and the sparkling repartee fell faster than ever from her saucy, clover tongue, like glittering gems.

Another one in that saloon had heard the conversation of the two gentlemen; but not with the same feelings of gratified vanity that filled the haughty, heartless woman of fashion. It was a pure, delicate, slight being, that seemed as a Psycho striving for

the spiritual perfection that would unite her to her god-lover. It was the wife of the artist.

A chance observer would not have called Agnes Renwick even pretty. There was a cold marble-like purity which enveloped her whole being, that rather repelled than attracted admiration. But to those who knew her she was more than pretty—she was beautiful as an angel; for they saw the heavenly spirit that dwelt within her.

Agnes Renwick grew still colder as she listened to the conversation of the two friends. Their words fell on her heart like drops of water, that hardened as they fell like ice-drops, and she turned from the picture, at which she had been gazing until soul sick, with a feeling like despair. Nor was her agony over. The baize-covered door of the exhibition-room opened, and a cry of welcome from the noisy, fashionable group greeted the new comer. It was her husband. She saw Mrs. Berkely advance towards him with extended hands; she noted, with the quick eye of love, his enraptured countenance as he looked upon this bold, beautiful woman; then she turned, and, passing through the sculpture gallery, whose cold, white marble figures seemed so like the spirit at her heart, left the hall.

She returned home, and, as she walked through the spacious halls and ascended the broad staircases of her beautiful house, she recalled the feelings of love and pride that had filled her heart when her husband first brought her to this abode. Every article of furniture, every costly and beautiful adornment, had some tale of past love to breathe in her ears; and the whole house, that, in former times, had thronged with airy spirits of joy, seemed now filled with mocking, taunting demons. With a noiseless step, she passed from the drawing-room, fitted up in the most luxurious style, to the library; then she entered an alcoved room, which connected the library with the studio of her husband. Formerly, this had been her favorite place. Here she used, in happier days, to sit with her children, reading aloud to her husband, whose easel was placed near the door of the alcove, or listening to the exquisite musical melodies which he would pour out in moments of inspiration. She threw herself upon the lounge and gazed into the quiet studio, now almost a forbidden spot to her.

The studio was a circular room, lighted with a dome. Around it were disposed models of antique statuary. There was a voluptuous Venus, a trembling Psyche, an inspired Sappho, and there a pure Diana, with other beautiful works.

A soft, white, gauzy thing rested on an alabaster stand that stood on a bronze tripod, and seemed placed there as something sacred. She crept in like a thief and approached it. One look satisfied her: it was a handkerchief; and on its centre she saw, in delicate embroidery, the name of Beatrice Berkely. She threw it from her as if it had been a serpent, and, with a crushed heart, she returned to the alcove; and, burying her face in the cushions of the lounge, lay as if lifeless. Not a tear, not a sob

escaped her; her grief was voiceless, because despairing. A faint wail of an infant came floating on the air. Agnes Renwick sprang to her feet; a murmur fell from her chiseled lips—

"God forgive me! I had almost forgotten I had children."

Beatrice Berkely was a heartless, idle woman of the world. Her rare beauty was united to a great deal of wit, and a prompt, ready memory. Her education had been carefully attended to, her parents being wealthy and worldly, she was early subjected to those strong influences of society which cultivate the outward woman, but which neglect the heart. She had married because it was necessary to marry; and had married well, according to her own definition of the word—a wealthy business man, who cared more for his stocks, and profits, and speculations than he did for her incomings and outgoings. He was steadily occupied in gathering together heaps of money; which she was just as busy in spending in the most lavish manner. This he permitted because it gratified his vanity, and added to his consequence.

Not many of the fashionable circle of which she was leader knew Mr. Berkely, except by name. He was one of those "*deputy husbands*" that some one, Macaulay, we believe, says opera singers have. Merchants, bankers, men of business know Mr. Berkely well; he was to be seen in his counting-room, on 'Change, but very seldom anywhere else; he existed, that was certain, but rarely, if ever, was seen in society.

Beatrice had one grand starting-out point in life. To be universally admired, nay, adored, was her only desire. She was perfectly innocent in this, so far as regarded herself, according to the world's law; for, though she had insatiable vanity, she had no desire, no power to love. She longed to number in her train every man she knew—young or old, humble or distinguished, it mattered little. Adoration she must and would have, if she sacrificed everything but outward reputation. Her adoring lovers, who looked into her swimming, expressive eyes, or dwelt on her trembling, voluptuous lips, and listened to the words of impassioned feeling that fell from her skillful tongue, never doubted the existence and sincerity of the feeling that seemed to agitate her throbbing breast. She was a finished actress. No wonder the impulsive Paul Renwick felt the influence of her spells.

She had so gradually woven the web of her witchery around him, that he was almost unconscious of its growth and strength. He had been difficult at first, and this piqued her; but she found she would have to advance step by step. She had her portrait taken in various ways. This afforded an excellent opportunity for the display and exercise of her charms of mind and person. She used all her powers of wit and fancy; sparkled in lively *badinage*; talked of the world in a free, careless, dashing style; startled him by her boldness: then, with

crafty cunning, made him fancy that all this wild gayety was assumed to hide a swelling heart, that was almost bursting with the agony of repressed feeling. Then, as their intercourse progressed, she once in a while let fall passages of his own beautiful poetry, or warbled, as if impulsively, one of his own sweet melodies. His vanity was touched, his reason was blinded, and, at the time of the painting of the portrait already described, he was fast sailing down the brilliant wave of pleasure, every sense drunk with the overpowering odor of this gaudy tulip, leaving the lily-bell of his life to close its leaves, and fade in the dark, damp night air of neglect.

Agnes Renwick sat on a low couch in her dressing-room. One arm leaned on her reading-table, over which hung a swinging, antique lamp, and her little hand clasped her aching brow. Her other hand served as a pillow for the rosy cheek of her almost baby boy, who lay extended on the couch beside her, sleeping peacefully and happily. Near her was a swinging cradle, and in its soft, white, downy nest lay her bird, her pet darling, her baby girl. These were her heart's treasures now, and, misor-like in her despair, she had spread them out before her.

The night air stole in through an adjoining conservatory, filled with the perfume of sweet flowers. One might have fancied it was a zephyr creeping around her, and enveloping her with its sweetness, as if it even felt sympathy and would soothe her.

A book lay before her, and she was reading it with deep interest. It was the *Inferno* of Dante, that "mystic, unfathomable song." In this wild, solemn tale of horrors, she tried to silence her own heart cries. She could not read anything else; every other book was connected with him—her wandering one. The *Inferno* they had never read together; it was too fearful and sad for their peaceful, happy natures, during the sweet hours of their love.

Midnight stole on, and she arose to close the conservatory doors, that the chilling air might not harm her little ones. She bent over the cradle, kissed the downy cheek of the slumbering infant, then composed the tossed limbs of her boy, and, kneeling beside him, soothed him to sleep with low murmurs of endearment and snatches of sweet melody. A terrible thought darted across her mind.

"I have loved my husband too dearly," she said, "and this is why I am so fearfully punished. If I worship these children, they may also be taken from me."

While she knelt by the couch of her child, it seemed to her that an angel stood beside her; he had white, drooping pinions and glittering garments. The whole air surrounding him trembled with light, like a waterfall in the sun's rays. His beautiful countenance seemed sad, almost severe. He beckoned silently to her; and she felt impelled by some mysterious power to leave her loved little ones, and go with the heavenly messenger. She seemed

borne along on invisible wings. Vainly she stretched out her arms towards her children; but they faded gradually from her sight, and she was alone.

Beautiful objects then surrounded her; rare new flowers bloomed, such as she had never seen before; fresh odors breathed around, as if possessed with individual life; a beautiful country spread itself before her, a country of cloud-land, glowing with a heavenly, golden light; and the whole air seemed filled with rapturous music. Forms of exquisite loveliness floated around; but she felt her heart's agony tenfold more than she had in life. Every vision of beauty that surrounded her seemed to increase, deeper and deeper, her anguish. She cried aloud for her husband, and said, "All, all is vain. Heaven is hell without him!" And thus it seemed to her that she floated on and on in this dreamy abode for eternity, wailing, and crying aloud this thought of her sinful heart; and ever and anon a deep undertone would come swelling upon her ear, like the minor harmony of an ocean, saying—

"This is the punishment of the idolatrous—those who worship the creature above the Creator."

And then, again, on, on floated her spirit in this interminable anguish.

For days, Paul Renwick watched with agonizing feelings of remorse by the couch of his wife, listening to her ravings. He had found her extended on the floor of her dressing-room, after returning from an interview, that had been almost sinful, with the Circe who had nearly blasted by her spells the bloom and beauty of his life. He heard the agonized cries of his wife with horror. Her whole wild fancy dream she told; every beauty that surrounded her, and which she thought she regarded silently, she described in wandering, broken words. Then he heard her wailing, entreating cry for him, and the undertone of condemnation she also repeated.

It was a painful sight to see this quiet, statue-like creature so fearfully metamorphosed. She seemed a Pythoness on the tripod, rather than the calm, angelic being she had heretofore been; and, with a repentant, bowed spirit, Paul Renwick prayed that this sentence of suffering and death might be removed. Heaven has mercy for the repentant erring; and this Renwick felt, when he saw a quiet calm gradually spread over the countenance of his wife, and her lips murmured—

"I can return to earth once more."

She slept sweetly, calmly, but so noiselessly that it seemed to her fearful husband a deathlike sleep. But it brought life; and, when she opened her eyes, she saw her husband leaning over her with a countenance that seemed like the one his face had worn in the early days of their love. She endeavored to speak, and faltered—

"Paul—heaven?"

"No, dear angel one," exclaimed Paul Renwick, as he clasped her close to his heart; "it is earth and life. You must not die yet. You must live to love me, forgive me, and make me fit for heaven."

Agnes smiled, then sank back into a still more peaceful slumber.

Agnes Renwick did not die, dear reader. She lived to be a much happier wife than she had ever been. Her husband shook off the pernicious influence that had well nigh ruined him, and the beautiful, dangerous Mrs. Berkely was almost forgotten by them.

But she did not forget Renwick; and, mortified by her first discomfiture, she resolved to pay a long visit to Europe. A year or two afterwards, she received a letter from one of her fashionable friends at home, which caused a scowl of anger to distort her fine face. The letter said—

“We are all running mad after a new picture of

Renwick's. It has a curious name—‘Home-Light’—but it is a portrait of his wife and two lovely children. It seems a Madonna and child with ‘that exquisite Saint John’ beside her. She must be a beautiful woman; and I am told that she is as beautiful as the portrait. It is a noble picture, and said to be the finest thing he has ever painted.

“The attitude and expression of the whole face and figure of his wife are said to surpass that famous portrait of yourself. Seymour, who says all the good things, you know, calls your picture ‘Renwick's Paganism,’ and this picture of his wife and children ‘Renwick's Christianity.’ We used to say, you may remember, that love was the inspiration which was needed for the painting of your portrait; but we all agree that adoration was necessary for this picture.”



THE WARNING AT THE GREEN SPRING.

Drawn and Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book by S H Cumber.

MRS. DILLARD.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

(See Plate.)

THE recollection of the courage and patriotism of Mrs. Dillard is associated with the details of a battle of considerable importance, which took place in Spartanburg District, at the Green Spring, near Berwick's Iron Works. The Americans here gained great honor. Colonel Clarke, of the Georgia volunteers—joined with Captains McCall, Liddle, and Hammond, in all about one hundred and ninety-eight men—having received intelligence that a body of Tory militia, stated to be from two to five hundred, commanded by Colonel Ferguson, were recruiting for the horse service, determined to attempt to rout them.* They marched accordingly; and, hearing that a scouting party was in advance of Ferguson's station, prepared to give them battle. Colonel Clarke, with his forces, encamped for the night at Green Spring.

On that day, the Americans had stopped for refreshment at the house of Captain Dillard, who was with their party as a volunteer. They had been entertained by his wife with milk and potatoes—the simple fare which those hardy soldiers often found it difficult to obtain. The same evening, Ferguson and Dunlap, with a party of Tories, arrived at the house. They inquired of Mrs. Dillard whether Clarke and his men had not been there—what time they had departed—and what were their numbers? She answered that they had been at the house; that she could not guess their numbers; and that they had been gone a long time. The officers then ordered her to prepare supper for them with all possible dispatch. They took possession of the house, and took some bacon to be given to their men. Mrs. Dillard set about the preparations for supper. In going backwards and forwards from the kitchen, she overheard much of their conversation. It will be remembered that the kitchens at the south are usually separate from the dwelling-houses. The doors and windows of houses in the country being often slightly constructed, it is also likely that the loose partitions afforded facilities for hearing what might be said within. Besides, the officers probably apprehended no danger from disclosing their plans in the presence of a lonely woman.

She ascertained that they had determined to surprise Clarke and his party; and were to pursue him as soon as they had taken their meal. She also heard one of the officers tell Ferguson he had just received the information that the rebels, with Clarke, were to encamp that night at the Great Spring. It was at once resolved to surprise and attack them before day. The feelings may be imagined with which Mrs. Dillard heard this resolution announced. She hurried the supper, and as soon as it was placed upon the table, and the officers had sat down, slipped out by a back way. Late and dark as it was, her determination was to go herself and apprise Clarke of his danger, in the hope of being in time for him to make a safe retreat; for she believed that the enemy were too numerous to justify a battle.

She went to the stable, bridled a young horse, and without saddle, mounted and rode with all possible speed to the place described. It was about half an hour before day when she came in full gallop to one of the videttes, by whom she was immediately conducted to Colonel Clarke. She called to the colonel, breathless with eagerness and haste, "Be in readiness either to fight or run; the enemy will be upon you immediately, and they are strong!"

In an instant every man was up, and no moments were lost in preparing for action. The intelligence came just in time to put the Whigs in readiness. Ferguson had detached Dunlap, with two hundred picked mounted men, to engage Clarke and keep him employed till his arrival. These rushed in full charge into the American camp; but the surprise was on their part. They were met hand to hand, with a firmness they had not anticipated. Their confusion was increased by the darkness, which rendered it hard to distinguish friend from foe. The battle was warm for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the Tories gave way. They were pursued nearly a mile, but not overtaken. Ferguson came "too late for the frolic;" the business being ended. Clarke and his little band then returned to North Carolina for rest and refreshment; for the whole of this enterprise was performed without one regular meal, and without regular food for their horses.

* *Nills' Statistics of South Carolina*, p. 739.